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AN
ESSAY
ON
HISTORY;
IN THREE EPISTLES TO EDW. GIBBON, ESQ.
WITH
NOTES.

Της ιστορίας οὐκείων ἀμα καὶ χρησίμου
εξετάζεσθαι.

POLYBIVS, Lib. II.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

AN
ESSAY
ON
HISTORICAL
Y.

IN THREE VOLUMES. BY
J. W. GIBSON, ESQ.



NOTES.

The above names are not
registered.

Forwards L. H. H.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

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Poem slightly touched by the Ancients. — **DIONYSIUS** — **LUCIAN.** —

Importance and advantage of

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try — *disguised in its infancy by Priestcraft and*

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LUST — **LIVY** — **TACITUS.** — *Biography* — **PLU-**

TARCH. — *Daleful influence of despotic power* —

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS — **ANNA COMNENA.**

HIGH in the world of Letters, and of Wit,

Enthron'd like Jove, behold Opinion sit!

As symbols of her sway, on either hand

Th' unfailling urns of Praise and Censure stand;

A 2

Their

• Ver. 4. See Note I.

ON HISTORY

Their mingled streams her motley servants shed 5
On each bold Author's self-devoted head.

On thee, O GIBBON! in whose splendid page
ROME shines majestic 'mid the woes of age,
Mistaken Zeal, wrapt in a priestly pall,
Has from the baser urn pour'd darkest gall: 10
These stains to Learning would a Bard efface
With tides of glory from the golden vase,
But that he feels this nobler task require
A spirit glowing with congenial fire —
A VIRGIL only may uncensur'd aim 15
To sing in equal verse a LIVY's fame;
Yet while Polemics, in fierce league combin'd,
With savage discord vex thy feeling mind;
And rashly stain Religion's just defence,
By gross detraction and perverted sense; 20
Thy wounded ear may haply not refuse
The soothing accents of an humbler Muse.

— The lovely Science, whose attractive air
Derives new charms from thy devoted care,
Is near ally'd to that enchanting Art, 25
Which reigns the idol of the Poet's heart.
Thou sister Goddesses, thy guardian maid
Shines in the robe of fresher youth array'd,
Like PALLAS recent from the brain of JOVE,
When Strength with Beauty in her features strove; 30
While elder Poesy, in every clime
The flower of earliest fall, has past her prime;
The bloom, which her autumnal cheeks supply,
Falls on the Public's philosophic eye.
What! tho' no more with Fancy's strong controul 35

Her



Her Epic wonders fascinate the soul;
 With humbler hopes, she wishes still to please
 By moral elegance, and labour'd ease:
 Like other Prudes, leaves Beauty's lost pretence,
 And strives to charm by Sentiment and Sense. 40
 Yet deaf to Envy's voice, and Pride's alarms,
 She loves the rival, who eclips'd her charms;
 Safe in thy favour, she would fondly stray
 Round the wide realm, which owns that Sister's sway,
 Sing the just fayrites of historic fame, 45
 And mark their purest laws and noblest aim.

My eyes with joy this pathless field explore,
 Cross'd by no ROMAN Bard, no GREEKS of yore,
 Those mighty Lords of literary sway
 Have pass'd this province with a slight survey: 50
 Even He, whose bold and comprehensive mind
 Immortal rules to Poesy assign'd,
 High Priest of Learning! has not fix'd apart
 The laws and limits of historic Art:
 Yet one excelling * GREEK in later days, 55
 The happy teacher of harmonious phrase,
 Whose patient fingers all the threads untwine,
 Which in the mystic chain of Music join;
 Strict DIONYSIUS, of severest Taste,
 Has justly some historic duties trac'd, 60
 And some pure precepts into practice brought,
 Th' Historian giving what the Critic taught,
 And ** LUCIAN, thou, of Humour's sons supreme!
 Hast touch'd with liveliest art this tempting theme.

A 3

When

* Ver. 55. See Note II.

** Ver. 63. See Note III.

When in the ROMAN world, corrupt and vain, 63
 Historic Fury madden'd every brain;
 When each base GREEK indulg'd his frantic dream,
 And rose a * XENOPHON in self-esteem;
 Thy Genius satyri'd the scribbling slave,
 And to the liberal pen just lessons gave: 70
 O skill'd to reason, in proportion fit,
 Severer wisdom with thy sportive wit!
 Breathe thy strong power! thy sprightly grace infuse
 In the bold efforts of no servile Muse,
 If she transplant some lively flower, that throws 75
 Immortal sweetness o'er thy Attic Prose!

In Egypt ** once a dread tribunal stood;
 Offspring of Wisdom! Source of Public Good!
 Before this Seat, by holy Justice rear'd,
 The mighty Dead, in solemn pomp, appear'd; 80
 For 'till its sentence had their rights expos'd,
 The hallow'd portals of the tomb were clos'd;
 A sculptur'd form of Truth the Judges wore,
 A sacred emblem of the charge they bore!
 The claims of Virtue their pure voice express, 85
 And bade the opening grave receive its honor'd guest.
 Thus awefully array'd in Judgment's robe,
 With powers extensive as the peopled globe;
 To her just bar impartial Hist'ry brings
 The gorgeous group of Statesmen, Heroes, Kings; 90
 With all whose minds, out-shining splendid birth,
 Attract the notice of th' enlighten'd earth.
 From artful Pomp she strips the proud disguise

That

* Ver. 68. See Note IV.

** Ver. 77. See Note V.

EPISTLE I

That flesh'd delusion in admiring eyes;
 To injur'd Worth gives Glory's wish'd reward, 96
 And blazons Virtue in her bright record:
 Nature's clear Mirror! Life's instructive Guide!
 Her Wisdom sour'd by no preceptive Pride!
 Age from her lesson forms its wisest aim,
 And youthful Emulation springs to Fame. 100

Yet thus adorn'd with noblest powers, design'd
 To charm, correct, and elevate mankind,
 From darkest Time her humble Birth she drew,
 And slowly into Strength and Beauty grew;
 As mighty streams, that roll with gather'd force, 105
 Spring feebly forth from some sequester'd source.

The fond desire to pass the nameless crowd,
 Swept from the earth in dark Oblivion's cloud;
 Of transient life to leave some little trace,
 And win remembrance from the rising race, 110
 Led early Chiefs to make their prowess known
 By the rude symbol on the artless stone:
 And, long ere man the wondrous secret found,
 To print the voice, and fix the fleeting sound,
 The infant Muse, ambitious at her birth, * 115
 Rose the young herald of heroic worth.
 The tuneful record of her oral praise,
 The Sire's achievements to the Son conveys:
 Keen Emulation, wrapt in trance sublime,
 Drinks with retentive ear the potent rhyme; 120
 And faithful Memory, from affection strong,
 Spreads the rich torrent of her martial song.
 Letters at length arise; but envious Night

A 4

Con-

* Ver. 115. See Note VI.

Conceals their blest Inventor from our sight,
 O'er the wide earth his spreading bounty flows;
 And swift those precious seeds of Science grow;
 Thence quickly sprung the Annal's artless frame,
 Time its chief boast! and brevity its aim!
 The Temple-wall preserv'd a simple date,
 And mark'd in plainest form the Monarch's fate. 130

But in the center of those vast abodes,
 Whose mighty mass the land of Egypt loads;
 Where, in rude triumph over years unknown,
 Gigantic Grandeur, from his spiry throne,
 Seems to look down disdainful, and deride 135
 The poor, the pigmy toils of modern Pride;
 In the close covert of those gloomy cells,
 Where early Magic fram'd her venal spells,
 Combining priests, from many an ancient tale,
 Wove for their hallow'd use Religion's veil; 140
 A wondrous texture! supple, rich, and broad,
 To dazzle Folly, and to shelter Fraud;
 This, as her custom, Superstition wore;
 And saw th' enchanted world its powers adore:
 For in the mystic web was every charm 145
 To lure the timid, and the bold disarm;
 To win from easy Faith a blind esteem,
 And lull Devotion in a lasting dream.
 The Sorceress, to spread her empire, dress'd
 History's young form in this illusive vest, 150
 Whose infant voice repeated, as she taught,
 The motley fables on her mantle wrought;
 Till Attic Freedom brought the Foundling home

From

* Ver. 131. See Note VII.

From the dark cells of her Egyptian doom;
 Drew by degrees th' oppressive veil aside,
 And, shewing the fair Nymph in nature's prime,
 Taught her to speak, with all the fire of youth,
 The words of Wisdom in the tone of Truth;
 To catch the passing show of public life,
 And paint immortal scenes of Grecian strife.
 Inchanting Athens! oft as Learning calls
 Our fond attention to thy soft'ning walls,
 Still with fresh joy thy glories we explore,
 With new idolatry thy charm adore.
 Bred in thy bosom, the Historian caught
 The warmest glow of elevated thought,
 Yet while thy triumphs to his eye display,
 The noblest scene his pencil can portray;
 While thy rich language, grac'd by every Muse,
 Supplies the brightest tints, his hand can use;
 How small their band, who, in thy happier days,
 Reach the bright summit of historic praise!
 'Tis thus with every Art, in every age,
 From the mechanic to the moral sage;
 Excelling merit is by nature rare:
 Millions contend for crowns they cannot wear,
 Coy Science, in her scene of wide command,
 Bestows her honours with a sparing hand,
 Like CHARLEMAIN's proud host, her vassal crew
 No tongue can count — Her paladins are few,
 Pure, faultless writing, like transmuted gold,
 Mortals may wish, but never shall behold;
 Let Genius still this glorious object own,
 And seek Perfection's philosophic stone!
 For while the mind, in study's toilsome hours,

Tries on the long research her latent powers;
 New wonders rise, to pay her patient thoughts;
 Inferior only to the prize she sought.

But idle Pride no arduous labor sees,
 And deems th' Historian's toil a task of ease: 190
 Yet, if survey'd by Judgment's steady lamp,
 How few are justly grac'd with Glory's stamp!
 Tho' more these volumes, than the ruthless mind
 Of the fiercer OMAR to the flames consign'd,
 When Learning saw the savage with a smile 195
 Devote her offspring to the blazing pile!

O History! whose pregnant mines impart
 Unfailing treasures to poetic art;
 The Epic gem, and those of darker hues,
 Whose trembling lustre decks the tragic Muse; 200
 If, justly conscious of thy powers, I raise
 A votive tablet to record thy praise,
 That ancient temple to my view unfold,
 Where thy first Sons, on Glory's list enroll'd,
 To Fancy's eye, in living forms, appear, 205
 And fill with Freedom's notes the raptur'd ear! —
 The dome expands! — Behold th' Historic Sire!
 Ionic roses mark his soft attire;
 Bold in his air, but graceful in his mien
 As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen, † 210
 When her proud galley fram'd the Persian van,
 And grateful XERXES own'd her more than man!

Soft

* Ver. 194. See Note VIII.

** Ver. 207. See Note IX.

† Ver. 210. See Note X.

Soft as the stream, whose dimpling waters play,
 And wind in lucid lapse their pleasing way,
 His rich, Homeric elocution flows;
 For all the Muses modulate his prose:
 Tho' blind Credulity his step misleads
 Thro' the dark mist of her Egyptian meads,
 Yet when return'd, with patriot passions warm,
 He paints the progress of the Persian storm,
 In Truth's illumin'd field, his labours rear
 A trophy worthy of the Spartan spear:
 His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,
 Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.
 Behold! where Valour, resting on his lance,
 Drinks the sweet sound in rapture's silent trance,
 Then, with a grateful shout of fond acclaim,
 Hails the just herald of his country's fame! —
 But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd!
 See the proud tear of emulation burst!
 O faithful sign of a superior soul!
 Thy prayer is heard: — 'tis thine to reach the goal.
 See! blest Olorus! see the palm is won!
 Sublimity and Wisdom crown thy Son:
 His the rich prize, that caught his early gaze,
 Th' eternal treasure of increasing praise!
 Pure from the stain of favor, or of hate,
 His nervous line unfolds the deep Debate;
 Explores the seeds of War; with matchless force
 Draws Discord, springing from Ambition's source,
 With all her Demagogues, who murder Peace,

* Ver. 213. See Note XI.

** Ver. 229. See Note XII.

In the fierce struggles of contentious Greece,
 Stript by Ingratitude of just command —
 Above resentment to a thankless land,
 Above all envy, rancour, pride, and spleen,
 In exile patient, in disgrace serene,
 And proud to celebrate, as Truth inspires,
 Each patriot Hero, that his soul admires —
 The deep-ton'd trumpet of renown he blows,
 In sage retirement amid the Thracian snows. 250
 But to untimely silence Fate devotes
 Those lips, yet trembling with imperfect notes,
 And base Oblivion threatens to devour
 Ev'n this first offspring of historic power.
 A generous guardian of a rival's fame,
 Mars the dark Fiend in this malignant aim:
 Accomplish'd XENOPHON! thy truth has shown
 A brother's glory sacred as thy own:
 O rich in all the blended gifts, that grace
 Minerva's darling sons of Attic race!
 The Sage's olive, the Historian's palm,
 The Victor's laurel, all thy name embalm!
 The simple diction, free from glaring art,
 With sweet allurement steals upon the heart;
 Pure, as the rill, that Nature's hand refines, 265
 A cloudless mirror of thy soul it shines.
 Two passions there by soft contention please,
 The love of martial Fame, and learned Ease:
 These friendly colours, exquisitely join'd,
 Form the enchanting picture of thy mind. 270
 Thine was the praise, bright models to afford

To

* Ver. 255. See Note XIII.

To CÆsar's rival pen, and rival sword:
 Blest, had Ambition not destroy'd his claim
 To the mild lustre of thy purer fame!
 Thou pride of Greece! in thee her triumphs end: 272
 And Roman chiefs in borrow'd pomp ascend,
 Rome's haughty genius, who enslav'd the Greek,
 In Grecian language deigns at first to speak:
 By slow degrees her ruder tongue she taught
 To tell the wonders that her valour wrought; 279
 And her historic host, with envious eye
 View in their glittering van a Greek ally.
 Thou Friend of SCIPIO! vers'd in War's alarms!
 Torn from thy wounded country's struggling arms:
 And doom'd in Latian bosoms to instill, 283
 Thy moral virtue, and thy martial skill!
 Pleas'd, in researches of elaborate length,
 To trace the fibres of the Roman strength!
 O highly perfect in each nobler part,
 The Sage's wisdom, and the Soldier's art! 289
 This richer half of Grecian praise is thine:
 But o'er thy style the flighted Graces pine,
 And tir'd Attention toils thro' many a maze,
 To reach the purport of thy doubtful phrase:
 Yet large are his rewards, whose toils engage 294
 To clear the spirit of thy cloudy page;
 Like Indian fruit, its rugged rind contains
 Those milky sweets that pay the searcher's pains.

Rome's haughty Genius, with exulting claim,
 Points to her rivals of the Grecian name! 300

Septen-

* Ver. 277. See Note XIV.

** Ver. 283. See Note XV.

Sententious SALLUST leads her lofty train ;
 Clear, tho' concise, elaborately plain,
 Poising his scale of words with frugal care,
 Not leaving one superfluous atom there !
 Yet well displaying, in a narrow space,
 Truth's native strength, and Nature's easy grace ;
 Skill'd to detect, in tracing Action's course,
 The hidden motive, and the human source.
 His lucid brevity the palm has won,
 By Rome's decision, from Olorus' Son.

Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame,
 With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
 When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
 And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world,
 In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
 Sublimar LIVY claims th' Historic throne ; †
 With that rich Eloquence, whose golden light
 Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight ;
 That Zeal for Truth, which Interest cannot bend,
 That Fire, which Freedom ever gives her friend,
 Immortal artist of a work supreme !
 Delighted Rome beheld, with proud esteem,
 Her own bright image, of Colossal size,
 From thy long toils in purest marble rise.
 But envious Time, with a malignant stroke,
 This sacred statue into fragments broke ;
 In Lethe's stream its nobler portions sunk,
 And left Futurity the wounded trunk.

Yet

* Ver. 301. See Note XVI.

† Ver. 316. See Note XVII.

Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame,
To which great ANGELO bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whose strength we find
The splendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
In the fond eye of Admiration still
Rivals the finish'd forms of modern skill.

Next, but, O LIVY! as unlike to thee,
As the pent river to th' expanding sea,
Sarcastic TACITUS, abrupt and dark, †
In moral anger forms the keen remark;
Searching the soul with microscopic power,
To mark the latent worm that mars the flower.
His Roman voice, in base degenerate days,
Spoke to Imperial Pride in Freedom's praise;
And with indignant hate, severely warm,
Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghastly form!
There are; whose censures to his Style assign
A subtle spirit, rigid and malign;
Which magnified each monster that he drew,
And gave to darkest vice a deeper hue;
Yet his strong pencil shews the gentlest heart,
In one sweet sketch of Biographic art,
Whose softest tints, by filial love combin'd,
Form the pure image of his Father's mind.

O blest Biography! thy charms of yore
Historic Truth to strong Affection bore,
And fostering Virtue gave thee as thy dower,
Of both thy Parents the attractive power;

* Ver. 329. See Note XVIII.

† Ver. 337. See Note XIX.

To win the heart, the wavering thought to fix,
 And fond delight with wilt instruction mix;
 First of thy votaries peerless, and alone,
 Thy PLUTARCH shines, by mbral beauty known;
 Enchanting Sage! whose living lessons teach,
 What heights of Virtue human efforts reach.
 Tho' oft thy Pen, eccentrically wild,
 Ramble, in Learning's various maze beguild;
 Tho' in thy Style no brilliant graces shine,
 Nor the clear conduct of correct Design,
 Thy every page is uniformly bright
 With mild Philanthropy's diviner light,
 Of gentlest manners, as of mind elate,
 Thy happy Genius had the glorious fate
 To regulate, with Wisdom's soft controul,
 The strong ambition of a TRAJAN's soul.
 But O! how rare benignant Virtue springs,
 In the blank bosom of despotic kings!

Thou bane of liberal Knowledge! Nature's curse!
 Parent of Misery! pamp'rd Vice's nurse!
 Thou who canst bind, by thy petrific breath,
 The soul of Genius in the trance of death;
 Unbounded Power! beneath thy baleful sway,
 The voice of Hist'ry sinks in dumb decay.

Still in thy gloomy reign one martial Greek,
 In Rome's corrupted language dares to speak;
 Mild MARCELLINUS! free from servile awe!
 A faithful painter of the woes he saw;
 Forc'd by the meanness of his age to join

Adult.

* Ver. 360. See Note XX.

** Ver. 383. See Note XXI.

Adulterate Colours with his just Design!
The slighted Attic Muse no more supplies
Her pencil, dipt in Nature's purest dyes;
And Roman Emulation, at a stand,
Drops the blurr'd pallet from her palsy'd hand. 390

But while Monastic Night, with gathering shades,
The ruin'd realm of History invades;
While, pent in CONSTANTINE'S ill-fated walls,
The mangled form of Roman Grandeur falls;
And, like a Gladiator on the sand, 395

Props his faint body with a dying hand;
While savage Turks, or the fierce Sons of Thor,
Wage on the Arts a wild Titanian war;
While manly Knowledge hides his radiant head,
As Jove in terror from the Titans fled; 400

See! in the lovely charms of female youth,
A second Pallas guards the throne of Truth!
And, with COMNENA'S royal name impress,
The zone of Beauty binds her Attic vest!
Fair star of Wisdom! whose unrival'd light 405

Breaks thro' the stormy cloud of thickest night;
Tho' in the purple of proud misery nurs'd,
From those oppressive bands thy spirit burst;
Pleas'd in thy public labours, to forget
The keen domestic pangs of fond regret! 410

Pleas'd to preserve, from Time's destructive rage,
A Father's virtues in thy faithful page!
Too pure of soul to violate, or hide
Th' Historian's duty in the Daughter's pride!
Tho' base Oblivion long with envious hand 415

Hid

* Ver. 403. See Note XXII.

Hid the fair volume which thy virtue plann'd;
 It shines, redeem'd from Ruin's darkest hour,
 A wond'rous monument of Female power;
 While conscious History, careful of thy fame,
 Ranks in her Attic band thy filial name,
 And fees, on Glory's stage, thy graceful mien
 Close the long triumph of her ancient scene!

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE II.

Sunt et alii Scriptores boni: sed nos genera degusta-
mus, non bibliothecas excutimus. QUINTIL. Lib. X,

ARGUMENT.

Defects of the Monkish Historians — our obligations
to the best of them. — Contrast between two of
the most fabulous, and two of the most rational. —
Indulgence due to Writers of the dark Ages. —
Arabians — ABULFEDA — BOHADDIN. — Slow Pro-
gress of the human Mind. — Chivalry. — FROIS-
SART. — Revival of ancient Learning under LEO X.
— Historians in Italy, MACHIAVEL, GUICCIARDIN,
DAVILA, and Father PAUL — in Portugal, OSORI-
US — in Spain, MARIANA — in Holland, GRO-
TIUS — in France, THUANUS. — Praise of Tole-
ration. — VOLTAIRE. — Address to England. —
CLARENDON — BURNET — RAPIN — HUME —
LYTTLETON. — Reason for not attempting to de-
scribe any living Historian.

AS eager Fossilists with ardour pore
On the flat margin of the pebbled shore,
Hoping some curious Shell, or Coral-root,
Will pay the labours of their long pursuit;

And yield their hand the pleasure to display 3
 Nature's neglected Gems in nice array:
 So, GIBBON! toils the mind, whose labour wades
 Thro' the dull Chronicle's monastic shades,
 To pick from that drear coast, with learned care,
 New shells of Knowledge, thinly scatter'd there; 10
 Who patient hears, while cloister'd Dullness tells
 The lying legend of her murky cells;
 Or strangely mingles, in her phrase uncouth,
 Disgusting Lies with unimportant Truth:
 How Bishops give (each tort'ring Fiend, o'ercome) 15
 Life to the faint, and language to the dumb:
 How fainted Kings renounce, with holy dread,
 The chaste endearments of their marriage-bed;
 How Nuns, entranc'd, to joys celestial mount,
 Frantic with rapture from a sacred fount: 20
 How cunning Priests their dying Lord cajole,
 And take his riches to ensure his soul:
 While he endows them, in his pious will,
 With those choice gifts, the Meadow and the Mill,†
 They wisely chronicle his Spirit's health, 25
 And give him Virtue in return for Wealth.
 So Hist'ry sinks, by Hypocrites deprest,
 In the coarse habit of the cloister drest;
 When her weak Sons that noxious air imbibe,
 Such are the tales of their monastic tribe! 30

But let not Pride, with blind contempt, arraign
 Each early Writer in that humble train!

* Ver. 17. See Note I.

** Ver. 19. See Note II.

† Ver. 24. See Note III.

No! let the Muse, a friend to every claim;
That marks the Candidate for honest fame;
Be just to patient Worth, severely sunk, 35
And paint the merits of the modest Monk!

Ye purer minds! who stop, with native force,
Blind Ignorance in his barbarian course;
Who, in the field of Hist'ry, dark and waste,
Your simple path with steady patience trac'd; 40
Blest be your labours! and your virtues blest!
Tho' paid with insult, and with scorn oppress,
Ye rescu'd Learning's lamp from total night,
And sav'd with anxious toil the trembling light,
In the wild storm of that tempestuous time, 45
When Superstition cherish'd every crime;
When meaner Priests pronounc'd with salt'ring tongue,
Nor knew to read the jargon which they sung;
When Nobles, train'd like blood-hounds to destroy,
In ruthless rapine plac'd their savage joy; 50
And Monarchs wanted ev'n the skill to frame
The letters that compos'd their mighty name.
How strong the mind, that, try'd by ills like these,
Could write untainted with the Time's disease!
That, free from Folly's lie, and Fraud's pretence, 55
Could rise to simple Truth, and sober Sense!
Such minds existed in the darkest hour
Of blind Barbarity's debasing power.

If mitred TURPIN told, in wildest strain,
Of giant-feats achiev'd by CHARLEMAIN; 60
Of spears, that blossom'd like the flowery thorn,
Of ROLAND's magic sword, and ivory horn,

B 3

Who-

* Ver. 59. See Note IV.

Whose sound was wafted by an angel's wing,
 In notes of anguish, to his distant king;
 Yet modest ÆGINHARD, with grateful care,
 In purer colours, and with Nature's air,
 Has drawn distinctly, in his clear record,
 A juster portrait of this mighty Lord,
 Whose forceful lance, against the Pagan hurl'd,
 Shone the bright terror of a barbarous world.
 Nor on his master does he idly shower
 The priestly gifts of supernat'ral Power:
 This candid Scribe of Gratitude and Truth,
 Correctly paints the Patron of his youth,
 Th' imperial Savage, whose unletter'd mind
 Was active, strong, beneficent, and kind;
 Who, tho' he lov'd the Learned to require,
 Knew not that simplest art, the art to write.

If British GEEFREY fill'd his motley page
 With MERLIN'S spells, and UTHUR'S amorous rage;
 With fables from the field of Magic glean'd,
 Giant and Dragon, Incubus and Fiend;
 Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
 Sage Monk of Malm'sbury! engag'd thy pen,
 Nor vainly dost thou plead, in modest phrase,
 Thy manly passion for ingenuous praise:
 'Twas thine the labours of thy Sires to clear
 From Fiction's harden'd spots, with toil severe;
 To fogn, with eyes intent on public life,
 Thy bolder sketches of internal strife;

And

* Ver. 65. See Note V.

** Ver. 79. See Note VI.

† Ver. 84. See Note VII.

And warmly celebrate, with love refin'd;
 The rich endowments of thy GLOSTER'S mind;
 May this, thy Praise, the Monkish pen exempt
 From the ungenerous blame of blind Contempt!
 Tho' Truth appear to make thy works her care,
 The lurking Prodigy still fingers there:
 But let not censure on thy name be thrown
 For errors, springing from thy age alone!
 Shame on the Critic! who, with idle scorn,
 Depreciates Authors, in dark periods born,
 Who chance to want, irregularly bright,
 That equal Knowledge, and that Reader Light,
 Which Learning, in its full meridian power,
 Has richly lavish'd on his happier hour!
 Where martial tribes a warlike Despot own,
 And civil Freedom is a bliss unknown,
 In casual fits of intermitted strife,
 The Arts are summon'd into transient life:
 The royal mind supplies the quick'ning ray,
 And Science seems the insect of a day.
 Mark the fierce sons of many a savage horde,
 That from her fertile wilds Arabia pour'd!
 Behold them, as they range the subject earth,
 Now stifle Knowledge, and now give it birth!
 In Syrian Hamah, lo! a Prince presides,
 Whose faithful hand the pen of Hist'ry guides:
 Mild ADOLFEDA! whose rich merits claim
 No single wreath of literary Fame:
 The regions he describ'd, his talents boast,
 And Eastern Poets rank him in their host.

B 4

* Ver. 117. See Note VIII.

In different climes Behold an Arab Lord
 Crush the fair Art his brutal soul abhor'd!
 And with that victim's blood his sabre stain,
 Who dar'd to write the annals of his reign!
 Yet in the land, that saw this savage deed,
 Arabian Science gain'd her richest meed:
 There Corduba, in hours of happier fate,
 Sublimely rose in academic state,
 Alike for Gallantry and Learning known,
 Aylum of the Arts, and Valour's throne!
 Ye turrets crescent-crown'd! the prey of Time!
 Bright scenes! that echoed with Arabian rhyme;
 Ere yet Oblivion's hateful curtain falls,
 On the faint splendor of your prostrate walls,
 May some just hand your hidden wealth explore,
 The laurel to your letter'd Chiefs restore,
 To all your pomp a new existence give,
 And bid your glories in description live!
 The daring Moor, tho' robb'd of Freedom's rays,
 Glow'd with the noble avarice of praise;
 Keen as an Attic mind in Fame's pursuit,
 He shook, from Labour's tree, that golden fruit.

Of all the heroes of the Moslem line,
 Triumphant SALADIN! 'twas chiefly thine
 To cherish, in thy scenes of bloody strife
 A just Encomiast of thy splendid life!
 Thy warm BOMADDIN, with that generous zeal,
 Which no base sons of Adulation feel,

* Ver. 123. See Note IX.

** Ver. 127. See Note X.

† Ver. 147. See Note XI.

At large delicacies, with historic Art,
 Thy bold, intrepid mind, thy gentle heart;
 Tho' in his portrait, which reveals the Friend,
 The tints of Truth with those of Fondness blend,
 The picture, finish'd on no servile plan,
 Gives to our view the hero, and the man;
 Affliction speaks; all abject aims above;
 The tender Servant in the Scribe we love,
 Who shrinks, disabled by the gushing tear,
 From his last duty to a Lord so dear.
 Yet, tho' his bosom, touch'd with manly grief,
 Shar'd the mild virtue of his feeling Chief,
 His page betrays the bigot of the East,
 And lavish execrations mark the Priest.
 In all its various paths, the human Mind
 Feels the first efforts of its strength confin'd;
 And in the field, where History's laurels grow,
 Winds its long march with lingering step and slow:
 Like Fruit, whose taste to sweet luxuriance runs
 By constant succour from autumnal suns,
 This lovely Science ripens by degrees,
 And late is fashion'd into graceful ease.

In those enlivening days, when Europe rose
 From the long pressure of lethargic woes;
 When the Provencal lyre, with roses drest,
 By ardent Love's extatic fingers prest,
 Wak'd into life the Genius of the West;
 When Chivalry, her banners all unfurl'd,
 Fill'd with heroic fire the splendid world;
 In high-plum'd grandeur held her gorgeous reign,
 And rank'd each brilliant Virtue in her train;
 When she imparted, by her magic glove,

To Honour strength, and purity to Love;
 New-moulded Nature on her noblest plan,
 And gave fresh sinews to the soul of man:
 When the chief model of her forming hand,
 Our sable EDWARD, on the Gallic strand,
 Display'd that spirit which her laws bestow,
 And shone the idol of his captive foe:
 Unblest with Arts, th' unletter'd age could yield
 No skilful hand, to paint from Glory's field
 Scenes, that Humanity with pride must bear,
 And Admiration honour with a tear.
 Yet Courtesy, with generous Valour join'd,
 Fair Twins of Chivalry! rejoic'd to find
 A faithful Chronicler in plain FROISSART;
 More rich in honesty than void of art.
 As the young Peasant, led by spirits keen
 To some great city's gay and gorgeous scene,
 Returning, with increase of proud delight,
 Dwells on the various splendor of the sight;
 And gives his tale, tho' told in terms uncouth,
 The charm of Nature, and the force of Truth,
 Tho' rude engaging; such thy simple page
 Seems, O FROISSART! to this enlighten'd age.
 Proud of their spirit, in thy writings shewn,
 Fair Faith and Honour mark thee for their own;
 Tho' oft the dupe of those delusive times,
 Thy Genius, foster'd with romantic rhymes,
 Appears to play the legendary Bard,
 And trespass on the Truth it meant to guard.
 Still shall thy Name, with lasting glory, stand

High

Ver. 194. See Note XII.

High on the list of that adventurous band;
 Who, bidding History speak a modern Tongue,
 From her cramp'd hand the Monkish fetters flung,
 While yet deprec'd in Gothic night she lay,
 Nor saw the approaching dawn of Arctic day. 215

On the blest banks of Tiber's honour'd stream
 Shone the first glance of that reviving beam;
 Enlighten'd Pontiffs, on the signal spot
 Where Science was proscrib'd, and Sense forgot,
 Bade Learning start from out her mould'ring tomb, 220
 And taught new laurels on her brow to bloom;
 Their Magic voice invok'd all Arts, and all
 Sprung into glory at the potent call.

As in Arabia's waste, where Horror reigns,
 Gigantic tyrant of the burning plains! 225
 The glorious bounty of some Royal mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, and friend to human kind,
 Bids the rich Structure of refreshment rise,
 To cheer the Traveller's despairing eyes;
 Who sees with rapture the new fountains burst, 230
 And, as he slakes his soul-subduing thirst,
 Blesses the hand which all his pains beguil'd,
 And rais'd an Eden in the dreary wild:
 Such praises, LEO! to thy name are due,
 From all who Learning's cultur'd field review, 235
 And to its Fountain, in thy liberal heart,
 Trace the diffusive Stream of modern Art.
 'Twas not thy praise to animate alone
 The speaking Canvass, and the breathing Stone,
 Or tides of Bounty round Parnassus roll, 240
 To quicken Genius in the Poet's soul;
 Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,
 Brought

Brought the keen SCRIBE OF FLORENCE into Day; *
 Whose subtle Wit discharg'd a dubious Draft,
 At once the Friend and Foe of Kingly Craft, 245
 Tho', in his maze of Politics perplex'd,
 Great Names have differ'd on that doubtful text;
 Here crown'd with praise, as true to Virtue's side,
 There view'd with horror, as th' Assassin's guide;
 High in a purer sphere, he shines afar, 250
 And Hist'ry hails him as her Morning-star.

Nor less, O LEO! was it thine to raise
 The great Historic Chief of modern days, *
 The solemn GUICCIARDIN, whose pen severe,
 Unsway'd by favour, nor restrain'd by fear, 255
 Mark'd in his close of life, with keen disdain,
 Each fatal blemish in thy motley reign;
 Who, like OLOKUS' Son, of spirit chaste,
 And form'd to martial toils, minutely trac'd
 The woes he saw his bleeding country bear, 260
 And wars, in which he claim'd no trivial share.

With equal wreaths let DAVILA be crown'd, †
 Alike in letters and in arms renown'd:
 Who, from his country driv'n by dire mischance,
 Plung'd in the civil broils of bleeding France, 265
 Maintaining still, in Party's raging sea,
 His judgment steady, and his spirit free;
 Save when the fierce religion of his Sires
 Drown'd the soft zeal Humanity inspires:
 Who boldly wrote, with such a faithful hand, 270

The

* Ver. 243. See Note XIII.

** Ver. 253. See Note XIV.

† Ver. 262. See Note XV.

The tragic story of that foreign land,
The hoary Gallie Chief, whose tranquil age
Listen'd with joy to his recording page,
Tracing the scenes familiar to his youth,
Gave his strong sanction to th' Historian's truth. 275

Oh Italy! tho' drench'd with civil blood,
Tho' drown'd in Bigotry's soul-quenching flood,
Historic Genius, in thy troubles nurs'd,
Ev'n from the darkness of the Convent hurst,
Venice may boast eternal Honour, won 280
By the bright labours of her dauntless Son,
Whose hand the curtains of the Conclave drew,
And gave each priestly art to public view.

SARPI, blest name! from every foible clear,*
Not more to Science than to Virtue dear. 285
Thy pen, thy life, of equal praise secure!
Both wisely bold, and high, sublimely pure!
That Freedom bids us on thy merits dwell,
Whose radiant form illumin'd thy letter'd cell,
Who to thy hand the noblest task assign'd, 290
That earth can offer to a heavenly mind:
With Reason's arms to guard invaded laws,
And guide the pen of Truth in Freedom's cause,
Too firm of heart at Danger's cry to stoop,
Nor Lucre's slave, nor vain Ambition's dupe, 295
Thro' length of days invariably the same,
Thy Country's liberty thy constant aim!
For this thy spirit dar'd th' Assassin's knife,
That with repeated guilt pursu'd thy life,
For this thy fervent and unweary'd care 300

Formid,

* Ver. 284. See Note XVI.

Form'd, ev'n in death, thy patriotic prayer,
And, while his shadows on thine eye-lids hung,
"Be it immortal!" trembled on thy tongue.

But not restricted, by the partial Fates,
To the bright cluster of Italian States,
The light of learning, and of liberal Taste,
Diffusely shone o'er Europe's Gothic waste.

On Tagus' shore, from whose admiring strand
Great GAMA sail'd, when his adventurous hand
The flag of glorious enterprise unfurl'd,
To purchase with his toils the Eastern world,
The clear OSORIO, in his classic phrase,
Portray'd the Heroes of those happier days,
When Lusitania, once a mighty name,
Outstripp'd each rival in the chace of Fame;
Mild and majestic, her Historian's page
Shares in the glory of her brightest age.
Iberia's Genius bids just Fame allow
As bright a wreath to MARIANA's brow:
Skill'd to illuminate the distant scene,
In diction graceful, and of spirit keen,
His labour, by his country's love endear'd,
The gloomy chaos of her story clear'd.
He first aspir'd its scatter'd parts to class,
And bring to juster form the mighty mass;
As the nice hand of Geographic art
Draws the vast globe on a contracted chart,
Where Truth uninjur'd sees, with glad surprize,
Her shape still perfect, tho' of smaller size.

Ver. 312. See Note XVII.

Ver. 319. See Note XVIII.

Exalted Mind! who felt the People's right,
In climes, where souls are crush'd by Kingly might;
And dar'd, unaw'd before a tyrant's throne,
To make the sanctity of Freedom known!

But short, O Genius! is thy transient hour,
In the dark regions of despotic Power.

As the faint struggle of the solar beam,
When vapours intercept the golden stream,
Pouring thro' parted clouds a glancing fire,
Plays, in short triumph, on some glittering spire;

But while the eye admires the partial ray,
The pale and watery lustre melts away:

Thus gleams of literary splendor play'd,
And thus on Spain's o'erclouded realm decay'd:

While Holland, Liberty's immediate care,
Defy'd the pressure of Boeotian air,

Burst the oppressive gloom around her hurl'd,
And drew attention from th' admiring world.

When, by long toils, her dauntless warriors broke
Their Spanish bonds, and spurn'd a bloody yoke,

In the bright moments of that blessed hour,
With talents equal to his Country's power,

The fervid GROTIUS to her glory rais'd
A column, splendid as the feats he prais'd;

Stifled his just resentment, to bestow
A clear encomium on his private foe,

And honour'd in the Chief, who sav'd the State,
The rash oppressor, who provok'd his hate.

Thou all-accomplish'd Youth! whose early page
Charm'd the astonish'd eye of learned Age,

Let
* Ver. 352. See Note XIX.

Let admiration of thy worth inspire
 Such liberal praise, as echoed from thy lyre,
 When Honour crown'd, by thy poetic hand,
 The far-fam'd Scholar of thy native land!
 Learning ne'er saw, in all her numerous race,
 A son more worthy of her fond embrace;
 Thy mind expanded to her empire's bound;
 There every Science a firm station found;
 There gay and grave, in rare assemblage, shone;
 A wonder, equall'd by thy heart alone!
 For, by enlighten'd Faith's presiding care,
 The rival Virtues were all marshall'd there,
 Worth so transcendent, Heaven with smiles survey'd,
 And with the choicest of its gifts repaid;
 Gave thee a Partner of thy chequer'd fate,
 Pure as thy Genius, and as firmly great;
 With equal love, with equal courage warm,
 A kindred Spirit in a softer form:
 Thy dear, MARIA shar'd thy captive hour,
 She brav'd the vengeance of offended power;
 And, with the fondness of Admetus' wife,
 Restor'd thy freedom at the risk of life;
 Her days were guarded by the Powers above;
 And thy just lyre immortaliz'd her love.
 Ye peerless Couple! tho' with wrongs oppress'd,
 In virtue happy, and by union blest,
 From Fame's fond lips your blended praise shall flow,
 While Excellence can find a friend below;
 While Love's chaste fires thro' human bosoms roll;
 While Liberty and Truth delight the soul!
 Your names, applauded by the spacious earth,
 Still dignify the land that boasts your birth;
 Tho'

Tho' her tame Genius, Wealth's more willing slave,
 Soon lost that mental fire, which Freedom gave,
 Whose brilliant flame in sickly languor dies,
 Where'er the damps of Avarice arise: 395
 Hence, tho' less free, yet true to Honour's aim,
 France is more opulent in letter'd fame.

There, in the dignity of virtuous Pride,
 Thro' painful scenes of public service try'd,
 And keenly conscious of his Country's woes, 400
 The liberal spirit of THUANUS rose: *
 O'er Earth's wide stage a curious eye he cast,
 And caught the living pageant as it past:
 With patriot care most eager to advance
 The rights of Nature, and the weal of France! 405
 His language noble, as his temper clear
 From Faction's rage, and Superstition's fear!
 In Wealth laborious! amid Wrongs sedate!
 His Virtue lovely, as his Genius great!
 'Ting'd with some marks, that from his climate spring,
 He priz'd his Country, but ador'd his King; 410
 Yet with a zeal from slavish awe refin'd,
 Shoné the clear model of a Gallic mind.
 Thou friend of Science! 'twas thy signal praise,
 A just memorial of her Sons to raise; 415
 To blazon first, on Hist'ry's brighter leaf,
 The laurel'd Writer with the laurel'd Chief!

But O! pure Spirit! what a fate was thine!
 How Truth and Reason at thy wrongs repine!
 How blame thy King, tho' rob'd in Honour's ray, 420
 Who left thy Fame to subtle Priests a prey,

And

* Ver. 401. See Note XX.

And tamely saw their murky wiles o'erwhelm
Thy works, the light of his reviving realm!

'Tho' Pontiffs execrate, and Kings betray,
Let not this fate your generous warmth allay, 435
Ye kindred Worthies! who still dare to wield
Reason's keen sword, and Toleration's shield,
In climes where Persecution's iron mace
Is rais'd to massacre the human race!
The heart of Nature will your virtue feel, 436
And her immortal voice reward your zeal:
First in her praise her fearless champions live,
Crown'd with the noblest palms that earth can give.
Firm in this band, who to her aid advance,
And high amid th' Historic sons of France, 438
Delighted Nature saw, with partial care,
The lively vigour of the gay VOLTAIRE;
And fondly gave him, with ANACREON's fire,
To throw the hand of Age across the lyre:
But mute that vary'd voice, which pleas'd so long! 440
Th' Historian's tale is clos'd, the Poet's song!
Within the narrow tomb behold him lie,
Who fill'd so large a space in Learning's eye!
Thou Mind unweary'd! thy long toils are o'er;
Censure and Praise can touch thy ear no more: 445
Still let me breathe with just regret thy name,
Lament thy foibles, and thy powers proclaim!

On the wide sea of Letters 'twas thy boast
To croud each sail, and touch at every coast:
From that rich deep how often hast thou brought 450
The pure and precious pearls of splendid Thought!
How didst thou triumph on that subject-tide,

Till

Till Vanity's wild gust, and stormy pride,
 Drove thy strong bark, in evil hour, to split
 Upon the fatal rock of impious Wit! 455
 But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb!
 And guardian laurels o'er thy ashes bloom!

From the long annals of the world thy art,
 With chemic process, drew the richer part;
 To Hist'ry gave a philosophic air, 460
 And made the interest of mankind her care;
 Pleas'd her grave brow with garlands to adorn,
 And from the rose of Knowledge strip the thorn.

Thy lively Eloquence, in prose, in verse,
 Still keenly bright, and elegantly terse, 465
 Flames with bold spirit; yet is idly rash:
 Thy promis'd light is oft a dazzling flash;
 Thy Wisdom verges to sarcastic sport,
 Satire thy joy! and ridicule thy sort!
 But the gay Genius of the Gallic soil, 470
 Shrinking from solemn tasks of serious toil,
 Thro' every scene his playful air maintains,
 And in the light Memoir unrival'd reigns.
 Thy Wits, O France! (as e'en thy Critics own) *
 Support not History's majestic tone; 475
 They, like thy Soldiers, want, in feats of length,
 The persevering soul of British strength.

Hail to thee, Britain! hail! delightful land!
 I spring with filial joy to reach thy strand:
 And thou! blest nourisher of Souls, sublime 480
 As e'er immortaliz'd their native clime,

C 2

Rich

* Ver. 474. See Note XXI.

Rich in Poetic treasures, yet excuse
 The trivial offering of an humble Muse,
 Who pants to add, with fears by love o'ercome,
 Her mite of Glory to thy countless sum! 483
 With vary'd colours, of the richest die,
 Fame's brilliant banners o'er thy Offspring fly:
 In native Vigour bold, by Freedom led,
 No path of Honour have they fail'd to tread:
 But while they wisely plan, and bravely dare, 490
 Their own achievements are their latest care.
 Tho' CAMDEN, rich in Learning's various store,
 Sought in Tradition's mine Truth's genuine ore,
 The waste of Hist'ry lay in lifeless shade,
 Tho' RAWLEIGH's piercing eye that world survey'd. 495
 Tho' mightier Names there cast a casual glance,
 They seem'd to saunter round the field by chance,
 Till CLARENDON arose, and in the hour
 When civil Discord wak'd each mental Power,
 With brave desire to reach this distant Goal, 500
 Strain'd all the vigour of his manly soul.
 Nor Truth, nor Freedom's injur'd Powers, allow
 A wreath unspotted to his haughty brow:
 Friendship's firm spirit still his fame exalts,
 With sweet atonement for his lesser faults. 505
 His Pomp of Phrase, his Period of a mile,
 And all the maze of his bewilder'd Style,
 Illum'd by Warmth of Heart, no more offend:
 What cannot Taste forgive; in FALKLAND's friend?
 Nor flow his praises from this single source; 510
 One province of his art displays his force:
 His Portraits boast, with features strongly like,
 The soft precision of the clear VANDYKE:

The

Tho', like the Painter, his faint talents yield,
 And sink ambarras'd in the Epic field.
 Yet shall his labours long adorn our Isle,
 Like the proud glories of some Gothic pile;
 They, tho' constructed by a Bigot's hand,
 Not nicely finish'd, nor correctly plan'd,
 With solemn Majesty, and pious Gloom,
 An awful influence o'er the mind assume;
 And from the alien eyes of every Sect
 Attract observance, and command respect.

In following years, when thy great name, NASSAU,
 Stamp'd the blest deed of Liberty and Law;
 When clear, and guiltless of Oppression's rage,
 There rose in Britain an Augustan age,
 And cluster'd Wits, by emulation bright,
 Diffus'd o'er ANNA's reign their mental light;
 That Constellation seem'd, tho' strong its flame,
 To want the splendor of Historic fame:
 Yet BURNET's page may lasting glory hope,
 Howe'er insulted by the spleen of Pope.
 Tho' his rough Language haste and warmth denote,
 With ardent Honesty of Soul he wrote;
 Tho' critic censures on his work may shower,
 Like Faith, his Freedom has a saving power.

Nor shalt thou want, RAPIN! thy well-earn'd praise;
 The sage POLYBIUS thou of modern days!
 Thy Sword, thy pen, have both thy name endear'd;
 This join'd our Arms, and that our Story clear'd;
 Thy foreign hand discharg'd th' Historian's trust,
 Unsway'd by Party, and to Freedom just.
 To letter'd Fame we own thy fair pretence,

From patient Labour, and from candid Sense, 545
 Yet Public Favour, ever hard to fix,
 Flew from thy page, as heavy and prolix.
 For soon, 'emerging from the Sophists' school,
 With Spirit eager, yet with Judgment cool,
 With subtle skill to steal upon applause, 550
 And give false vigour to the weaker cause;
 To paint a specious scene with nicest art,
 Retouch the whole, and varnish every part;
 Graceful in Style, in Argument acute;
 Master of every trick in keen Dispute! 555
 With these strong powers to form a winning tale,
 And hide Deceit in Moderation's veil,
 High on the pinnacle of Fashion plac'd,
 HUME throned the idol of Historic Taste.
 Already, pierc'd by Freedom's searching rays, 560
 The waxen fabric of his fame decays. —
 Think not, keen Spirit! that these hands presume
 To tear each leaf of laurel from thy tomb!
 These hands! which, if a heart of human frame
 Could stoop to harbour that ingenuous aim, 565
 Would shield thy Grave, and give, with guardian care,
 Each type of Eloquence to flourish there!
 But Public Love commands the painful task,
 From the pretended Sage to strip the mask,
 When his false tongue, averse to Freedom's cause, 570
 Profanes the spirit of her antient laws.
 As Asia's soothing opiate Drugs, by stealth,
 Shake every slacken'd nerve, and sap the health;
 Thy Writings thus, with noxious charms refin'd,
 Seeming to soothe its ills, unnerve the Mind. 575
 While the keen cunning of thy hand pretends
 To

To strike alone at Party's abject ends,
 Our hearts more free from Faction's Weeds we feel,
 But they have lost the Flower of Patriot Zeal.
 Wild as thy feeble Metaphysic page, 580
 Thy Hist'ry rambles into Sceptic rage;
 Whose giddy and fantastic dreams abuse
 A HAMPDEN's Virtue, and a SHAKESPEAR's Muse.

With purer Spirit, free from Party strife,
 To soothe his evening hour of honour'd life, 585
 See candid LYTTLETON at length unfold
 The deeds of Liberty in days of old!
 Fond of the theme, and narrative with age,
 He winds the lengthen'd tale thro' many a page;
 But there the beams of Patriot Virtue shine; 590
 There Truth and Freedom sanctify the line,
 And laurels, due to Civil Wisdom, shield
 This noble Nestor of th' Historic field.

The living Names, who there display their power,
 And give its glory to the present hour, 595
 I pass with mute regard; in fear to fail,
 Weighing their worth in a suspected scale:
 Thy right, Posterity! I sacred hold,
 To fix the stamp on literary Gold;
 Blest! if this lighter Ore, which I prepare 600
 For thy supreme Assay, with anxious care,
 Thy current sanction unimpeach'd enjoy,
 As only tinctur'd with a slight alloy!

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

EPISTLE III.

Ventum est ad partem operis destinati longe gravissimam . . . nunc quoque, licet major quam unquam moles premat, tamen prospicienti finem mihi constitutum est vel deficere potius, quam desperare . . . nostra temeritas, etiam mores ei conabitur dare, et assignabit officia.

QUINTIL. Lib. XII.

ARGUMENT.

The sources of the chief defects in History — Vanity, national and private — Flattery, and her various arts — Party-spirit, Superstition, and false Philosophy. — Character of the accomplished Historian. — The Laws of History — Style — Importance of the subject — Failure of KNOLLES from a subject ill chosen — Danger of dwelling on the distant and minute parts of a subject really interesting — Failure of MILTON in this particular. — The worst defect of an Historian, a system of Tyranny — Instance in BRADY. — Want of a General History of England: Wish for its accomplishment. — Use and Delight of other Histories — of Rome. Labour of the Historian — Cavils against him. — Concern for GIBBON's irreligious spirit — The idle censure of his passion for Fame — Defence of that passion. — Conclusion.

SAY thou! whose eye has, like the Lynx's beam,
 Pierc'd the deep windings of this mazy stream,
 Say, from what source the various Poisons glide,
 That darken History's discolour'd tide;
 Whose purer waters to the mind dispense
 The wealth of Virtue, and the fruits of Sense!
 These Poisons flow, collective and apart,
 From Public Vanity, and Private Art.
 At first Delusion built her false retreat
 On the broad base of National Conceit:
 Nations, like Men, in Flattery confide,
 The slaves of Fancy, and the dupes of Pride,
 Each petty region of the peopled earth,
 Howe'er debas'd by intellectual dearth,
 Still proudly boasted of her claims to share
 The richest portion of celestial care:
 For her she saw the rival Gods engage,
 And Heaven convuls'd with elemental rage.
 To her the thunder's roar, the lightning's fire,
 Confirm'd their favour, or denounc'd their ire:
 To seize this foible, daring Hist'ry threw
 Illusive terrors o'er each scene she drew;
 Nor would her spirit, in the heat of youth,
 Watch, with a Vestal's care, the lamp of Truth;
 But, wildly mounting in a Witch's form,
 Her voice delighted to condense the storm;
 With showers of blood th' astonish'd earth to drench,
 The frame of Nature from its base to wrench;
 In Horror's veil involve her plain events,
 And shake th' affrighted world with dire portents.

C 5

Still

* Ver. 30. See Note I.

Still softer arts her subtle spirit try'd,
 To win the easy faith of Public Pride;
 She told what Powers, in times of early date,
 Gave consecration to the infant State;
 Mark'd the blest spot by sacred Founders trod,
 And all th' achievements of the guardian God.
 Thus while, like Fame, she rests upon the land,
 Her figure grows; her magic limbs expand;
 Her tow'ring head, so high Olympus tost,
 Pierces the sky, and in that blaze is lost.

Yet bold Philosophy at length destroy'd
 The brilliant phantoms of th' Historic void;
 Her scrutinizing eye, whose search severe
 Rivals the pressure of Ithuriel's spear,
 Permits no fraudulent semblance to escape,
 But turns each Marvel to its real shape.
 The blazing meteors fall from Hist'ry's sphere;
 Her darling Demi-gods no more appear;
 No more the Nations, with heroic joy,
 Boast their descent from Heaven-descended Troy:
 On FRANCIO now the Gallic page is mute,
 And British Story drops the name of BRUTE.
 What other failings from this fountain flow'd,
 Ill-measur'd fame on martial feats bestow'd,
 And heaps, enlarg'd to mountains of the slain,
 The miracles of valour, still remain.
 But of all faults, that injur'd Truth may blame,
 Those proud mistakes the first indulgence claim,
 Where Public Zeal the ardent Pen betrays,
 And Patriot Passions swell the partial praise.

Ev'n

* Ver. 51. See Note II.

EPISTLE III.

Ev'n private Vanity may pardon find,
 When built on Worth, and with Instruction join'd:
 In British Annalists more rarely found;
 This venial: foible springs on foreign ground;
 'Tis theirs, who scribble near the Seine or Loire,
 Those lively Heroes of the light Memoir.

Defects more hateful to ingenuous eyes,
 In Adulation's servile arts arise:
 Mean Child of Int'rest! as her Parent base
 Her charms Deformity! her wealth Disgrace!
 Dimm'd by her breath, the light of Learning fades;
 Her breath the wisest of mankind degrades,
 And BACON's self, for mental glory born,
 Meets, as her slave, our pity, or our scorn.
 Unhappy Genius! in whose wondrous mind
 The sordid Reptile and the Seraph join'd;
 Now traversing the world on Wisdom's wings,
 Now basely crouching to the last of Kings:
 Thy fault, which Freedom with regret surveys,
 This useful Truth, in strongest light, displays:
 That not sufficient are those shining parts,
 Which shed new radiance o'er concentr'd arts;
 To reach with glory the Historie goal
 Demands a firm, an independent soul,
 An eagle-eye, that with undazzled gaze
 Can look on Majesty's meridian blaze.
 But Adulation, in the worst of times,
 Throws her broad mantle o'er imperial crimes;
 In Hist'ry's field, her abject toils delight
 To shut the scenes of Nature from our sight.

* Ver. 73. See Note III.

Each human Virtue in one mass to fling,
 And of that mountain make the statue of a King.
 Yet oft her labours, slighted or abhorr'd,
 Receive in present scorn their just reward;
 Scorn, from that Idol, at whose feet she lays
 The sordid offering of her venal praise.

As crown'd with Indian laurels, nobly won,
 His conquest ended, Philip's warlike Son
 Sail'd down th' Hydaspes in a voyage of sport,
 The chief Historian of his sumptuous court
 Read his description of the single fight,
 Where Porus yielded to young Ammon's might;
 And, like a Scribe in courtly arts adroit,
 Most largely magnify'd his Lord's exploit:
 Tho' ever on the stretch to Glory's goal,
 Fame the first passion of his fiery soul!
 Fierce from his seat the indignant Hero sprung,
 And o'er the vessel's side the volume flung;
 Then, as he saw the fawning Scribler shrink,
 "Thus should the Author with his Writing sink,
 "Who stifles Truth in Flattery's disguise,
 "And buries honest Fame beneath a load of Lies."

But modern Princes, having less to lose,
 Rarely these insults on their name accuse;
 In Dedications quietly inurn'd,
 They take more lying Praise than Ammon spurn'd;
 And Learning's pliant Sons, to flattery prone,
 Bend with such blind obeisance to the throne,

* Ver. 92. See Note IV.

† Ver. 97. See Note V.

† Ver. 115. See Note VI.

The basest King that ever curst the earth,
Finds many a witness to attest his worth;
Tho' dead, still flatter'd by some abject slave,
He spreads contagious poison from his grave,
While sordid hopes th' Historian's hand entice
To varnish ev'n the tomb of Royal Vice.

Tho' Nature wept with desolated Spain,
In tears of blood, the second Philip's reign;
Tho' such deep sins deform'd his sullen mind,
As merit execration from mankind;
A mighty empire by his crimes undone;
A people massacred; a murder'd son:
Tho' Heaven's displeasure stopt his parting breath,
To bear long loathsome pangs of hideous death;
Flattery can still the Russian's praise repeat,
And call this Waster of the earth discreet:

Still can HERRERA, mourning o'er his turn,
His dying pangs to blissful rapture turn,
And paint the King, from earth by curses driven,
A Saint, accepted by approving Heaven!

But arts of deeper guile, and baser wrong,
To Adulation's subtle Scribes belong:
They oft, their present idols to exalt,
Profanely burst the consecrated vault;
Steal from the buried Chief bright Honour's plume,
Or stain with Slander's gall the Statesman's tomb:
Stay, sacrilegious slaves! with reverence tread
O'er the blest ashes of the worthy dead!

See! where, uninjur'd by the charnel's damp,
The Vestal, Virtue, with undying lamp,

Fond

* Ver. 135. See Note VII.

Fond of her toil, and jealous of her trust,
 Sits the keen Guardian of their sacred dust,
 And thus indignant, from the depth of earth,
 Checks your vile aim, and vindicates their worth:
 "Hence ye! who buried excellence belied,
 "To sooth the sordid spleen of living Pride;
 "Go! gild with Adulation's feeble ray
 "Th' imperial pageant of your passing day!
 "Nor hope to stain, on bale Detraction's scroll,
 "A TULLY'S morals, or a SIDNEY'S soul!" — *
 Just Nature will abhor, and Virtue scorn,
 That Pen, tho' eloquence its page adorn,
 Which, brib'd by Interest, or from vain pretence
 To subtler Wit, and deep-discerning Sense,
 Would blot the praise on public toils bestow'd,
 And Patriot passions, as a jest, explode.
 Less abject failings spring from Party-rage,
 The pest most frequent in th' Historic page;
 That common jaundice of the turbid brain,
 Which leaves the heart unconscious of a stain,
 Yet suffers not the clouded mind to view
 Or men, or actions, in their native hue:
 For Party mingles, in her feverish dreams,
 Credulity and Doubt's most wild extremes:
 She gazes thro' a glass, whose different ends
 Reduce her foes, and magnify her friends:
 Delusion ever on her spirit dwells;
 And to the worst excess its fury swells,
 When Superstition's raging passions roll
 Their savage frenzy thro' the Bigot's soul.

Nor

* Ver. 158. See Note VIII.

Nor less the blemish, tho' of different-kind;
 From false Philosophy's conceits refin'd!
 Her subtle influence, on History shed,
 Strikes the fine nerve of Admiration dead,
 (That nerve despis'd by sceptic sons of earth,
 Yet still a vital spring of human worth.)
 This artful juggler, with a skill so nice,
 Shifts the light forms of Virtue and of Vice,
 That, ere they wake abhorrence or delight,
 Behold! they both are vanish'd from the sight;
 And Nature's warm affections thus destroy'd,
 Leave in the puzzled mind a lifeless void.

Far other views the liberal Genius fire,
 Whose toils to pure Historic praise aspire;
 Nor Moderation's dupe, nor Faction's brave,
 Nor Guilt's apologist, nor Flattery's slave:
 Wise, but not cunning; temperate, not cold;
 Servant of Truth, and in that service bold;
 Free from all bias, save that just controul
 By which mild Nature sways the manly soul,
 And Reason's philanthropic spirit draws
 To Virtue's interest, and Freedom's cause;
 Those great ennoblers of the human name,
 Pure springs of Power, of Happiness, and Fame!
 To teach their influence, and spread their sway,
 The just Historian winds his toilsome way;
 From silent darkness, creeping o'er the earth,
 Redeems the sinking trace of useful Worth;
 In Vice's bosom marks the latent thorn,
 And brands that public pest with public scorn.

A lively

* Ver. 179. See Note IX.

A lively teacher in a moral school!
 In that great office steady, clear, and cool!
 Pleas'd to promote the welfare of mankind,
 And by informing meliorate the mind!
 Such the bright task committed to his care!
 Boundless its use; but its completion rare.

Critics have said "Tho' high th' Historian's charge,
 His Laws are simple, tho' his Province large;
 Two obvious rules ensure his full success —
 To speak no Falsehood; and no Truth suppress:
 Art must to other works a lustre lend,
 But History pleases, howsoe'er it's penn'd."

Perchance in ruder periods; but in those,
 Where all the luxury of Learning flows,
 To Truth's plain fare no palate will submit,
 Each reader grows an Epicure in Wit;
 And Knowledge must his nicer taste beguile
 With all the poignant charms of Attic style.

The curious Scholar, in his judgment choice,
 Expects no common Notes from History's voice;
 But all the tones, that all the passions suit,
 From the bold Trumpet to the tender Lute:

Yet if thro' Music's scale her voice should range,
 Now high, now low, with many a pleasing change,
 Grace must thro' every variation glide,
 In every movement Majesty preside:

With ease not careless, tho' correct not cold;
 Soft without languor, without harshness bold.

Tho' Affectation can all works debase,
 In Language, as in Life, the bane of Grace!

Regar-

* Ver. 218. See Note X.

Regarded ever with a scornful smile,
 She most is censur'd in th' Historic style:
 Yet her insinuating power is such,
 Not ev'n the Greeks escap'd her baleful touch;
 Hence the fictitious Speech, and long Harangue,
 Too oft, like weights, on ancient Story hang,
 Less fond of labour, modern Pens devise
 Affected beauties of inferior size:
 They in a narrower compass boldly strike
 The fancied Portrait, with no feature like;
 And Nature's simple colouring vainly quit,
 To boast the brilliant glare of fading Wit.
 Those works alone may that blest fate expect
 To live thro' time, unconscious of neglect,
 That catch, in springing from no sordid source,
 The ease of Nature, and of Truth the force.
 But not ev'n Truth, with bright Expression grac'd,
 Nor all Description's powers, in lucid order plac'd,
 Not even these a fond regard engage,
 Or bind attention to th' Historic page,
 If distant tribes compose th' ill-chosen Theme,
 Whose savage virtues wake no warm esteem;
 Where Faith and Valour spring from Honours grave,
 Only to form th' Assassin and the Slave.
 From Turkish tyrants, stain'd with servile gore,
 Enquiry turns; and Learning's sighs deplore,
 While o'er his name Neglect's cold shadow rolls,
 A waste of Genius in the toil of KNOLLES.
 There are, we own, whose magic power is such,
 Their hands embellish whatso'er they touch:

Their

* Ver, 266. See Note XL

Their bright Mosaic so enchants our eyes,
 By nice Arrangement, and contrasted Dies,
 What mean materials in the texture lurk,
 Serve but to raise the wonder of the work.
 Yet from th' Historian (as such power is rare)
 The choice of Matter claims no trifling care,
 'Tis not alone collected Wealth a display,
 Nor the proud fabric of extended Sway,
 That mark (tho' both the eye of Wonder fill)
 The happy Subject for Historic Skill:
 Wherever Nature, tho' in narrow space,
 Besters, by Freedom's aid, a liberal race;
 Sees Virtue save them from Oppression's den,
 And cries with exultation, "These are Men,"
 Tho' in Beotia or Batavia born,
 Their deeds the Story of the World adorn.
 The Subject fix'd, with force and beauty fraught,
 Just Disposition claims yet deeper thought;
 To cast enlivening Order's lucid grace
 O'er all the crouded fields of Time and Space;
 To shew each wheel of Power in all its force,
 And trace the streams of Action from their source;
 To catch, with spirit and precision join'd,
 The varying features of the human Mind;
 The Grace, the Strength, that Nature's children draw
 From Arts, from Science, Policy, and Law;
 Opinion's fashion, Wisdom's firmer plan,
 And all that marks the character of Man.
 Of all the parts, that History's volume fill,
 The just Digression claims the nicest skill;
 As the swift Hero, in the Olympic race,
 Ran with less toil along the open space:

But round the Goal to form the narrow curve, O
Call'd forth his utmost strength from every nerve.

The Subject's various powers let Study tell!
And teach th' Historian on what points to dwell!
How in due shades to sink each meaner part,
And pour on nobler forms the radiance of his art!
Tho' Patriot Love the curious spirit fires
With thirst to hear th' achievements of his Sires;
And British story wins the British mind
With all the charms that fond attention bind;
Its early periods, barbarous and remote,
Please not, tho' drawn by Pens. of noblest note:
O'er those rude scenes Confusion's madd'ning dwell,
Beyond the power of Genius to dispell;
Mists which ev'n MILTON's splendid mind enshroud;
Lost in the darkness of the Saxon cloud.

Neglect alone repays their slight offence,
Whose wand'ring wearies our bewilder'd sense:
But just Abhorrence brands his guilty name,
Who dares to vilify his Country's fame;
With Slander's rage the pen of History grasp,
And pour from thence the poison of the Asp;
The murderous falsehood, stifling Honour's breath!
The slavish teneb, Public Virtue's death!
With all that undermines a Nation's health,
And robs the People of their richest wealth!
Ye tools of Tyranny! whose servile guile
Would thus pollute the records of our isle,
Behold your Leader curst with public hate,
And read your just reward in BRADY's fate! *

D 2

O sacred

* Ver. 330. See Note XII.

O sacred Liberty! shall Faction's train
 Pervert the reverend archives of thy reign?
 Shall slaves traduce the blood thy votaries spilt,
 Blaspheming Glory with the name of Guilt?
 And shall no Son of thine their wiles o'erwhelm, 338
 And clear the story of thy injur'd realm?
 To this bright task some British spirit raise,
 With powers surpassing ev'n a Livy's praise!
 Thro' this long wilderness his march inspire,
 And make thy temperate flame his leading fire! 340
 Teach his keen eye, and comprehensive soul,
 To pierce each darker part, and grasp the whole!
 Let Truth's undoubted signet seal his page,
 And Glory guard the work from age to age!
 That British minds from this pure source may draw 345
 Sense of thy Rights, and passion for thy Law,
 Wisdom to prize, and Honour, that aspires
 To reach that virtue which adorn'd our Sires!
 But not alone our native land attracts;
 Far different Nations boast their splendid facts: 350
 In ancient Story the rich fruits unite
 Of civil Wisdom and sublime Delight:
 At Rome's proud name Attention's spirits rise,
 Rome, the first idol of our infant eyes!
 Use and Importance mark the vast design, 355
 Clearly to trace her periods of Decline.
 Yet here, O GIBBON! what long toils ensue?
 How winds the labyrinth? how fails the clue?
 Tho' rude materials Time's deep trenches fill,
 A radiant structure rises from thy skill; 360
 Whose splendor, springing from a dreary waste,
 Enchants the wondering eye of Public Taste.

Thus

Thus to the ancient traveller, whose way
Across the hideous sands of Syria lay,
The Desert blaz'd with sudden glory bright;
And rich Palmyra rush'd upon his sight.

But O! what foes beset each honour'd Name,
Advancing in the path of letter'd fame!
To stop thy progress, and insult thy pen,
The fierce Polemic issues from his den.

Think not my Verse means blindly to engage
In rash defence of thy profaner page!
Tho' keen her spirit, her attachment fond,
Base service cannot suit with Friendship's bond;
Too firm from Duty's sacred path to turn,
She breathes an honest sigh of deep concern,
And pities Genius, when his wild career
Gives Faith a wound, or Innocence a fear.
Humility herself, divinely mild,
Sublime Religion's meek and modest child,
Like the dumb Son of Croesus, in the strife,
Where Force assail'd his Father's sacred life,
Breaks silence, and, with filial duty warm,
Bids thee revere her Parent's hallow'd form!

Far other sounds the ear of Learning stun,
From proud Theology's contentious Son;
Less eager to correct, than to revile,
Rage in his voice! and Rancour in his style!
His idle scoffs with coarse reproof decide
Thy generous thirst of Praise, and liberal Pride;
Since

* Ver. 381. See Note XIII.

** Ver. 387. See Note XIV.

Since thy frank spirit dares that wish avow,
 Which Nature owns, and Wisdom must allow!
 The noble Instinct, Love of lasting Fame,
 Was wisely planted in the human frame:
 From hence the brightest rays of History flow;
 To this their Vigour and their Use they owe.
 Nor scorns fair Virtue this untainted source,
 From hence she often draws her lovely force:
 For Heaven this passion with our life combin'd,
 Which, like a central power, impels the languid mind.
 When, clear from Envy's cloud, that general pest!
 It burns most brightly in the Author's breast,
 Its soothing hopes his various pains beguile,
 And give to Learning's face her sweetest smile:
 What joy, to think his Genius may create
 Existence far beyond the common date!
 His Wealth of Mind to latest ages give,
 And in Futurity's affection live!
 From unborn beauty, still to Fancy dear,
 Draw with soft magic the delightful tear;
 Or thro' the bosom of far distant Youth,
 Spread the warm glow of Liberty and Truth!

O GIBBON! by thy frank ambition taught,
 Let me like thee maintain th' enlivening thought,
 That, from Oblivion's killing cloud secure,
 My Hope may prosper and my Verse endure;
 While thy bright Name, on History's ear sublime,
 Ralls in just triumph o'er the field of Time,
 May I, unfaltering, thy long march attend,
 No flattering Slave! but an applauding Friend!

Display

† Ver. 393. See Note XV.

Display th' imperfect sketch I fondly drew,
Of that wide province, where thy laurels grew:
And, honour'd with a wreath of humble bays,
Join the loud Pean of thy lasting praise!

TO THE FIRST EPISTLE.

THE following want of Praise and Compliments
I have not been able to find in any of the
Authors of the Greek and Latin Poets.
Two more by Jove's high hand have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good.
NOTE I. Verse 1.
I see one reaching Greece, (and) blossoms of Hellenic
nation, the celebrated historian and chief of the Achaean
war, who settled in Italy, as the Latin Poets
us, on the close of the civil wars. He has submitted
a little treatise, containing a critique on the other Poets
known to his friend Gnaeus Pompeius, whom the French
Poets suppose to be Pompey the Great; but he is
the last editor of Dionysius, having put him into a Greek
Greek grammarian, the client or freedman of that illi-
tious Roman.
In this treatise of Dionysius, and in one still longer
on the character of Thucydides, there are some excel-
lent historical precepts, which Mr. Spelman has judi-
ciously

NOTES.

Indoſci diſcant et ament meminiffe periti.

TO THE FIRST EPISTLE.

Note I. Verſe 4,

TH unfailing urns of Praise and Censure ſtand.]

Δοιοι γὰρ τὰ πῖθοι κατακείται ἐν Διοῦς ἔδει
 Δαίμων, οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν· ἕτερος δὲ ἔχων
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
 The ſource of evil one, and one of good.

POPE'S Iliad XXIV. v. 663.

Note II. Verſe 55.

Yet one excelling Greek, &c.] Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the celebrated hiſtorian and critic of the Auguſtan age, who ſettled in Italy, as he himſelf informs us, on the cloſe of the civil war. He has addreſſed a little treatiſe, containing a critique on the elder hiſtorians, to his friend Cnæus Pompeius, whom the French critics ſuppoſe to be Pompey the Great; but Reiſke, the laſt editor of Dionyſius, has ſunk him into a petty Greek grammarian, the client or freedman of that illuſtrious Roman.

In this treatiſe of Dionyſius, and in one ſtill longer, on the character of Thucydides, there are ſome excellent hiſtorical precepts, which Mr. Spelman has judi-

ously thrown together in the preface to his admirable translation of the Roman Antiquities. — He introduces them by the following observation, which may serve perhaps to recommend the subject of the present poem. — “So much has been said, both by the ancients and the moderns, in praise of the advantages resulting from the study of History, particularly by Diodorus Siculus among the former, in the noble preface to his Historical Collections; and by the late Lord Bellingbrooke, among the moderns, in his admirable letter on that subject; that I am astonished no treatise has ever yet appeared in any age, or any language, professedly written to prescribe rules for writing History; a work allowed to be of the greatest advantage of all others to mankind, the repository of truth, fraught with lessons both of public and private virtue, and enforced by stronger motives than precepts — by examples. Rules for Poetry and Rhetoric have been written by many authors, both ancient and modern, as if delight and eloquence were of greater consequence than instruction: however, Rhetoric was a part of History, as treated by the ancients; not the principal part indeed, but subservient to the principal; and calculated to apply the facts exhibited by the narration. I know it may be said, that many ancient histories are still preserved, and that these models are sufficient guides for modern Historians, without particular rules: so had the Greek Poets of all denominations in their hands and yet Aristotle thought it necessary to prescribe particular rules to his countrymen for applying those examples to every branch of Poetry: I wish he had done the

same in History; if he had, it is very probable that his precepts would have rendered the best of our modern Histories more perfect, and the worst less abominable. — Since the resurrection of letters, the want of such a guide has been complained of by many authors, and particularly by Rapin, in the preface to his History of England." — Spelman, page 15. But this ingenious and learned writer speaks a little too strongly, in saying no treatise has ever appeared in any age or language, containing rules for History. There is one in Latin by the celebrated Vossius; entitled *Ars Historica*; another by Hubertus Foliet, an elegant Latin writer, of the 16th century, on whom Thuanus bestows the highest commendation; and Mascardi, an Italian critic, patronised by Cardinal Mazarine, has written also *dell'Arte Historica*. The curious reader may find a singular anecdote relating to the publication of this work in Bayle, under the article Mascardi. — But to return to Dionysius. In comparing Herodotus and Thucydides, he censures the latter with a degree of severity unwarranted by truth and reason: indeed this severity appeared so striking to the learned Fabricius, that he seems to consider it as a kind of proof, that the critical works of Dionysius were composed in the hasty fervor of youth. They are however in general, so use the words of the same ingenious author, *eximia & lectu digna*; and a valuable critic of our own country, who resembles Dionysius in elegance of composition, and perhaps in severity of judgment, has spoken yet more warmly in their favour. — See Warton's Essay on Pope, 3d edit. page 175.

TO EPISTLE I.

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Note III. Verse 63V

And Lucian! thou, of Humour's sons supreme! The little treatise of Lucian "How History should be written," may be considered as one of the most valuable productions of that lively author; it is not only written with great vivacity and wit, but is entitled to the superior praise of breathing most exalted sentiments of liberty and virtue. There is a peculiar kind of sublimity in his description of an accomplished Historian.

Τετάρτου οὖν μοι ὁ συγγραφεὺς ἐστὼ, ἀφο-
βος, ἀδελφωτός, ἐλευθερός, παρρησίας καὶ ἀλη-
θείας φίλος, ὡς ὁ Κωμικός φησί, τὰ σὺκα, συ-
να, τὴν σκαφὴν δὲ σκαφὴν ὀνομαζῶν, καὶ μίσει,
καὶ φιλαμεμῶν, καὶ φειδομένος, ἢ ἐλεων, ἢ
αἰσχυνομένος, ἢ δυσωπτεμένος ἴσος δικαστῆς, ἐν-
υς ἀπάσιν, ἀχρὶ τοῦ μὴ θάττω τι ἀπονεύσαι
πλεῖον τῆ δούρας. Ξένος ἐν τοῖς βιβλίοις, καὶ
ἀπολεῖ, αὐτονομός, ἀβασίλευτος, οὐ τι τῶδε
ἢ τῶδε δοξεῖ λογίζομενος, ἀλλὰ τι πεπραγμένον
λεγόν.

It is a piece of justice due to our own country to remark, that in the 3d volume of the World, there is a ludicrous essay on History by Mr. Cambridge, which is written with all the spirit and all the humour of Lucian.

Note

Note IV. Verse 68.

*And raise a Xenophon in self-esteem.] Ουδεις ος τις
εχ ιστοριαν συγγραφει μαλλον δε Θεκυδιδαι, και
Ηροδοτοι, και Ξενοφωντες ημιν απαντες. LUCIAN.
edit. Riollay, p. 6.*

Note V. Verse 77.

*In Egypt once a dread tribunal stood.] This singular
institution, which is alluded to by many of our late
authors, is related at large in the First Book of Diodo-
rus Siculus; and as the passage is curious, the follo-
wing free translation of it may afford entertainment
to the English reader — "Those who prepare to bury
a relation, give notice of the day intended for the ce-
remony to the judges, and to all the friends of the de-
ceased; informing them, that the body will pass over
the lake of that district to which the dead belonged :
when, on the judges being assembled, to the number
of more than forty, and ranging themselves in a semi-
circle on the farther side of the lake, the vessel is set
afloat, which those who superintend the funeral have
prepared for this purpose. This vessel is managed by
a pilot, called in the Egyptian language Charon; and
hence they say, that Orpheus, travelling in old times
into Egypt, and seeing this ceremony, formed his fa-
ble of the infernal regions, partly from what he saw,
and partly from invention. The vessel being launched
on the lake, before the coffin which contains the body
is put on board, the law permits all, who are so in-
clined, to produce an accusation against it. — If any
one steps forth, and proves that the deceased has led an
evil*

evil life, the judges pronounce sentence, and the body is precluded from burial; but if the accuser is convicted of injustice in his charge, he falls himself under a considerable penalty. When no accuser appears, or when the accuser is proved to be an unfair one, the relations, who are assembled, change their expressions of sorrow into encomiums on the dead: yet they do not, like the Greeks, speak in honour of his family, because they consider all Egyptians as equally well-born; but they set forth the education and manners of his youth, his piety and justice in maturer life, his moderation and every virtue by which he was distinguished; and they supplicate the infernal Deities to receive him as an associate among the blest. The multitude join their acclamations of applause in this celebration of the dead, whom they consider as going to pass an eternity among the just below *." — Such is the description which Diodorus gives of this funereal judicature, to which even the kings of Egypt were subject. The same author asserts, that many sovereigns had been thus judicially deprived of the honours of burial by the indignation of their people: and that the terrors of such a fate had a most salutary influence on the virtue of their kings.

The Abbé Terrasson has drawn a sublime picture of this sepulchral process, and indeed of many Egyptian Mysteries, in his very learned and ingenious romance, *The Life of Sethos*.

Note

* Diodor. Sicul. Lib. I. Τὸ δὲ μέλλοντος θάπτειν, &c.

NOTES TO

Note VI. Verse 115.

The Infant Muse, ambitious at her birth,

Rose the young herald of heroic worth.] "Not only

the Greek writers give a concurrent testimony concerning the priority of historical Verse to Prose; but the records of all nations unite in confirming it. The oldest compositions among the Arabs are in Rythm or rude Verse; and are often cited as proofs of the truth of their subsequent History. The accounts we have of the Peruvian story confirm the same fact; for Garcilasso tells us, that he compiled a part of his Commentaries from the antient songs of the country — Nay all the American tribes, who have any compositions, are found to establish the same truth — Northern Europe contributes its share of testimony: for there too we find the Scythian or Runic songs (many of them historical) to be the oldest compositions among these barbarous nations." BROWNE'S Dissertation on Poetry, &c. Page 50.

Note VII. Verse 131.

But in the center of those vast abodes,

Whose mighty mass the land of Egypt loads.] This

account of the Pyramids I have adopted from the very learned Mr. Bryant, part of whose ingenious observation upon them I shall here present to the reader. —

One great purpose in all eminent and expensive structures is to please the stranger and traveller, and to win their admiration. This is effected sometimes by a mixture of magnificence and beauty: at other times solely by immensity and grandeur. The latter seems to have been

been the object in the erecting of those celebrated buildings in Egypt; and they certainly have answered the design. For not only the vastness of their structure, and the area which they occupy, but the ages they endured, and the very uncertainty of their history, which runs so far back into the depths of antiquity, produce altogether a wonderful veneration; to which buildings more exquisite and embellished are seldom entitled. Many have supposed, that they were designed for places of sepulture: and it has been affirmed by Herodotus, and other ancient writers. But they spoke by guess: and I have shewn by many instances, how usual it was for the Grecians to mistake temples for tombs. If the chief Pyramid were designed for a place of burial, what occasion was there for a well, and for passages of communication, which led to other buildings? Near the Pyramids are apartments of a wonderful fabric, which extend in length one thousand four hundred feet, and about thirty in depth. They have been cut out of the hard rock, and brought to a perpendicular by the artist's chisel; and through dint of labour fashioned as they now appear. They were undoubtedly designed for the reception of priests! and consequently were not appendages to a tomb, but to a temple of the Deity The priests of Egypt delighted in obscurity; and they probably came by the subterraneous passages of the building to the dark chambers within; where they performed their lustrations, and other nocturnal rites. Many of the ancient temples in this country were caverns in the rock, enlarged by art, and cut out into numberless dreary apartments: for no nation upon earth
was

was so addicted to gloom and melancholy as the Egyptians. BRYANT'S Analysis, Vol. III. Page 529.

The royal geographer Abulfeda seems to confirm the idea of this ingenious author; or at least to have been equally persuaded, that the Pyramids were *not* places of burial; for, speaking of them, in his description of Egypt, he says: "sunt autem, ut narratur, sepulcra veterum: ohe vero quam narrantur multa, quorum non certa fides!" ABULF Egypt. Edit. Michaelis, Page 10.

Note VIII. Verse 194.

Of the fierce Omar, &c.] The number of volumes destroyed in the plunder of Alexandria is said to have been so great, that although they were distributed to heat four thousand baths in that city, it was six months before they were consumed. When a petition was sent to the Chaliph for Omar the preservation of this magnificent library, he replied, in the true spirit of bigotry, "What is contained in the books you mention, is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) or it is not: if it be, then the Alcoran is sufficient without them: if otherwise, 'tis fit they should be destroyed." OCKLEY'S History of the Saracens, Vol. I. Page 313.

Note IX. Verse 207.

The dome expands! — Behold th' Historic Sire!] Herodotus, to whom Cicero has given the honourable appellation of The Father of History, was born in Halicarnassus, a city of Caria, four years before the invasion

sion of Xerxes, in the year 484 before Christ. The time and place of his death are uncertain; but his countryman Dionysius informs us, that he lived to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war; and Marcellinus, the Greek author who wrote a life of Thucydides, affirms there was a monument erected to these two great Historians in a burial-place belonging to the family of Miltiades.

There is hardly any author, antient or modern, who has been more warmly commended, or more vehemently censured, than this eminent Historian. But even the severe Dionysius declares, he is one of those enchanting writers, whom you peruse to the last syllable with pleasure, and still wish for more. — Plutarch himself, who has made the most violent attack on his veracity, allows him all the merit of beautiful composition. From the heavy charges brought against him by the antients, the famous Henry Stephens, and his learned friend Camerarius, have defended their favourite Historian with great spirit. But Herodotus has found a more formidable antagonist in a learned and animated writer of our own times, to whom the public have been lately indebted for his having opened to them new mines of Oriental learning. — If the ingenious Mr. Richardson could effectually support his Persian system, the great Father of the Grecian story must sink into a fabulist, as low in point of veracity as Geoffrey of Monmouth. It must be owned, that several eminent Writers of our country have treated him as such. Another Orientalist, who, in his elegant Preface

to the Life of Nader Shaw, has drawn a spirited and judicious sketch of many capital Historians, declares, in passing judgment on Herodotus, that "his accounts of the Persian affairs are at least doubtful, if not fabulous." — Hume, I think, goes still farther, and says, in one of his essays — "The first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real History." For my own part, I confess myself more credulous: the relation, which Herodotus has given of the repulse of Xerxes from Greece, is so delightful to the mind, and so animating to public virtue, that I should be sorry to number it among the Grecian fables,

— et madides cantat quæ Sosthratus alis.

Note X. Verse 210.

As the fair figure of his favour'd Queen.] Artemisia of Halicarnassus, who commanded in person the five vessels, which she contributed to the expedition of Xerxes. On hearing that she had sunk a Grecian galley in the sea-fight at Salamis, he exclaimed, that his men had proved women, and his women men. HEROD. Lib. VIII. p. 660. Edit. Weff.

Note XI. Verse 213.

Soft as the stream, whose dimpling waters play.] Sine ullis salebris quasi sedatus amnis fluit. CICERO in Oratore.

Note XII. Verse 229.

But mark the Youth, in dumb delight immers'd!] Thucydides, the son of Olorus, was born at Athens in the year 471 before Christ, and is said, at the age of 15, to have heard Herodotus recite his History at the Olympic

Olympic games. — The generous youth was charmed even to tears, and the Historian congratulated Olorus on these marks of genius, which he discovered in his son. — Being invested with a military command, he was banished from Athens at the age of 48, by the injustice of faction, because he had unfortunately failed in the defence of Amphipolis. — He retired into Thrace, and is reported to have married a Thracian lady possessed of valuable mines in that country. — At the end of 20 years his sentence of banishment was revoked. Some authors affirm that he returned into Athens, and was treacherously killed in that city. But others assert that he died in Thrace, at the advanced age of 80, leaving his History unfinished. MARCELLINUS; and DODWELL. *Annales Thucyd.*

Note XIII. Verse 255.

A generous guardian of a rival's fame.] It is said by Diogenes Laertius, that Xenophon first brought the History of Thucydides into public reputation, though he had it in his power to assume to himself all the glory of that work. This amiable Philosopher and Historian was born at Athens, and became early a disciple of Socrates, who is said by Strabo to have saved his life in battle. About the 50th year of his age, according to the conjecture of his admirable translator Mr. Spelman, he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accomplished his immortal retreat in the space of 15 months. — The jealousy of the Athenians banished him from his native city, for engaging in the service of Sparta and of Cyrus. — On his return therefore he retired to Scillus,

a town of Elis, where he built a temple to Diana, which he mentions in his Epistles, and devoted his leisure to philosophy and rural sports. — But commotions arising in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is supposed to have written his Grecian History, and to have died at the age of ninety, in the year 360 before Christ. By his wife Philesia he had two sons, Diodorus and Gryllus. The latter rendered himself immortal by killing Epaminondas in the famous battle of Mantinea, but perished in that exploit, which his father lived to record.

Note XIV. Verse 277.

*Rome's haughty genius, who enslav'd the Greek,
In Grecian language deigns at first to speak.]* Some of the most illustrious Romans are known to have written Histories in Greek. The luxuriant Lucullus, when he was very young, composed in that language a History of the Maris, which, Plutarch says, was extant in his time — Cicero wrote a Greek Commentary on his own consulship — and the elegant Atticus produced a similar work on the same subject, that did not perfectly satisfy the nice ear of his friend, as we learn from the following curious passage in a letter concerning the History in question: — “Quamquam tua illa (legi enim libenter) horridula mihi atque incompta visa sunt: sed tamen erant ornata hoc ipso, quod ornamenta neglexerant, et ut mulieres, ideo bene olere, quia nihil olebant, videbantur.” Epist. ad ATTICUM. Lib. II. Ep. 1.

Note

Note XV. Verse 283.

Thou friend of Scipio! vers'd in War's alarms.] Polybius, born at Megalopolis in Arcadia, 205 years before Christ. — He was trained to arms under the celebrated Philopomen, and is described by Plutarch carrying the urn of that great but unfortunate General in his funeral procession. He rose to considerable honours in his own country, but was compelled to visit Rome with other principal Achæans, who were detained there as pledges for the submission of their state. — From hence he became intimate with the second Scipio Africanus, and was present with him at the demolition of Carthage. — He saw Corinth also plundered by Mummius, and thence passing through the cities of Achæa, reconciled them to Rome. — He extended his travels into Egypt, France, and Spain, that he might avoid such geographical errors as he has censured in other writers of History. He lived to the age of 82, and died of an illness occasioned by a fall from his horse. FABRICIUS, Bibliotheca Græca.

In closing this concise account of the capital Greek Historians, I cannot help observing, that our language has been greatly enriched, in the course of the present century, by such translations of these Authors as do great honour to our country, and are at least equal to any which other nations have produced.

In the chief Roman Historians we seem to have been less fortunate; but from the specimen which Mr. Aikin has lately given the public in the smaller pieces of Tacitus, we may hope to see an excellent version of that valuable author, who has been hitherto ill treated in our

language, and among all the ancients there is none perhaps whom it is more difficult to translate with fidelity and spirit.

Note XVI. Verse 301.

Sententions Sallust leads her lofty train.] This celebrated Historian, who from the irregularity of his life, and the beauty of his writings, has been called, not unhappily, the Bolingbroke of Rome, was born at Amiternum, a town of the Sabines. — For the profligacy of his early life he was expelled the senate, but restored by the interest of Julius Cæsar, who gave him the command of Numidia, which province he is said to have plundered by the most infamous extortion, purchasing with part of this treasure those rich and extensive possessions on the Quirinal Hill, so celebrated by the name of the Horti Sallustiani. — He died in the 70th year of his age, four years before the battle of Actium, and 35 before the Christian era. His enmity to Cicero is well known, and perhaps it had some influence on the peculiarity of his diction — personal animosity might make him endeavour to form a style as remote as possible from the redundant language of the immortal Orator, whose turbulent wife, Terentia, he is said to have married after her divorce. This extraordinary woman is reported to have lived to the age of 103, to have married Messala, her third husband, and Vibius Rufus her fourth. — The latter boasted, with the joy of an Antiquarian, that he possessed two of the greatest curiosities in the world, namely Terentia, who had been Cicero's wife, and the chair in which Cæsar was killed. — St. JEROM; and DIO CASSIUS, quoted by Mid-

dleton

dleton in his life of Cicero. — But to return to Salust. — His Roman History, in six books, from the death of Sylla to the conspiracy of Catiline, the great work from which he chiefly derived his glory among the Antients, is unfortunately lost, excepting a few fragments; — but his two detached pieces of History, which happily remain entire, are sufficient to justify the great encomiums he has received as a writer. — He has had the singular honour to be twice translated by a royal hand — first by our Elizabeth, according to Camden; and secondly by the Infant Don Gabriel, whose Spanish version of this elegant Historian, lately printed in folio, is one of the most beautiful books that any country has produced since the invention of printing.

— Note XVII. Verse 316.

In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,

Sublimer Livy claims th' Historic throne.] All the

little personal account, that can be collected of Livy, amounts only to this — that he was born at Patavium, the modern Padua; that he was chosen by Augustus to superintend the education of the stupid Claudius; that he was rallied by the Emperor for his attachment to the cause of the Republic; and that he died in his own country in the 4th year of Tiberius, at the age of 76.

There is a passage in one of Pliny's letters, which, as it shews the high and extensive reputation of our Historian during his life, I shall present to the reader in the words of Pliny's most elegant translator. — "Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious

character of Livy, that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great Genius; and as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again. — MELMORU'S Pliny, Vol. I. Page 71. — A veneration still more extraordinary was paid to this great author by Alphonso King of Naples, who in 1451 sent Panormita as his Ambassador to the Venetians, in whose dominion the bones of Livy had been lately discovered, to beg a relic of this celebrated Historian — They presented him with an arm-bone, and the present is recorded in an inscription preserved at Padua, which the curious reader may find in Vossius de Historicis Latinis. This singular anecdote is also related in Bayle, under the article Panormita. — Learning perhaps never sustained a greater loss, in any single author, than by the destruction of the latter and more interesting part of Livy. — Several eminent moderns have indulged the pleasing expectation that the entire work of this noble Historian might yet be recovered. — It has been said to exist in an Arabic version: and even a complete copy of the original is supposed to have been extant as late as the year 1631, and to have perished at that time in the plunder of Magdeburgh. — That munificent patron of learning, Leo the Xth, exerted the most generous zeal to rescue from oblivion the valuable treasure, which one of his most bigotted predecessors, Gregory the Great, had expelled from every Christian library. — Bayle has preserved, under the article Leo, two curious original letters of that Pontiff, concerning his hopes of recovering Livy; which afford most honourable proofs of his liberality in the cause of letters.

Flow in. **Note XVIII. Verse 329.**

Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame,

To which great Angelo bequeath'd his name.] The

trunk of a statue of Hercules by Apollonius the Athenian, universally called the Torso of Michael Angelo, from its having been the favourite study of that divine Artist. — He is said to have made out the compleat figure in a little model of wax, still preserved at Florence, and representing Hercules reposing after his labours. — The figure is sitting in a pensive posture, with an elbow resting on the knee.

Note XIX. Verse 337.

Sarcastic Tacitus, abrupt and dark.] Tacitus was

born, according to the conjecture of Lippius, in the close of the reign of Claudius: through various public honours, he rose at length to the consular dignity, under Nerva, in the year of Christ 97. The date of his death is unknown, but he is said to have lived happily

to an advanced age with his wife, the amiable daughter of the virtuous Agricola, whose life he has so beautifully written. By this lady he is supposed to have left children; and the emperor Tacitus is conjectured to have been a remote descendant from the Historian, to

whose works and memory he paid the highest regard. — It is reported by Sidonius Apollinaris, that Tacitus recommended the province of writing History to Pliny the Younger, and that he did not himself engage in that employment, till his friend had declined it. This is not

mentioned, indeed, in any of the beautiful letters still remaining from Pliny to Tacitus; but it is an instance

of delicacy not unparallel'd among the Antients, as will appear from the following remark by one of the most elegant and liberal of modern critics: — "The Roman Poet, who was not more eminent by his genius than amiable in his moral character, affords perhaps the most remarkable instance that anywhere occurs, of the concessions which a mind strongly impregnated with sentiments of genuine amity, is capable of making. Virgil's superior talents rendered him qualified to excel in all the nobler species of poetical composition: nevertheless, from the most uncommon delicacy of friendship, he sacrificed to his intimacy with Horace, the unrivalled reputation he might have acquired by indulging his lyric vein! as from the same refined motive he forbore to exercise his dramatic powers, that he might not obscure the glory of his friend Varius.

*Aurum et opes et rura, frequens donabit amicis;
Qui velit ingenio cedere, rarus erit."* MART. VII. 18.

MELMOTH'S Remarks on LÆLIUS, Page 292.

As to Tacitus, it is clear, I think, from the Letters of Pliny, as well as from his own most pleasing Life of Agricola, that he possessed all the refined and affectionate feelings of the heart in a very high degree, though the general cast of his historical works might lead us to imagine, that austerity was his chief characteristic. — It would be easy to fill a volume in transcribing the great encomiums, and the violent censures, which have been lavished by modern writers of almost every country on this profound Historian. — The last critic of eminence, who has written against him, in Britain,

is, I believe, the learned Author of *The Origin and Progress of Language*; who, in his 3d volume of that work, has made many curious remarks on the composition of the ancient Historians, and is particularly severe on the diction of Tacitus. He represents him as the defective model, from which modern writers have copied; what he is pleased to call, "*the short and prig-gish cut of style so much in use now.*"

Note XX. Verse 360.

Thy Plutarch shines, by moral beauty known.] It is to be wished, that this most amiable Moralist and Biographer had added a Life of himself, to those which he has given to the world: as the particulars, which other Writers have preserved of his personal History, are very doubtful and imperfect. According to the learned Fabricius, he was born under Claudius, 50 years after the Christian era, raised to the consular dignity under Trajan, whose preceptor he is said to have been, and made Procurator of Greece in his old age by the Emperor Adrian — in the 5th year of whose reign he is supposed to have died, at the age of 70. He was married to a most amiable woman of his own native town Chaeronea, whose name was Timoxena, and to whose sense and virtue he has borne the most affectionate testimony in his moral works; of which it may be regretted that we have no elegant translation. Indeed even the *Lives of Plutarch*, the most popular of all the ancient historical compositions, were chiefly known to the English reader by a motley and miserable version, till a new one, executed with fidelity and spirit, was presented to the public by the Langhorne in 1770.

Note

Note XXI. Verse 383.

Mild Marcellinus! free from servile awe!] Ammianus Marcellinus, a Grecian and a Soldier, as he calls himself, flourished under Constantius and the succeeding emperors, as late as Theodosius. He served under Julian in the East, and wrote a History from the reign of Nerva to the death of Valens, in 31 books, of which 18 only remain. — The time and circumstances of his own death are unknown. — Bayle has an article on Marcellinus, in which he observes, that he has introduced a most bitter invective against the Practitioners of Law into his History. — He should have added, that the Historian bestows great encomiums on some illustrious characters of that profession, and even mentions the peculiar hardship to which Advocates are themselves exposed. — The curious reader may find this passage, Lib. XXX. Cap. 4.

Note XXII. Verse 403.

And, with Comnena's royal name impress.] Anna Comnena was the eldest daughter of the emperor Alexius Comnenus, and the empress Irene, born 1083. — She wrote the History of her father, in 15 books, first published, very imperfectly, by Hæschellius, in 1610, and since printed in the collection of the Byzantine Historians, with a diffuse and incorrect Latin version by the Jesuit Possinus, but with excellent notes by the learned Du Fresne.

Considering the miseries of the time in which she lived, and the merits of her work — which some Critics have declared superior to every other in that vo-

luminous

luminous collection — this Lady may be justly regarded as a singular phenomenon in the literary world; and, as this mention of her may possibly excite the curiosity of my fair Readers, I shall close the Notes to this Epistle with presenting to them a Translation of the Preface to her History, as I believe no part of her Works have yet appeared in any modern language. I found that I could not abridge it without injuring its beauty, and though long, I flatter myself it will escape the censure of being tedious, as she feelingly displays in it the misfortunes of her life, and the character of her mind.

THE PREFACE OF THE PRINCESS
ANNA COMNENA,
FROM THE GREEK.

Prefixed to her ALEXIAD, or History of her Father
the Emperor ALEXIUS.

TIME, which flows irresistibly, ever encroaching, and stealing something from human life, seems to bear away all that is mortal into a gulph of darkness; sometimes destroying such things as deserve not utterly to be forgotten, and sometimes, such as are most noble, and most worthy of remembrance; now (to use the words of the tragic poet *)

Discovering things invisible; and now

Sweeping each present object from our sight.

But History forms the strongest barrier against this tide of Time: it withstands, in some measure, the violence
of

* Sophocles.

of the torrent, and, by collecting and cementing such things as appear worthy of preservation, while they are hurried along the stream, it allows them not to sink into the abyss of oblivion.

On this consideration, I Anna, the daughter of the emperor Alexius, and his consort Irene, born and educated in imperial splendor — not utterly void of literature, and solicitous to distinguish myself by that Grecian characteristic — as I have already applied myself to Rhetoric, and having thoroughly studied the Principles of Aristotle and the Dialogues of Plato, have endeavoured to adorn my mind with the * four usual branches of education (for I think it incumbent on me, even at the risque of appearing vain, to declare what qualifications for the present task I have received from nature, or gained by application; what Providence has bestowed upon me, or time and opportunity supplied.) On these accounts, I am desirous of commemorating, in my present work, the actions of my father, as they deserve not to be buried in silence, or to be plunged, as it were, by the tide of Time, into the ocean of Oblivion: both those actions which he performed after he obtained the diadem, and those before that period, while he was himself a subject of other Princes. I engage in this narration, not so much to display any little talent for composition, as to prevent transactions of such importance from perishing unrecorded: since even the brightest of human achievements, if not consigned

to

* Astrology, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music.

TO EPISTLE I.

39

to memory under the guard of writing, are extinguished, as it were, by the Darkness of Silence.

My father was a man, who knew both how to govern, and to pay to governors a becoming obedience: but in chusing his actions for my subject, I am apprehensive, in the very outset of my work, lest I may be censured as the Panegyrist of my own family for writing of my father; that if I speak of him with admiration, my whole History will be considered as a false and flattering encomium; and if any circumstance, I may have occasion to mention, leads me, as it were by force, to disapprove some part even of his conduct, I am apprehensive, on the other hand, not from the character of my father, but from the very nature of things, that some malignant censurers may compare me to Cham, the son of Noah; since there are many, whom envy and malevolence will not suffer to form a fair judgment, and who, to speak in the words of Homer,

Are keen to censure, where no blame is due.

For whoever engages in the province of History, is bound to forget all sentiments both of favour and aversion; and often to adorn his enemies with the highest commendations, when their actions are entitled to such reward; and often to censure his most intimate friends, when the failings of their life and manners require it. — These are duties equally incumbent on the Historian, which he cannot decline. As to myself, with regard to those who may be affected either by my censure or my praise, I would wish to assure them, that I speak both of them, and their conduct, according to the evidence

dence of their actions themselves, or the report of those who beheld them; for either the fathers, or the grandfathers, of many persons now living were ocular witnesses of what I shall record. I have been chiefly led to engage in this History of my father by the following circumstance: — It was my fortune to marry Cæsar Nicephorus, of the Bryennian family, a man far superior to all his contemporaries, not only in personal beauty, but in sublimity of understanding, and all the charms of eloquence! for he was equally the admiration of those who saw, and those who heard him. But that my discourse may not wander from its present purpose, let me proceed in my narration! — He was then, among all men, the most distinguished; and when he marched with the emperor John Comnenus, my brother, on his expedition against Antioch, and other places in possession of the Barbarians, still unable to abstain from literary pursuits, even in those scenes of labour and fatigue, he wrote various compositions worthy of remembrance and of honour. But he chiefly applied himself to the writing an account of what related to my father Alexius, emperor of the Romans, at the request of the empress; reducing into proper form the transactions of his reign, whenever the times would allow him to devote short intervals of leisure from arms and battle to works of literature, and the labour of composition. In forming this History, he deduced his accounts from an early period, being directed in this point also by the instruction of our royal mistress; beginning from the emperor Diogenes, and descending to the person, whom he had chosen for the Hero of his

Drama —

Drama — for this season first shew'd my father to be a youth of expectation. Before this period he was a mere infant; and of course performed nothing worthy of being recorded: unless even the occurrences of his childhood should be thought a fit subject for History. Such then was the design and scope of Caesar's composition: but he fail'd in the hope he had entertained, of bringing his History to its conclusion: for having brought it to the times of the emperor Nicephorus Botoniates, he there broke off, having no future opportunity allow'd him of continuing his narration: a circumstance, which has proved a severe loss to Literature, and rob'd his readers of delight! — On this account I have undertaken to record the actions of my father, that such achievements may not escape posterity. What degree of harmony and grace the writings of Caesar possess'd, all persons know, who have been fortunate enough to see his compositions. But having executed his work to the period I have mentioned, in the midst of hurry and fatigue, and bringing it to us half finish'd from his expedition, he brought home, alas! at the same time, a disorder that prov'd mortal, contracted perhaps from the hardships of his passage, or perhaps from that harassing scene of perpetual action, and possibly indeed from his infinite anxiety on my account; for anxiety was natural to his affectionate heart; and his labours were without intermission. Moreover, the change and badness of climates might prepare for him this draught of death. For notwithstanding the dreadful state of his health, he persevered in the campaign against the Syrians and Cilicians, till at length he was

conveyed out of Syria in a most infirm state, and was brought through Cilicia, Pamphylia, Lydia, and Bithynia, home to the metropolis of the empire, and to his family. But his vitals were now affected by his infinite fatigue. — Even in this state of weakness he was desirous of displaying the events of his expedition: but this his disorder rendered him unable to execute, and indeed we enjoined him not to attempt it, lest by the effort of such a narration he should burst open his wound. But in the recollection of these things, my whole soul is darkened, and my eyes are covered with a flood of tears. — O what a director of the Roman counsels was then torn from us! O what an end was there to all the treasures of clear, of various, and of useful knowledge, which he had collected from observation and experience, both in regard to foreign affairs, and the internal business of the empire! — O what a form was then destroyed! — Beauty, that seemed not only entitled to dominion, but bearing even the semblance of divinity! — I indeed have been conversant with every calamity; and have found, even from the imperial cradle, an unpropitious fortune: some perhaps might esteem that fortune not unpropitious, which seemed to smile upon my birth, in giving me sovereigns for my parents, and nursing me in the imperial purple: but for the other circumstances of my life, alas, what tempests! alas, what perturbations! The melody of Orpheus affected even inanimate nature; and Timotheus, in playing the Orthic song to Alexander, made the Macedon start to arms.

The relation of my miseries would not, indeed, produce such effects; but it would move every auditor to tears; it would force not only beings endued with sensibility, but even, inanimate nature to sympathize in my sorrow. — This remembrance of Cæsar, and his unexpected death, tears open the deepest wound of my soul: Indeed, I consider all my former misfortunes, if compared to this immeasurable calamity, but as a drop of water to the Atlantic sea: or rather, my earlier afflictions were a kind of prelude to this: they first involved me, as it were, like a smoke preceding this raging fire: they were a kind of heat, that portended a conflagration, which no words can describe. O thou fire, that blazest without fuel, preying on my heart without destroying its existence; piercing through my very bones, and shrinking up my soul! — But I perceive myself hurried away from my subject: this mention of Cæsar, and what I suffer in his loss, has led me into the prolixity of grief: wiping therefore the tear from my eyes, and restraining myself from this indulgence of sorrow, I will proceed in order; yet, as the tragic Poet * says,

Still adding tear to tear,

as recollecting misfortune after misfortune: for the entering on the History of such a king, so eminent for his virtues, revives in my mind all the wonders he performed, which move me to fresh tears: and these I share in common with all the world; for the remembrance of him, and the recital of his reign, supplies to me a

F 2

new

* Euripides.

IIION

new subject of lamentation; and must remind others of the loss they have sustained.

But let me at length begin the History of my father, from the period most proper: — now the most proper period is that, which will give to my narration the clearest, and most historical appearance. —

END OF THE NOTES TO THE FIRST EPISTLE.

NOTES

TO THE SECOND EPISTLE.

Note I. Verse 17.

HOW *sainted Kings renounce, with holy dread,
The chaste endearments of their marriage-bed.*] It is well known how Edward the Confessor is celebrated for his inviolable chastity by the Monkish Historians — one of them, in particular, is so solicitous to vindicate the piety of Edward in this article, that he passes a severe censure on those, who had imputed his singular continence to a principle of resentment against the father of his queen — *Hanc quoque Rex ut conjugem tali arte tractavit; quod nec thoro removit; nec eam virili more carnaliter cognovit: quod utrum patris illius, qui proditor convictus erat, et familiae ejus odio quod prudenter pro tempore dissimulabat; an amore castitatis id fecerit, incertum est aliquibus, qui in dubiis sinistra interpretantur. Veruntamen non benevoli, et veritati, ut videtur, dissoni dicere praesumunt, quod Rex charitatis et pacis munere ditatus, de genere proditoris haeredes, qui sibi succederent, corrupto semine noluerit procreare. Sciebat enim rex pacificus quod filia nihil criminis commisit cum patre proditore, & ideo non reipuit thorum virginis; sed ambo unanimi assensu casti-*

~~tatem voverunt, parilique voluntate.~~ — THOMAS RUB-
BORNE, Hist. major, in Anglia Sacra Tom. I. p. 241.

The very high degree of merit, which the writers of the dark ages attributed to this matrimonial mortification, is still more forcibly displayed in a miraculous story related by Gregory of Tours, which the curious reader may find in the First Book and 42d chapter of that celebrated Historian.

Note II. Verse 19.

How Nuns, entranced, to joys celestial mount,

Erantic with rapture from a sacred fount.] The Monkish Historians seem to have considered a vision as the most engaging embellishment that History could receive — Even the sage Matthew Paris delights in these heavenly digressions. But the visions, to which the preceding verses particularly allude, are those of the Virgin Flotilda, printed in the 2d volume of the *Historia Francorum Scriptores*, by the learned Du Chesne: A very short specimen may satisfy the curiosity of the Reader — *Videbatur Canis candidus eidem adgaudere, quem tamen illa timens pertranslit, & ad quendam locum in medium decentium Clericorum pervenit, qui eam gratanter excipiebant, et potum ei in vaso pulcherrimo quasi aquam clarissimam offerebant.* — P. 624.

Note III. Verse 24.

With those choice gifts, the Meadow, and the Mill.] The usual legacy of the old Barons to their monastic dependants.

Note IV. Verse 59.

If mitred Turpin told, in wildest strain.] It is now generally agreed, that the History which bears the name of

of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, was the forgery of a Monk, at the time of the Crusades, though Pope Calixtus the Second declared it to be authentic. — But, as it was certainly intended to pass as genuine History, whenever it was composed, and actually did so for some ages, this poetical mention of it appeared not improper. For the entertainment of the curious reader, I shall transcribe the two miraculous passages alluded to in the poem: — Ante diem belli, castris et arietibus & turmis praeparatis in pratis, scilicet quae sunt inter castrum, quod dicitur Talaburgum, & urbem, juxta fluvium Caranta, infixerunt Christiani quidam hastas suas, erectas in terra ante castra, crastina vero die hastas suas corticibus & frondibus decoratas invenerunt; hi scilicet qui in bello praesenti accepturi erant martyrii palmam pro Christi fide. — Qui etiam tanto miraculo Dei gavisus, abscissis hastis suis de terra, simul coadunati primitus in bello perierunt, & multos Saracenos occiderunt, sed tandem Martyrio coronantur. Cap. X.

After the soliloquy of Roland, addressed to his sword, which most readers have seen quoted in Mr. Warton's excellent Observations on Spenser, the Historian proceeds thus: — Timens ne in manus Saracenorum deveniret, percussit spata lapidem marmoreum trino ictu; a summo usque deorsum lapis dividitur, & gladius biceps illaesus educitur. — Deinde tuba sua coepit altifona tonitruare, si forte aliqui ex Christianis, qui per nemora Saracenorum timore latitabant, ad se venirent. Vel si illi, qui portas jam transierant, forte ad se redirent, suoque funeri adessent, spatamque suam & equum acciperent, et Saracenos persequerentur. Tunc tanta vir-

tute tuba sua eburnea insonuit, quod flatu omnis ejus tuba per medium scissa, & venae colli ejus & nervi ruptae fuisset seruntur, cujus vox ad aures Caroli, qui in valle quae Caroli dicitur, cum exercitu suo tentoria fixerat, loco scilicet, qui distabat a Carolo octo miliaribus versus Gasconiam; Angelico ductu pervenit. Cap. XXII. & XXIII.

Note V. Verse 65. *Yet modest Eginhard, with grateful core.*] The celebrated Secretary and supposed Son-in-law of Charlemain; who is said to have been carried through the snow on the shoulders of the affectionate and ingenious Imma, to prevent his being tracked from her apartment by the Emperor her father: a story which the elegant pen of Addison has copied and embellished from an old German Chronicle, and inserted in the 3d volume of the Spectator. — This happy lover (supposing the story to be true) seems to have possessed a heart not unworthy of so enchanting a mistress, and to have returned her affection with the most faithful attachment; for there is a letter of Eginhard's still extant, lamenting the death of his wife, which is written in the tenderest strain of connubial affliction — it does not however express that this lady was the affectionate Princess, and indeed some late critics have proved, that Imma was not the daughter of Charlemain. — But to return to our Historian. — He was a native of Germany, and educated by the munificence of his imperial master, of which he has left the most grateful testimony in his Preface to the Life of that Monarch — the passage may serve to shew both the amiable mind of the

the Historian, and the elegance of his style, considering the age in which he wrote! — *Suberat & alia non Irrationabilis, ut opinor causa, quae vel sola sufficere posset, ut me ad haec scribenda compelleret; nutrimentum videlicet in me impensum, & perpetua, postquam in aula ejus conversari coepi, cum ipso ac liberis ejus amicitia, qua me ita sibi devinxit, debitoremque tam vivo quam mortuo constituit; ut merito ingratus videri & judicari possem, si tot beneficiorum in me collatorum inmemor carissima & illustrissima hominis optime de me meriti gesta silentio praeterirem: patererque vitam ejus quasi qui nunquam vixerit sine literis ac debita laude manere; cui scribendae atque explicandae non meum ingenium, quod exile & parvum imò nullum pene est, sed Tullianam par erat desudare facundiam.* — The terms in which he speaks of Charlemain's being unable to write are as follow: — *Tentabat & scribere tabulasque & codicillos ad hoc in lectulo sub cervicalibus circumferre solebat, ut cum vacuum tempus esset, manum effigundis literis assuefaceret. Sed parum prospere successit labor praeposterus, ac serò inchoatus.* — Eginhard, after the loss of his lamented wife, is supposed to have passed the remainder of his days in religious retirement, and to have died soon after the year 840. — His Life of Charlemain, his Annals from 741 to 829, and his Letters, are all inserted in the 2d volume of Duchesne's *Scriptores Francorum*. But there is an improved edition of this valuable Historian, with the Annotations of Hermann Schminke, in Quarto 1711.

NOTE VI. Verse 79.

If British Geoffrey fill'd his motley page

With Merlin's spells and Uther's amorous rage.] The

first of the two excellent dissertations prefixed to Mr. Warton's History of English Poetry, gives the most perfect account of this famous old Chronicler and his whimsical performance. — "About the year 1100, Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a learned man, and a diligent collector of Histories, travelling through France, procured in Armorica an antient Chronicle, written in the British or Armorican language, entitled, *Beau-y-Brenbis*, or the History of the Kings of Britain. This book he brought into England, and communicated it to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh Benedictine Monk, an elegant writer of Latin, and admirably skilled in the British tongue. Geoffrey, at the request and recommendation of Gualter the Archdeacon, translated this British Chronicle into Latin, executing the Translation with a tolerable degree of purity, and great fidelity, yet not without some interpolations. — It was probably finished after the year 1138." — "The simple subject of this Chronicle, divested of its romantic embellishments, is a deduction of the Welsh Princes from the Trojan Brutus to Cadwallader, who reigned in the seventh century." To this extract from Mr. Warton, it may be proper to add a concise account of that romantic embellishment, to which I have particularly alluded: — Uther Pendragon, at the festival of his coronation, falls in love with Igera, the wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall; and being prevented from pursuing his addresses by the vigilance of the husband, he applies

to the magical power of Merlin for the completion of his desire. — This he obtains by being transformed into the person of Górlais, and thus introducing himself to the deluded Igeria, as Jupiter visited Alcmena, he gives birth to the celebrated Arthur. — *Mausit itaque rex ea nocte cum Igeria & sese desiderata venire refecit. Deceperat namque illam falsa species quam assumpserat: deceperat etiam fictis sermonibus, quos ornate componebat.* *note* unde ipsa credula nihil quod poscebatur abnegavit. — Concepit itaque eadem nocte celeberrimum illum, Arthurum, qui postmodum ut celebris esset, mira probitate promeruit. GALERIDUS Mon. Lib. VI. cap. 39.

Note VII. Verse 89.

Yet Life's great drama, and the Deeds of men,
Sage Monk of Malm'bury engag'd thy pen! William, surnamed of Malmesbury from being a member of that church, was a native of Somersetshire, and is supposed to have received his education at Oxford. He is justly called, by almost every writer on English History, the most liberal and judicious of all our monastic Historians. His principal work is a History of our Kings, from the arrival of the Saxons to the 20th year of Henry the First. This was followed by two books of later History, which close with the celebrated escape of the Empress Matilda from the Castle of Oxford, 1142. These works are both addressed to that munificent patron, of merit, Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry the First, who was perhaps the most exalted and accomplished character, that ever flourished in so barbarous an age. The Historian speaks of his noble friend with all the simplicity of truth, and all the warmth

warmth of virtuous admiration. He died, according to Pitts, in 1143, three years before his generous patron; and this is probable, from his not pursuing his History, which he intimates a design of resuming. — Yet there is a passage preserved in Tanner, from the Preface to his Comments on Jeremiah, which seems to prove, that he lived to a later period, since he mentions his historical works as the production of his younger days, and speaks of his age as devoted to religious composition. Besides his four books *de gestis Pontificum Anglorum*, he wrote many works of the same pious turn, which the curious reader may see enumerated in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*.

Note VIII. Verse 117.

Mild Abulfeda! whose rich merits claim

No single wreath of literary fame.] Ismael Abulfeda, descended from a brother of the great Saladin, and Prince of Hamah, a city of Syria, was born at Damascus, in the year of the Hegira 672, or according to the Christian era 1273. His youth was devoted to the toils of martial life, and he seems to have been a brave and accomplished soldier, though his literary fame has eclipsed his military reputation. — The turbulent state of his country prevented his establishment in his hereditary dominion till the year 710, when the possession of it was secured to him by the assistance of Al Malec Al Naser, Sultan of Egypt, from whom he afterwards received the highest honours; of which his gratitude has left the following particular description, inserted by the learned Schultens, in his Preface to the Life of Saladin, as it gives great lustre to the character of our royal Historian.

“Hama-

"Haurata degressum equis, veredariis sine ulla jumento, instrumentove itineris prolixissima gratia cumque lavit Sultanus, atque munificentiam suam summo gradu erga me explicuit, mittendis variis vestibus, equis, vestibulis, eduliis, mihiq; peculiare tabernaculum statuendi, quod copiose adornatum erat veste stragula, taperibusque ad somnum, ad cibum capiendum, ferorumque peculiari turba mihi assignata. Cum hisce omnibus haud cessabant magnifica vestimenta, diversissimi generis, ad me missitata, ut iis publice condecorarent quos collibuisse. Sultanus interea longum in redeundo domum iter fallebat venatione dorcadum per accipitres, me quoque suaviter animum oblectante inter effusas ejus in me gratias; dum ad me identidem de captura sua capreolos submittebat. Directum quoque ad me, dum iter faceremus, diploma ejus, quo significabat, te ego sultanum constitui, statim ac in Ægyptum pervenero; atque ad regionem tuam remeabis hoc titulo præfulgens. Ego vero excusationem petere tanti honoris, cumque deprecari, quin et dolorem inde percipere, memet ipsam abjiciendo, splendidiusque prædicando nomen ejus celsum, quam ut illius quisquam consors ac particeps redderetur. Pro incerto itaque relictum illud negotium, donec sedem regni sui attigisset. Ibi dum commoror, sultani mandato ad me perveniunt insignia sultanatus, principesque ministrorum viginti circiter; apportantes regalem vestem, sericam consummatissimam, auro intertextam, et acinacem sultanicum, et imperiale ephippium auro illustum Ægyptio, diploma item, sultanatus dignitatem mihi deferens, una cum stipatoribus sultanicis ad fraenum tenendum, felichdarisque (*armigero*)
cujus

ejus ex humeris duo gladii dependebant; apparitoribusque sultanicis, qui equum generosum adducebant apparatissime ornatum, cum ego conscendi mane diel Jovis, decimo et septimo Muharræmi, præcedentibus ad dinnidum vine principibus; vesti dein, omnes iterum aut pedes descendere quam propinquassem arci montis (*palatio regis Egypti*) ego vero in equo perrexi, donec pervenerem prope portam arcis; ubi ad pedes degressus, terram in honorem sultani deosculatus sum, arcem versus, atque diplomati quoque celsissimo osculum fixi; terram deinde iterum iterumque deosculatus descendit in arcem; atque præsentem me sicuti sultano, illustri jam ac prope die: ubi denuo terram osculatus sum: at ille me ea cumulavit gratia, quam ne pater quidem filio suo exhibet; mihiq; inter hæc Hamatam remeare mandavit. Heus tu, inquit, longum jam absens revertere ad regionem tuam. Thus invested with the title of Sultan, Abulfeda returned, in all his splendor, to his paternal dominion, where he closed an honourable life at the age of sixty, in 733, thirteen years after this magnificent ceremony. He is said to have been highly skilled in medicine, philosophy, and poetry; but his fame as an author, is chiefly founded on his historical and geographical productions; and these, notwithstanding their acknowledged merit, have appeared only in selected fragments — so pitiful and precarious has been the encouragement, which the most liberal nations of Europe have bestowed on oriental literature, that designs of publishing a complete edition of Abulfeda's geography have been suffered to fail both in France and England — the honour of doing justice to this illu-

strious

rious author seems to be reserved for Germany; where the learned Michaelis has lately published his description of Egypt, and intimates an intention of printing the other parts of this author — of his general History, which he brought down to the latter years of his own life, different portions have been given to the public by different editors — his account of Mahomet, by Gagnier, printed at Oxford in folio, 1723; his History of the Arabian Caliphs, to the year of the Hegira 406, by Reiske, printed at Leipzig 1754; and his narrative of all the circumstances relating to the great Saladin has been very properly annexed by Schultens to Bohaddin's Life of that monarch. Abulfeda, in this portion of his History, seems to dwell on the great character of Saladin with that ingenuous pride, which a generous mind must naturally feel in speaking of so noble an ancestor — he relates some anecdotes of that prince, not mentioned by his Biographer, highly expressive of his animated and affectionate spirit; particularly a letter written immediately, after the severe defeat, which obliged him to fly from Acalon into the deserts of Egypt, it was addressed to his brother, who commanded at Damascus, and opened with a quotation from an Arabian poet to this effect:

My soul remembers thee with fond delight,

Amidst the horrors of the adverse fight,

When hostile Lances drink the gory flood,

And satiate in our veins their thirst of blood.

In his account of the gentle disposition and refined manners of Saladin, he perfectly agrees with the Biographer of that monarch — The generous Abulfeda, so liberal

in

in commemorating the merit of others, has not himself wanted an encomiast; for, according to Herbelot, his eulogy is contained in the works of an oriental Poet, whose name is Nobatah, and whose compositions may be found in the king of France's library.

Note IX. Verse 123.

And with that victim's blood his sabre stain,

Who dar'd to write the annals of his reign!] I am unable to discover the name of this inhuman Prince, or that of his unfortunate Historian; but the fact is related on the authority of an Arabic writer, named Nouari, by M. Cardonne, in the Preface to his *Histoire de l'Afrique et de l'Espagne sous la Domination des Arabes*. His words are "Nouari rapporte, que les Sultans de la "dynastie des Almohades defendirent, sous peine de la "vie, d'écrire les Annales de leur regne, et qu'un Priu- "ce de cette maison fit périr un Auteur, pour avoir en- "freint cette loi." As the Princes of this dynasty exerted their power both in Africa and Spain, this singular execution might happen in either country — I have ventured to suppose it in Spain, for poetical reasons, which will occur to the Reader.

Note X. Verse 127.

There Corduba, in hours of happier fate,

Sublimely rose in academic state.] The University of Corduba was founded by Al Hakem the Second, who died in the 336th year of the Hegira, after a reign of fifteen years and five months. He was the son and successor of the magnificent Abdelrahman the Third, who in a long and prosperous life had given stability and splen-

splendor to the Moorish empire in Spain. It is remarkable, that many of these Arab Princes were not only protectors of literature, but often distinguished themselves by poetical composition. Nor were the Moorish Ladies less eager to cultivate the most elegant of mental accomplishments: Valada, or Valadata, the daughter of the Prince who founded the University, was no less celebrated for her poetical talents, than for her singular beauty and exalted birth. She bestowed her protection on that seat of learning, which owed its rise to the liberality of her father; and the principal poets of the time are said to have formed her favourite society.

The Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana of Casiri, from whence I have drawn these particulars, contains also a list of many female poets, who reflected honour on their native city of Corduba. One of the most eminent among these, was a Lady distinguished by the name of Aïsha Bent, whose compositions, both in prose and verse, were publicly recited in the Academy with universal applause; and who closed (says my Author) a single and chaste life, in the year of the Hegira 400, leaving many monuments of her own genius, as well as a rich and well-chosen library.

Note XI. Verse 147.

*Thy warm Bohaddin, with that generous zeal,
Which no base sons of Adulation feel.]* Bohaddin, or Bohadin (for his name is variously written) is conjectured by Schultens, his learned Translator, to have been an Assyrian by birth, and a native of Mosula, the metropolis of Mesopotamia; from whence, before he en-

tered into the service of Saladin, he was sent ambassador, as he himself relates, to the Caliph of Bagdad. — He seems to have been principally indebted to his talents as an Historian, for the protection and favour of that engaging hero, whose confidence he afterwards obtained, and whose splendid character he has so warmly celebrated: For as he was returning from Mecca to Mosula, he embraced an opportunity of presenting to Saladin an account of the holy war, as he terms it, which he had drawn up, as he stopt at Damascus in the course of his pilgrimage, and in which he had described the administration and discipline of that monarch. He affirms, that the Sultan perused his work with infinite satisfaction, and expressed the most eager desire to engage him in his service. — The grateful Historian was no less inclined to devote himself to his generous and enthusiastic patron: — From this period he seems to have been a favourite companion of his warlike master; to have shared many of his dangers, as well as his most secret counsels; and to have served him with a most zealous and affectionate attachment, to the hour of his death — an event, of which he speaks with the affecting simplicity of real sorrow. In mentioning the oriental custom of washing the body of the deceased, he records the name of the minister who performed the ceremony; and adds, that he had himself engaged in this mournful office, but was obliged to retire, on feeling himself unequal to so painful a scene. — The work of this interesting Biographer is divided into two parts; the first exhibits a general character of the hero, with particular examples of his various virtues and endowments;

dowments; the second gives a chronological account of his adventures, from his first expedition into Egypt to the close of his life; but passing lightly over his other exploits, dwells chiefly on the transactions of the holy war; and discovers such marks of religious zeal, that Schultens very shrewdly supposes the author to have been a priest, from the manner in which he lavishes his maledictions: it is just, however, to observe, that he speaks very liberally on the martial merit of his Christian enemies; and there is one passage in his history, in which he pays a very pleasing and pathetic compliment to the universal philanthropy of the Sultan; it is in relating an anecdote, which affords so interesting a picture, that I cannot help presenting it to my reader:

In the army of Saladin there were some dexterous robbers, who used to penetrate by night into the camp of the Christians, and present to the Sultan on their return such booty as they had been able to bring off, which he bestowed upon them, as a reward of their valour. In one of their nightly excursions they happened to seize an infant of three months; the mother, robbed of her little one, spent the night in the most bitter lamentations, and related her misfortune to the Christian leaders: — They answered; The Sultan is compassionate, and we therefore give you permission to depart, and petition him for your child, which he will certainly restore. — Approaching our guard, she relates her story, and implores their assistance: They give her access to the Sultan, to whom, as he was riding, attended by myself and others, she presented herself bathed in tears, and prostrate in the dust. He enquires

quires the cause of her affliction: — she repeats her story: — the Sultan is moved even to tears, and orders the child to be produced — on finding that it had been publicly sold, he commands it to be redeemed; and rested not till he saw the infant delivered to its mother — receiving it with a profusion of tears, she prest it to her bosom — the surrounding spectators (and I happened to be among them) wept with her — she then gave her breast to the infant; after which the Sultan directed her to be seated on horseback with her little one, and safely escorted to her own quarters. Consider (exclaims the affectionate and religious Historian) this example of universal benevolence! Such, O God! hast thou created this merciful sovereign, to appear most worthy of thy own infinite mercy. — Consider this testimony, which even his enemies have borne of his compassionate and generous disposition! BOHAD. SCHULTENS, Page 162.

Note XII. Verse 194.

[*A faithful Chronicler in plain Froissart.*] John Froissart, Canon and Treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, in Henault, was born at Valenciennes, a city of that province, in 1337, according to the conjecture of that elaborate and ingenious antiquarian Mr. de St. Palaye; who has amply illustrated the Life and Writings of this engaging Historian, in a series of dissertations among the Memoirs of the French Academy, Vol. X. XIII. XIV. — St. Palaye imagines, from a passage in the MS Poems of Froissart, that his father was a painter of Armories: — and it is certain the Historian discovers a passion for all the pomp and all the minutiae

of

of heraldry: it was indeed the favourite study of that martial age; and Froissart, more the priest of gallantry than of religion, devoted himself entirely to the celebration of love and war. — At the age of 20, he began to write History, at the request *de son cher Seigneur & Maître Messire* Robert de Namur, Chevalier Seigneur de Beaufort. — The anguish of unsuccessful love drove him early into England, and his first voyage seems a kind of emblem of his future life; for he sailed hither in a storm, yet continued writing a rondeau in spite of the tempest, till he found himself on that coast, *ou l'on aime mieux la guerre, que la paix, & ou les estrangers sont très-bien venus*, as he said of our country in *his verses*, and happily experienced in his kind reception at court, where Philippa of Henault, the Queen of Edward the Third, and a Patroness of learning, distinguished the young Historian, her countryman, by the kindest protection; and, finding that love had rendered him unhappy, supplied him with money and with horses, that he might present himself with every advantage before the object of his passion. — Love soon escorted him to his mistress — but his addresses were again unsuccessful; and, taking a second voyage to England, he became Secretary to his royal patroness Philippa, in 1361, after having presented to her some portion of his History. — He continued five years in her service, entertaining her majesty *de beaux dictiers & traitez amoureux*: in this period he paid a visit to Scotland, and was entertained 15 days by William Earl Douglas. — In 1366, when Edward the Black Prince was preparing for the war in Spain, Froissart was with him in Gascony, and

hoped to attend him during the whole course of that important expedition: — but the Prince sent him back to the Queen his mother. — He continued not long in England, as he visited many of the Italian courts in the following year, and during his travels sustained the irreparable loss of that patroness, to whose bounty he had been so much indebted. — Philippa died 1369, and Froissart is reported to have written the life of his amiable protectress; but of this performance the researches of St. Palaye could discover no trace.

After this event, he retired to his own country, and obtained the benefice of Lestines, in the diocese of Cambray. — But the cure of souls was an office little suited to the gay and gallant Froissart. — His genius led him still to travel from castle to castle, and from court to court, to use the words of Mr. Warton, who has made occasional mention of our author, in his elegant History of English Poetry. — Froissart now entered into the service of the Duke of Brabant; and, as that Prince was himself a poet, Froissart collected all the compositions of his master, and adding some of his own, formed a kind of romance, which he calls

Un Livre de Meliador

Le Chevalier au soleil d'or,

and of which, in one of his later poems, he gives the following account:

Dedans ce Romant sont enclôses
Toutes les chansons que jadis,
Dont l'ame soit en paradis,
Que fit le bon Duc de Braibant,

Wincelaus, dont on parla tant;
 Car un prince fu amoureux,
 Gracious & chavaleros,
 Et le livre me fit ja faire,
 Par très grant amoureux à faire,
 Coment qu'il ne le veist oncques.

The Duke died in 1384, before this work was completed; and Froissart soon found a new patron in Guy earl of Blois, on the marriage of whose Son he wrote a Pastoral, entitled *Le Temple d'Honneur*. — The earl having requested him to resume his History, he travelled for that purpose to the celebrated court of Gaston Earl of Foix, whose high reputation for every knightly virtue attracted to his residence at Orlaix, those martial adventurers, from whose mouth it was the delight of Froissart to collect the materials of his History. — The courteous Gaston gave him the most flattering reception: he said to him with a smile (& en bon François) “qu'il le connoissoit bien, quoyqu'il ne l'eust jamais veu, mais qu'il avoit bien ouï parler de luy, & le retint de son hostel.” — It became a favourite amusement of the Earl, to hear Froissart read his Romance of *Meliador* after supper. — He attended in the castle every night at 12, when the Earl sat down to table, listened to him with extreme attention, and never dismissed him, till he had made him voider tout ce qui estoit resté du vin de sa bouche. — Froissart gained much information here, not only from his patron, who was himself very communicative, but from various Knights of Arragon and England, in the retinue of the Duke of Lancaster, who then resided at Bourdeaux. — After a long resi-

dence in this brilliant court, and after receiving a present from the liberal Gaston, which he mentions in the following verses:

Je pris congé & li bons Contes
 Me fit par sa chambre des comptes
 Delivrer quatrevingt florins
 D'Arragon, tous pesans & fins
 Et mon livre, qu'il m'ot laissé.

Froissart departed in the train of the Countess of Boulogne, related to the Earl of Foix, and just leaving him, to join her new husband the Duke of Berry. — In this expedition our Historian was robbed near Avignon, and laments the unlucky adventure in a very long poem, from which Mr. de St. Palaye has drawn many particulars of his life. The ground-work of this poem (which is not in the list of our Author's poetical pieces, that Mr. Warton has given us from Pasquier) seems to have a strong vein of humour. — It is a dialogue between the Poet and the single Florin that he has left out of the many which he had either spent, or been obliged to surrender to the robbers. — He represents himself as a man of the most expensive turn: in 25 years he had squandered two thousand franks, besides his ecclesiastical revenues. The composition of his works had cost him 700; but he regretted not this sum, as he expected to be amply repaid for it by the praise of posterity.

After having attended all the festivals on the marriage of the Duke of Berry, having traversed many parts of France, and paid a visit to Zeland, he returned to his own country in 1390, to continue his History from the
 various

various materials he had collected. — But not satisfied with the relations he had heard of the war in Spain, he went to Middlebrough in Zeland, in pursuit of a Portugeze Knight, Jean Ferrand Portelet, vaillant homme & sage, & du Conseil du Roy de Portugal. From this accomplished soldier Froissart expected the most perfect information, as an ocular witness of those scenes, which he now wished to record. — The courteous Portelet received our indefatigable Historian with all the kindness which his enthusiasm deserved, and in six days, which they passed together, gave him all the intelligence he desired. — Froissart now returned home, and finished the third book of his History. — Many years had past since he had bid adieu to England: taking advantage of the truce then established between France and that country, he paid it another visit in 1395, with letters of recommendation to the King and his uncles. — From Dover he proceeded to Canterbury, to pay his devoirs at the shrine of Thomas of Becket, and to the memory of the Black Prince. — Here he happened to find the son of that hero, the young King Richard, whom devotion had also brought to make his offerings to the fashionable Saint, and return thanks to Heaven for his successes in Ireland. — Froissart speaks of this adventure, and his own feelings on the great change of scene that had taken place since his last visit to England, in the following natural and lively terms: *Le Roy . . . vint . . . a trez grant arroy, et bien accompagné de seigneurs, de dames et demoiselles, et me mis entre eulx, & entre elles, et tout me sembla nouvel, ne je ny congnoissoye personne; car le tems estoit bien changé en Angleterre*

depuis le tems de vingt & huyt ans: et en la compagnie du roy n'avoit nuls de ses oncles . . . si fus du premier ainsi que tout esbahy . . . Tho' Froissart was thus embarrassed in not finding one of his old friends in the retinue of the King, he soon gained a new Patron in Thomas Percy, Master of the Household, who offered to present him and his letters to Richard; but this offer happening on the eve of the King's departure, it proved too late for the ceremony — Le Roy estoit retrait pour aller dormir. — And on the morrow, when the impatient Historian attended early at the Archbishop's palace, where the King slept, his friend Percy advised him to wait a more convenient season for being introduced to Richard. — Froissart acquiesced in this advice, and was consoled for his disappointment by falling into company with an English Knight, who had attended the King in Ireland, and was very willing to gratify the curiosity of the Historian by a relation of his adventures. — This was William de Lisle, who entertained him, as they rode along together, with the marvels of St. Patrick's Cave, in which he assured him he had passed a night, and seen wonderful visions. — Though our honest Chronicler is commonly accused of a passion for the marvellous, with an excess of credulity, he says very sensibly on this occasion, *de cette matiere je ne luy parlay plus avant, et m'en cessay, car voulentiers je luy eusse demandé du voyage d'Irlande, et luy en voulaye parler, et mettre en voye.* — It appears plainly from this passage, that our Historian was more anxious to gain information concerning the scenes of real action, than to listen to the extravagant fictions

of a popular legend. — But here he was again disappointed. — New companions joined them on the road, and their historical conference was thus interrupted. — These mortifications were soon repaid by the kind reception he met with from the Duke of York, who said to him, when he received the commendatory letter from the Earl of Henault, “Maistre Jehan tenez vous toujours deles nous, & nos gens, nous vous ferons tout amour & courtoisie, nous y sommes tenus pour l’amour du tems passé & de notre dame de mere a qui vous futes; nous en avons bien la souvenance.” — With these flattering marks of remembrance and favour the Duke presented him to the King, lequel me receut joyeusement et doucement (continues Froissart) . . . et me dist que je fusse le bien venus et si j’avoie esté de l’hostel du Roy son Ayeul & de Madame son Ayeule encorés estoys je de l’hostel d’Angleterre. — Some time however elapsed, before he had an opportunity of presenting his romance of Meliador, which he had prepared for the King. — The Duke of York and his other friends at length obtained for him this honour: He gives the following curious and particular account of the ceremony: et voulut veoir le Roy mon livre, que je luy avoie apporté. Si le vit en sa chambre: car tout pourveu je l’avoie, et luy mis sur son list. Et lors il l’ouvrit et regarda dedans, et luy pleut tres grandement. Et plaie bien luy devoir: car il estoit enluminé, escrit et Historie, & couvert de vermeil veloux a dix cloux d’argent dorez d’or et roses d’or ou meillieu a deux gros fermaulx dorez et richement ouvrez ou meillieu rosiers d’or. Adonc me demanda le Roy de quoy il traïtoit:

et

et je luy dis d'amours. De ceste responce fut tout resjouy, et regarda dedans le livre en plusieurs lieux, et y lyfit, car moult bien parloit et lysoit François, et puis le fist prendre par ung sien Chevalier, qui se nomme Messire Richard Creden, et porter en la chambre de retrait dont il me fist bonne chere.

After passing three months in this court, Froissart took his leave of the munificent but ill-fated Richard. In the last chapter of his History, where he mentions the unfortunate end of this Monarch, he speaks with an honest and affecting gratitude of the liberal present he received from him on his departure from England. — It was a goblet of silver gilt, weighing two marks, and filled with a hundred nobles.

On leaving England, he retired to his own country, and is supposed to have ended his days at his benefice of Chimay, but the year of his death is uncertain. — There is an antient tradition in the country, says Mr. de Saint Palaye, that he was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, belonging to his own church. — That ingenious antiquarian produces an extract from its archives, in which the death of Froissart is recorded, but without naming the year, in the most honourable terms. — His obit bears the date of October, and is followed by 20 Latin verses, from which I select such as appear to me the most worth transcribing.

Gallorum sublimis honos, & fama tuorum,

Hic Froissarde jaces, si modo sorte jaces.

Historie vivus studuisti reddere vitam,

Defuncto vitam reddet at illa tibi

Proxima

Proxima dum propriis florebit Francia scriptis,

** Fama dum ramos, * Blancaque funder aquas,*

Urbis ut hujus honos, templi sic fama vigebis,

Teque ducem Historie Gallia tota colet,

Belgica tota colet, Cymeaque vallis amabit,

Dum rapidus proprios Scaldis obibat agros.

As I have never met with any satisfactory account of Froissart's life in our language, I have been tempted to swell this Note to an inordinate length; yet it seems to me still necessary to add a few lines more concerning the character both of the Historian and the Poet. — A long series of French Critics, to whom even the judicious Bayle has been tempted to give credit, have severely censured Froissart, as the venal partizan of the English, and they have accused his last Editor, Sauvage, of mutilating his author, because they could find in his edition no proofs of their charge. — The amiable St. Palaye has defended le bon Froissart, as he is called by honest Montaigne, from this unjust accusation, and done full justice at the same time to the injured reputation of his exact and laborious editor.

It may serve as a kind of memento mori to poetical vanity to reflect, that Froissart is hardly known as a Poet, though his fertile pen produced 30,000 verses, which were once the delight of Princes, and the favourite study of the gallant and the fair. — How far he deserved the oblivion, into which his poetical compositions have fallen, the reader may conceive from the following judgment of his French Critic; with whose ingenious

* * A forest and a river near Chimay.

nious reflection on the imperfections attending the early state both of Poetry and Painting, I shall terminate this Note.

On peut dire en général au sujet des Poésies de Froissart, que l'invention pour les sujets lui manquoit autant que l'imagination pour les ornemens; du reste le style qu'il employe, moins abondant que diffus, offre souvent la répétition ennuyeuse des mêmes tours, & des mêmes phrases, pour rendre des idées assez communes: cependant la simplicité et la liberté de sa versification ne sont pas toujours dépourvues de graces, on y rencontre de tems en tems quelques images & plusieurs vers de suite dont l'expression est assez heureuse.

Tel étoit alors l'état de notre Poésie Française, et le sort de la Peinture étoit à peu près le même. Ces deux arts que l'on a toujours comparés ensemble paroissent avoir eu une marche presque uniforme dans leur progrès. Les Peintres au sortir de la plus grossière barbarie, saisissant d'abord en détail tous les petits objets que la nature leur presentoit, s'attachèrent aux insectes, aux fleurs, aux oiseaux, les parèrent des couleurs les plus vives, les dessinèrent avec une exactitude que nous admirons encore dans les vignettes & dans les miniatures des manuscrits; lorsqu'ils vinrent à représenter des figures humaines, ils s'étudièrent bien plus à terminer les contours & à exprimer jusqu'aux cheveux les plus fins, qu'à donner de l'ame aux visages & du mouvement aux corps; et ces figures dont la nature la plus commune fournissoit toujours les modèles, étoient jettées ensemble au hazard, sans choix, sans ordonnance, sans aucun goût de composition.

Les

Les Poètes aussi stériles que les Peintres, bornoient toute leur industrie à savoir amener des descriptions proportionnées à leur talents, et ils ne les quittoient qu'après les avoir épuisées; ils ne savent guères parler que d'un beau printems, de la verdure des campagnes, de l'émail des prairies, du ramage de mille especes d'oiseaux, de la clarté et de la vivacité d'une belle fontaine ou d'un ruisseau qui murmure; quelquefois cependant ils rendent avec naïveté les amusemens enfans des amans, leurs ris, leurs jeux, les palpitations ou la joie d'un cœur amoureux; ils n'imaginent rien au delà, incapable d'ailleurs de donner de la suite et de la liaison à leurs idées.

Notice des Poesies de Froissart; Memoires de l'Academie

Tom. XIV. p. 225.

Note XIII. Verse 242.

Thy Favour, like the Sun's prolific ray,

Brought the keen Scribe of Florence into Day.]

Nicholas Machiavel, the celebrated Florentine, was first patronized by Leo, who caused one of his comedies to be acted with great magnificence at Rome, and engaged him to write a private Treatise de Reformatione Reipublicæ Florentinæ. His famous political Essay, entitled, "The Prince," was published in 1515, and dedicated to the Nephew of that Pontiff. The various judgments that have been passed on this singular performance are a striking proof of the incertitude of human opinion. — In England it has received applause from the great names of Bacon and Clarendon, who suppose it intended to promote the interest of liberty and virtue. In Italy, after many years of approbation, it was public-

ly

ly condemned by Clement the VIIIth, at the instigation of a Jesuit, who had not read the book. In France it has even been supposed instrumental to the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, as the favourite study of Catherine of Medicis and her Sons, and as teaching the bloody lessons of extirpation, which they so fatally put in practice. Yet one of his French Translators has gone so far as to say, that "Machiavel, who passes among all the world for a teacher of Tyranny, detested it more than any man of the age, in which he lived." It must however be owned, that there is a great mixture of good and evil in his political precepts. For the latter many plausible apologies have been made; and it should be remembered to his honour, that his great aim was to promote the welfare of his country, in exciting the House of Medicis to deliver Italy from the invasion of foreigners.

He is said to have been made Historiographer of Florence, as a reward for having suffered the torture on suspicion of conspiring against the government of that city, having supported the severe trial with unflinching resolution. His History of that republic he wrote at the request of Clement the VIIth, as we are informed in his Dedication of it to that Pontiff. The style of this work is much celebrated, and the first Book may be regarded as a model of Historical abridgment. — He died, according to Paul Jovius, in 1530.

Note XIV. Verse 252.

*Nor less, O Leo! was it thine to raise
The great Historic Chief of modern days.]* Francis
Guicciardin, born at Florence 1482, of an antient and
noble

noble family, was appointed a Professor of Civil Law in that city at the age of 23. In 1512 he was sent Ambassador to Ferdinand King of Arragon; and soon after his return deputed by the Republic to meet Leo the Xth at Cortona, and attend him on his public entry into Florence. — That discerning Pontiff immediately became his Patron, and raised him to the government of Modena and Reggio. He succeeded to that of Parma, which he defended with great spirit against the French, on the death of Leo. — He rose to the highest honours under Clement the VIIth, having the command of all the ecclesiastical forces, and being Governor of Romagna, and lastly of Bologna, in which city he is said to have received the most flattering compliments from the Emperor Charles V. — Having gained much reputation, both civil and military, in various scenes of active life, he passed his latter days in retirement, at his villa near Florence, where he died soon after completing his History, in the 59th year of his age, 1540. Notwithstanding the high reputation of Guicciardin, his History has been violently attacked, both as to matter and style. — The honest Montaigne inveighs with great warmth against the malignant turn of its author; and his own countryman Boccacini, in whose whimsical but lively work there are many excellent remarks on History and Historians, supposes a Lacedæmonian thrown into agonies by a single page of Guicciardin, whom he is condemned to read, for having himself been guilty of using three words instead of two. The poor Spartan cries for mercy, and declares that any tortures are preferable to the prolixity of such a Writer. —

This celebrated Historian was also a Poet. The three following verses are the beginning of an Epistle, which he entitled *Supplicazione d'Italia al Christianissimo Rè Francesco I.*

Italia afflitta, nuda, e miseranda,

Ch'or de' Principi suoi stanca si lagna,

A Te, Francesco, questa Carta manda.

They are preserved in Crescimbeni della volgar Poesia, Vol. V. p. 132.

Among the letters of the elder Tasso, there is a curious one addressed to Guicciardin, concerning the Doge of Genoa; and the *Amori* of the same Poet contain the following compliment to the Historian:

Arno, ben poi il tuo natio soggiorno,

Lasciar nel Appennino, e co' cristalli

Scendendo per l'alpestre horride valli.

Far il Tirreno mar ricco, ed adorno;

Ben poi di fronde l'uno, e l'altro corno

Cinger contento, e di fior bianchi e gialli,

E guidar care, ed amoroze balli

Con le tue nimphe al verde fondo intorno;

Che tra quanti intelletti humano velo

Chinde ne l'alme al mondo chiare, e conte,

Un tuo figlio è maggiore, e più perfetto.

Intaglia il nome suo nel tuo bel monte

Si, che per molti secoli sia letto

Guicciardin poi, ch'ei sia salito in Cielo.

Amori di BERNARDO TASSE,

Vinegia 1531, page 52.

Note XV. Verse 262.

With equal wreaths let Davila be crown'd. [Henry Catherine Davila was the youngest son of Antonio Davila, Grand Constable of Cyprus, who had been obliged to retire into Spain on the taking of that island by the Turks in 1570. From Spain Antonio repaired to the court of France, and settled his son Lewis and two daughters under the patronage of Catherine of Medicis, whose name he afterwards gave to the young Historian, born 1576, at an ancient castle in the territories of Padua, though generally called a native of Cyprus. The little Davila was brought early into France; — at the age of 18 he signalized himself in the military scenes of that country. His last exploit there was at the siege of Amiens, where he fought under Henry IV, and received a wound in the knee, as he relates himself in his History. — After peace was established in France, he withdrew into Italy, and served the Republic of Venice with great reputation till a most unfortunate adventure put an end to his life in 1631. — Passing through Verona with his wife and family, on his way to Crema, which he was appointed to defend, and demanding, according to the usual custom of persons in his station, a supply of horses and carriages for his retinue, a brutal Veronese, called il Turco, entered the room where he and his family were at supper, and being mildly reprimanded for his intrusion by Davila, discharged a pistol at the Historian, and shot him dead on the instant. — His accomplices also killed the Chaplain of Davila, and wounded many of his attendants. But his eldest son Antonio, a noble youth of eighteen, revenged the

death of his father by killing his murderer on the spot. All the confederates were secured the next morning, and publicly executed at Verona. — *Memorie Istoriche*, prefixed to the London edition of Davila, 4to, 1755. — It is very remarkable, that Davila passes no censure on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. — His character of the Queen Mother has that partiality, which it was natural for him to shew to the Patroness of his family; but his general veracity is confirmed by the great authority of the first Duke of Epemon, who, (to use the words of Lord Belingbroke) "had been an actor, and a principal actor too, in many of the scenes that Davila recites." Girard, Secretary to his Duke, and no contemptible Biographer, relates, that this History came down to the place where the old man resided, in Gascony, a little before his death; that he read it to him; that the Duke confirmed the truth of the narrations in it: and seemed only surprised by what means the author could be so well informed of the most secret councils and measures of those times." — *Letters on History*.

NOTE XVI. Verse 284.

Sarpi, blest name! from every foible clear.] Father Paul, the most amiable and exalted character that was ever formed in monastic retirement, was the son of Francesco Sarpi, a merchant of Venice, and born in that city, 1552. He took the religious habit in the monastery of the Servites, 1565. After receiving priest's orders in 1574, he passed four years in Mantua, being appointed to read Lectures on Divinity and Canon Law, by the Bishop of that diocese; and in this early part of his

his life, he is conjectured to have conceived the first idea of writing his celebrated History, as he formed an intimate friendship, during his residence in Mantua, with Camillo d'Oliva, who had been Secretary to Cardinal Gonzaga at the Council of Trent, and excited the learned Venetian to the arduous task, which he so happily accomplished in a future Period. He was recalled from Mantua, to read Lectures on Philosophy in his own convent at Venice, which he did with great reputation, during the years 1575, 1576, and 1577. — He went to Rome as Procurator General in 1585. Passing from thence to Naples, he there formed an acquaintance with the famous Baptista Porta, who has left this honourable testimony of his universal knowledge: — *— Eo doctiorem, subtiliorem, quotquot adhuc videre contigerit, neminem cognovimus; natum ad Encyclopædiam, &c.* Nor is this an exaggerated compliment, as there is hardly any science which escaped his active mind. His discoveries in Optics and Anatomy would be alone sufficient to immortalize his name; had he not gained immortality by a still nobler exertion of his mental powers, in defending the liberties of his country against the tyranny of Rome. On the first attack of Pope Paul V. on two laws of Venice, very wisely framed to correct the abuses of the clergy, Father Paul arose as the literary champion of the Republic, and defended its cause with great spirit and temper, in various compositions; though he is said not to be Author of the Treatise generally ascribed to him on the occasion, and entitled, *The Rights of Sovereigns, &c.* — His chief performance on the subject was *Considerazioni*

supra de Censura di Paolo V. The Venetians shewed a just admiration of the sublime virtue of a Monk, who defended so nobly the civil rights of his country against the separate interest of the church. In 1606 the Council passed a decree in his favour; which I shall transcribe in this note, because it is not found in the common Lives of Father Paul; and because there is hardly any object more pleasing to the mind, than the contemplation of a free state rewarding one of its most virtuous servants with liberality and esteem. — Continuando il R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia dell'ordine de' Serviti a prestare alla Signoria Nostra con singolar Valore quell'ottimo servizio, ch'è ben conosciuto, pottedesi dire, ch'egli fra tutti con le sue scritture piene di profonda dottrina sostenuti con validissimi fondamenti le potentissime e validissime ragioni nostre nella causa, che ha di presente la Repubblica con la corte di Roma, antepoñendo il servizio e la soddisfazione nostra al qualsivoglia suo particolare ed importante rispetto. E perciò cosa giusta e ragionevole, e degna dell'ordinaria munificenza di questo Consiglio, il dargli aiuto, con che possa assicurar la sua Vita da ogni pericolo, che gli potesse soprastare, e sovvenire insieme alli suoi bisogni, bench'egli non ne faccia alcuna istanza, ma piuttosto si mostri aliato da qualsivoglia ricognizione, che si abbia intenzione di usargli. Tal è la sua modestia, e così grande il desiderio, che ha di far conoscere, che nessuna pretesione di premio, ma la sola divozione sua verso la Repubblica, ella giustizia della Causa lo muovano adoperarsi con tanto studio e con tante fatiche alli servizi nostri. Perciò anderà parte, che allo stipendio, il quale a' 28 del Mese

di Gennaio passato fu assegnato al sopradetto R. P. M. Paolo da Venezia di Ducati duecento all'anno, siano accresciuti altri ducati duecento, sicchè in avvenire abbia ducati quattrocento acciòchè restando consolato per questa spontanea e benigna dimostrazione pubblica, con maggior ardore abbia a continuare nel suo buono e divoto servizio, e possa con questo asseguamento provvedere maggiormente alla sicurezzza della sua Vita. — The generous care of the Republic to reward and preserve so valuable a servant, could not secure him from the base attempts of that enemy, whom his virtue had provoked. In 1607, after Venice had adjusted her disputes with Rome, by the mediation of France, the first attack was made on the life of Father Paul. He was beset near his convent, in the evening, by five assassins, who stabbed him in many places, and left him for dead. He recovered, under the care of the celebrated Acquapendente, appointed to attend him at the public charge; to whom, as he was speaking on the depth of the principal wound, his patient said pleasantly, that the world imputed it *stylo Romane Curiae*. — The crime is generally supposed to have proceeded from the Jesuits; but the secret authors of it were never clearly discovered, though the five ruffians were traced by the Venetian Ambassador in Rome, where they are said to have been well received at first, but failing afterwards in their expected reward, to have perished in misery and want. The Senate of Venice paid such attention to Father Paul, as expressed the highest sense of his merit, and the most affectionate solicitude for his safety. They not only doubled his stipend a second time, but entrea-

tell him to chuse a public residence, for the greater security of his person. The munificence and care of the Republic was equalled by the modesty and fortitude of their servant. He chose not to relinquish his cell; and, though warned of various machinations against his life, he continued to serve his country with unabating zeal; discovering, in his private letters to his friends, the most heroic calmness of mind, and saying, in answer to their admonitions, that "no man lives well, who is too anxious for the preservation of life." — Yet, the apprehensions of his friends had too just a foundation. In 1609 another conspiracy was formed, to murder him in his sleep, by some persons of his own convent — but their treachery was happily discovered. — From this time he lived in more cautious retirement, still devoting himself to the service of the Republic on various occasions, and acquiring new reputation by many compositions. At length the world was surprized by his History of the Council of Trent, first published at London, 1619; with the fictitious name of Pietro Soave Polano; and dedicated to James the 1st. by Antonio de Dominis, the celebrated Archbishop of Spalatro, who speaks of the concealed Author as his intimate friend, who had entrusted him with a manuscript, on which his modesty set a trifling value, but which it seemed proper to bestow upon the world even without his consent. — The mystery concerning the publication of this noble work has never been reported by authors of considerable reputation. — It has even been said that James the 1st had some share in the composition of the book — if he had, it was probably, in forming the name Pietro Soave Polano,

Luto; which is an anagram of Paolo Sarpi Veneziano, and the only part of the book which bears any relation to the style or taste of that Monarch. — Father Paul was soon supposed to be the real Author of the work in question. The Prince of Condé, on a visit to his cloyster, expressly asked him, if he was so — to which he modestly replied, that at Rome it was well known who had writtch it. — He enjoyed not many years the reputation arising from this masterly production — in 1623 a fever occasioned his death; which was even more exemplary and sublime than his life itself. — He prepared himself for approaching dissolution with the most devout composure; and, as the liberty of his country was the darling object of his exalted mind, he prayed for its preservation with his last breath, in the two celebrated words *Esto Perpetua*.

There is a singular beauty in the character of Father Paul, which is not only uncommon in his profession, but is rarely found in human nature. — Though he passed a long life in controversy of the most exasperating kind, and was continually attacked in every manner that malignity could suggest, both his writings and his heart appeared perfectly free from a vindictive spirit — devoting all the powers of his mind to the defence of the public cause, he seemed entirely to forget the injuries that were perpetually offered to his own person and reputation.

His constitution was extremely delicate, and his intense application exposed him to very frequent and violent disorders: these he greatly remedied by his singular temperance, living chiefly on bread, fruits, and

Water. — This imperfect account of a character deserving the noblest elogium, is principally extracted from an octavo volume, entitled, *Memorie Anedote spettanti a F. Paolo da Francesco Grifellini Veneziano*, 8vo. edit. 2d. 1760. The author of this elaborate work has pointed out several mistakes in the French and English accounts of Father Paul; particularly in the anecdotes related of him by Burnet, in his *Life of Bishop Bedell*, and by Mr. Brent, the son of his English Translator. — Some of these had indeed been observed before by Writers of our own. — See the General Dictionary under the article Father Paul. — For the length and for the deficiencies of this Note, I am tempted to apologize with a sentence borrowed from the great Historian who is the subject of it: — *Chi mi offervera in alcuni tempi abbondare, in altri andar ristretto, si ricordi che non tutti i campi sono di ugual fertilità, nè tutti li grani meritano d'esser conservati, e di quelli che il mietitore vorrebbe tenerne conto, qualche spica anco sfugge la presa della mano, o il filo della falce, così comportando la conditione d'ogni mietitura che resti anco parte per rispi-golare.*

Note XVII. Verse 312.

[The clear Oforius, in his classic phrase.] Jerom Oforius was born of a noble family at Lisbon, 1500. He was educated at the university of Salamanca, and afterwards studied at Paris and Bologna. On his return to Portugal, he gradually rose to the Bishopric of Sylves, to which he was appointed by Catherine of Austria, Regent of the kingdom in the minority of Sebastian. At the request of Cardinal Henry of Portugal, he wrote
his

his History of King Emanuel, and the expedition of Gama — which his great contemporary Camoens made at the same time the subject of his immortal *Lusiad*; a poem which has at length appeared with due lustre in our language, being translated with great spirit and elegance by Mr. Mickle. It is remarkable, that the History of Olorius, and the Epic Poem of Camoens, were published in the same year, 1572: but the fate of these two great Authors was very different; the Poet was suffered to perish in poverty, under the reign of that Henry, who patronized the Historian: yet, allowing for the difference of their professions, I am inclined to think they possessed a similarity of mind. There appear many traces of that high heroic spirit, even in the Priest Olorius, which animated the Soldier Camoens: particularly in the pleasure, with which he seems to describe the martial manners of his countrymen, under the reign of Emanuel. — *Illius aetate* (says the Historian, in the close of his many work) *inopia in exilium pulsa videbatur: inestitue locus non erat: querimoniae fiebant; omnia choreis & cantibus personabant: ejusmodi ludis aula regia frequenter oblectabatur. Nobiles adolescentes cum virginibus regis in aula sine ulla libidinis significatione, saltabant, et quamvis honestissimis amoribus indulgerent, virginibus erat infitum; nemi neminem ad familiaritatem admittere, nisi illum qui aliquid fortiter & animose bellicis in rebus effecisset. Pueris enim nobilibus, qui in aula regia versabantur, non erat licitum pallium virile sumere, antequam in Africam trajicerent & aliquod inde decus egregium reportarent. Et his quidem moribus erat illius*
utique tempo-

temporis nobilitas instituta, ut multi ex illius domo viri
 omni laude cumulati prodirent. — This is a striking
 picture of the manners of chivalry, to which Portugal
 owed much of its glory in that splendid period. There
 is one particular in the character of Ostorius, which,
 considering his age and country, deserves the highest
 encomium; I mean his tolerating spirit. In the first
 book of his History, he speaks of Emanuel's cruel perse-
 cution of the Jews in the following generous and exal-
 ted language: — *Fuit quidem hoc nec ex lege nec ex re-
 ligione factum. Quid enim? Tu rebelles animos nulla-
 que ad id suscepta religione constrictos, adigas ad cre-
 dentium ea, quae summa contentione aspernantur &
 respuunt? Idque tibi assumas, ut libertatem voluntatis
 impedias, & vincula mentibus effraenatis injicias? At id
 neque fieri potest, neque Christi sanctissimum numen ap-
 probat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium, non vi et malo
 coactum ab hominibus expetit, neque vim mentibus in-
 ferri sed voluntates ad studium verae religionis alligi &
 invitari jubet.* Postremo quis non videt, et
 its religionem per religionis simulationem indignissime
 violari? — Ostorius is said to have used many arguments
 to dissuade Sebastian from his unfortunate expedition in-
 to Africa, and to have felt so deeply the miseries which
 befel the Portuguese after that fatal event, that his grief
 was supposed to accelerate his death. — He expired in
 1580, happy, says De Thou (who celebrates him as
 a model of Christian virtue) that he died just before the
 Spanish army entered Portugal, and thus escaped being
 a witness to the desolation of his country. — His va-
 rious works were published at Rome in 1592, by his
 nephew

nephew Oforius, in four volumes folio, with a Life of their Author. Among these are two remarkable productions; the first, an admonition to our Queen Elizabeth, exhorting her to return into the church of Rome: the second, an Essay on Glory, written with such classical purity, as to give birth to a report, that it was not the composition of Oforius, but the lost work of Cicero on that subject.

In the *Lucubrations* of Walter Haddon, the curious reader may find a very spirited answer to the invective against the Reformation, which the zeal of the Portuguese Bishop led him to address to Elizabeth. — "The English Civilian defends the cause of his nation and his Queen with great energy. — He justifies the dissolution of the monasteries by representing their abuses in the most glowing colours; and he ventures to affirm, in vindicating the character of his royal Mistress, that her majesty of England was as great a Theologian as the Bishop of Sylves himself — *Sacras scripturas inultum lætitat, interpretes optimos inter se comparat, doctissimorum theologorum undique sententias colligit, scientia linguarum per se ipsa excellit, ingenio est prompto, et acri, sapientiae tantum ad hæc adhibet, quantum vix est in illo sexu credibile: denique nostrorum ad conciones ventitat, et sensus in his rebus habet partim legendo, partim audiendo, tam exercitatos, ut non minus te docere possit quam ex te discere.* HADDON. *Lucubrat.* Pag. 259.

Note XVIII. Verse 318.

*Iberia's Genius bids just Fame allow
As bright a wreath to Mariana's brow.]* John Mariana was born 1537, at Talavera (a town in the diocese of

of Toledo) as he himself informs us in his famous *Essay de Rege*, which opens with a beautiful romantic description of a sequestered spot in that neighbourhood, where he enjoyed the pleasures of literary retirement with his friend Calderon, a Minister of Toledo; whose death he mentions in the same *Essay*, commemorating his learning and his virtues in the most pleasing terms of affectionate admiration. — Mariana was admitted into the order of Jesuits at the age of 17. He travelled afterwards into Italy and France, and returning into Spain in 1574, settled at Toledo, and died there in the 37th year of his age, 1624. — Hearing it frequently regretted, in the course of his travels, that there was no General History of his country, he engaged in that great work on his return; and published it in Latin at 1592, with a dedication to Philip the 11d; where he speaks of his own performance with modesty and manly freedom, and perhaps with as little flattery as ever appeared in any address of that nature, to a Monarch continually fed with the grossest adulation. — This elaborate work he translated into Spanish, but, as he himself declares, with all the freedom of an original author. He published his Version in 1601, with an address to Philip the 11d, in which he laments the decline of Learning in his country, and declares he had himself executed that work from his apprehension of its being mangled by an ignorant Translator. He had closed his History (which begins with the first peopling of Spain) with the death of Ferdinand, in 1516; but in a subsequent edition, in 1617, he added to it a short summary of events to the year 1612: but in the year before he

first

first published the Spanish Version of his History, he addressed also, to the young Monarch Philip the III^d, his famous Essay, which I have mentioned, and which was publicly burnt at Paris, about 20 years after its publication, on the supposition that it had excited Ravallac to the murder of Henry the IVth; though it was asserted, with great probability, by the Jesuits, that the Assassin had never seen the book. — It is true, indeed, that Mariana, in this Essay, occasionally defends Clement the Monk, who stabbed Henry the III^d; and it is very remarkable, that he grounds this defence, not on the bigotted tenets of a Priest, who thinks every thing lawful for the interest of his church, but on those sublime principles of civil liberty, with which an antient Roman would have vindicated the dagger of Brutus. Indeed, this Essay contains some passages on Government, which would not have dishonoured even Cicero himself; but, it must be owned, they are grievously disgraced by the last chapter of the Work, which breathes a furious spirit of ecclesiastical intolerance, and yet closes with these mild and modest expressions: *Nostrum de regno et Regis institutione judicium fortasse non omnibus placeat; qui volet sequatur, aut suo potius stet, si potioribus argumentis nitatur, de quibus rebus tantopere asseveravi in his libris, eas nunquam veriores quam alienam sententiam affirmabo. Potest enim non solum mihi aliud, aliud aliis videri, sed et mihi ipsi alio tempore. Suam quisque sententiam per me sequatur . . . et . . . qui nostra leget . . . memor conditionis humanæ, si quid erratum est, pio studio rempublicam juvandi veniam benignus concedat et facilis.* — This is not the only

only work of Mariana which fell under a public proscription; he was himself persecuted, and suffered a year's imprisonment, for a treatise, which seems to have been dictated by the purest love to his country; it was against the pernicious practice of debasing the public coin, and as it was supposed to reflect on the Duke of Lerma, called the Sejanus of Spain, it exposed the Author, about the year 1609, to the persecution of that vindictive Minister; from which it does not appear how he escaped. — Indeed the accounts of Mariana's life are very imperfect: Bayle, whom I have chiefly followed, mentions a life of him by De Vargas, which he could not procure. I have sought after this Biographer with the same ill success, as I wished to give a more perfect account of this great Author, whose personal History is little known among us, though it is far from being unworthy of attention.

NOTE XIX. Verse 352.

The fervid Grotius to her glory rais'd
A column, splendid as the feats he prais'd.] Hugo Grotius was the eldest child of John de Groot, curator in the university of Leyden, and born at Delft on the 10th of April 1583 — His infancy gave the fairest promise of those great and universal talents, which were so amply unfolded in his subsequent life — at the age of eleven he was celebrated as a prodigy of learning — when Barnevelt was sent Ambassador to Henry the IVth of France, in 1598, he took the young Grotius in his train, and presented him to that Monarch, who honoured the little scholar by graciously giving him his picture and a chain of gold. One circumstance was yet wanting

ting to complete the joy of Grotius in this expedition; and he was obliged to quit France without obtaining the great object of his wishes, a personal acquaintance with the President de Thou. — He afterwards expressed his mortification on this subject in a letter to that great man, which gave rise to a friendly correspondence between these congenial characters, highly honourable to both. — On his return to Holland, Grotius devoted himself to the practice of the law, and in 1599 pleaded his first cause at Delft. In the exercise of this laborious profession, he found sufficient time to cultivate polite literature — in 1599 he published his edition of Martianus Capella, at the request of Scaliger; it was followed, in the succeeding year, by the *Phænomena* of Aratus; and in 1601 he printed his first tragedy of *Adamus Exsul*, a composition which might possibly give birth to the divine performance of Milton, though its author esteemed it so little, as to exclude it from a collection of his poems — Grotius, indeed, was remarkably modest in estimating his own poetical talents; — few persons have written so many verses, and thought so humbly of their merit. — The public proofs, which he had now given of his various erudition, procured him an honour from his country, the more flattering, as it was unsolicited: The United Provinces, justly proud of having vindicated their liberty against the tyranny of Spain, and desirous of commemorating so noble an event, appointed Grotius their Historiographer; a nomination so honourable to a youth, for such he was, led him to collect materials for that History, which many accidents conspired to prevent his publishing during the

whole course of his busy and vexatious life. — From his success at the bar, he was promoted to the post of Advocate-General; and in 1608 he married Maria Reigelberg, a lady of a respectable family in Zeeland, and a wife, as his Biographer observes, truly worthy of such a husband. In 1613 he became Pensionary of Rotterdam, an office which gave him a seat in the Assembly of the States: He was soon afterwards employed in a commission to England, to settle some national disputes concerning the Greenland Fishery. — The greatest pleasure and advantage, which he derived from this expedition, was the intimacy which he contracted in England with the celebrated Casaubon. Soon after his return to Holland, the fatal spirit of religious controversy produced those unfortunate and well-known distractions in his country, which led to the infamous execution of the great and virtuous Barneveldt. Grotius, who was affectionately attached to that upright minister, and joined with him in every measure to counteract the usurping ambition of Prince Maurice, was thus exposed to the oppression of that vindictive hero. — After the vain ceremony of an iniquitous trial, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and conducted, on the 6th of June 1619, to the fortress of Louvestein, in South Holland, at the point of the island formed by the Vahal and the Meuse. — His tender and faithful wife, who had been cruelly debarred from attending him, even in sickness, during his confinement at the Hague, was now admitted to share his prison, on the hard condition of forfeiting that privilege, if she ever ventured from Louvestein — she afterwards obtained leave

to come abroad twice a week: — With the spirit of a Roman *Marron* she refused the allowance, which the government had assigned for the maintenance of her husband — continued for almost two years the constant attendant on his captivity — and at length became the glorious instrument of his deliverance. Grotius, who happily experienced, that love and literature are unfailing resources under the most galling calamity of human life, had pursued his studies in prison with his usual ardour. — He composed there, among other works, the first sketch of his *Essay on the Truth of Christianity*, in a poetical form, and in his native language. — Reports were spread by his enemies, that he had formed a plan for his escape, and his prison was rigorously examined. But notwithstanding the vigilance of his oppressors, the affectionate ingenuity of his wife restored him to freedom by the following expedient: — He had been allowed to borrow books from his friends, and it was usual with him to send such as he had read in a chest, that went regularly with his linen to the neighbouring town of *Gorcum*. The guards were at first very scrupulous in their examination of this chest; but having long found in it only books and linen, they were now accustomed to let it pass unopened. — The circumstance suggested to the attentive wife of Grotius the possibility of her husband's escape, and she persuaded him to attempt it by this singular conveyance. The incidents attending the adventure were highly calculated to encrease the agitation of her heart; and must indeed have occasioned the failure of her design, had she not taken the most ingenious precautions to ensure its suc-

ects: — The soldiers, who carried the chest in which Grotius was inclosed, were alarmed by its weight; and cried out, in the proverbial language of their country, that it must contain an Arminian — she replied with great presence of mind, that it was indeed loaded with Arminian books: The Soldiers were still unsatisfied, and went to the wife of their commanding officer, who was absent, to express their suspicion — she replied, that she had been assured, it contained only books; and bade them carry it to the boat — a female servant in the secret attended the chest, and saw it safely conveyed to the house of Dazelaer, a friend of Grotius, in Gorcum, from whence he passed in disguise into Brabant. The generous contriver of his escape now triumphed in the success of her project: being assured that her husband was safe, by the return of her servant, she avowed what she had done, and was more closely confined by the offended commandant of Louvestein. But she soon obtained her liberty, on presenting a petition to the States-General; though some wretches were found in that assembly, brutal enough to express a desire of punishing a woman for an act of heroism, which, in Athens, or in Rome, would have almost rendered her an object of idolatry. — Her merit, however, has been justly celebrated by the poets of her country; but the most pleasing memorial of it appears in a poem of Grotius, addressed to the unfortunate son of the President de Thou. — The passage does honour both to the gratitude and the genius of our Author; and I shall therefore insert it, as an advantageous specimen of his Latin poetry. — In addressing his young friend on the virtues

virtues of his venerable father, he breaks out into the following encomium on connubial affection:

Ah quantum placido, mitique in pectore regnat
 Illa Venus, quam junxit Hymen; seu conditor orbis,
 Atque homines sancte genituri fœderis auctor
 Hunc, quo disposuit volentem sidera mundum,
 Quoque elementa ligat, thalamis aspirat amorem;
 Seu noscî fugiens penitus vis insita rebus,
 Qualis quae chalybi secreta potentia gemmam
 Conciliat Getici spectantem Verticis ignes,
 Diversos proprio iugat sub fœdere sexus;
 Seu virtutis idem studium, cognataque morum
 Temperies animas imo sub pectore miscet.
 Hoc tuus ille docet genitor; mens, lubrica vitæ
 Egressa, et quicquid potuit fortuna minari:
 In quam nil habuit juris vel blanda voluptas,
 Vel metus, erepta miserandum conjuge vulnus
 Sensit, et hoc solo minor est inventa dolore.
 Ipsa domus, torus ipse, et quicquid cernere gratum
 Quondam erat, accendit luctum moerentis; ubique
 Uxor, et in vultu dulcis pudor, et simul alta
 Majestas, sermo distillans melle, virilis
 Auxilium curæ, prudentia rara, suoque
 Semet sine tenens, sed par majoribus actis.

* * * * *

Nos quoque, si quisquam, multum debere fatemur
 Conjugio. Memini post tot tua vota precesque,
 Cynthia cum nonum capto mihi volveret orbem,
 Qualem te primum, conjunx fidissima, vidi

Carceris in tenebris: lacrymas absorberat lugena
 Vis animi, neque vel gemitu te luctus adegit
 Consentire malis: rursus nova vincula, sed quae
 Te fœcla leviora tuli, dum milite clausos
 Nos Mœsa, et tristi Vahalis circumstrepit unda.
 Hic patriam toties, et inania jura vocanti,
 Et proculcatas in nostro corpore leges
 Tū solamen eras, Hic jam te viderat alter
 Et post se media plus parte reliquerat annus,
 Cum mihi jura mei per te, solerte reperto,
 Reddita. Tu, postquam jam caeca acceperat alvus
 Dulce onus, oppositis libabas oscula claustris:
 Atque ita semoto foribus custode locuta es.
 Summe pater, rigido si non adamante futurum
 Stat tibi, sed precibus potis es gaudesque moveri,
 Hoc quod nostra fides lucem servavit in istam
 Accipe depositum, tantisque exsolve periclis.
 Conjugii testor sanctissima jura, meaeque
 Spem sobolis, non huc venio pertaesa malorum
 Sed miserata virum; possum sine conjuge, possum
 Quanyis dura pati. Si post exempla ferocis
 Ultima saevitiæ nondum deferbuit ira,
 In me tota ruat: vivam crudele sepulchrum:
 Me premat et triplicis cingat custodia Valli,
 Dum meus aetheriae satietur pastibus aerae
 Grœtius, et casus narret patriæque suosque.
 Addit; abi conjunx, neque te nisi libera cernam.
 Quod mea si auderet famam spondere Camœna,
 Acciperet quantis virtutem laudibus istam
 Posteritas! Nomen non clarius illa teneret
 Admeto regina suos quae tradidit annos;

Quaeque

Quaeque super cineres jecit se arsuræ mariti;
 Dignaque tam Bruti thalamis quam patre Catone
 Porcia, et in letum magno comes Arria Paeto.
 Sed mea Cyrrhaeos tam longa adversa recessus
 Praecluserunt mihi. Nullis sordentia curis
 Pectora Phoebus amat. —

It was not without reason, that Grotius lamented in the close of this passage his continued adversity. Few literary characters have been so repeatedly exposed to all the various and mortifying anxieties of public life. — After his escape from prison in 1621, he took refuge in France. He received, indeed, the most flattering marks of regard from many eminent characters of that kingdom, and a pension of three thousand livres from Lewis the XIIIth; but the payment of this gratuity, so honourable to the Monarch who bestowed it, was soon rendered irregular and precarious by the artifices of Richelieu; and Grotius was at length obliged to seek a more independent asylum, merely because he was of too firm and noble a character to become the servile instrument of that imperious minister. — He had passed however ten years, and composed one of his most celebrated works in that country — his *Treatise de Jure Belli & Pacis* was begun in 1623 at Balagui, a seat of the President De Meme, in the neighbourhood of Senlis, and he published it at Paris in 1625 — the great and extensive reputation which his writings had obtained, did not induce Holland to atone for the injustice which she had exercised against one of the most eminent and virtuous of her citizens — the death of his enemy Prince Maurice had tempted Grotius to hope, that he might

return with safety and honour to his native country; but on making the experiment in 1631, he met with much more ingratitude than he expected, and retired in the next year to Hamburg — he there contracted an intimacy with Salvius the Vice-Chancellor of Sweden, who sent a favourable account of his new friend to Oxenstiern, the great minister, who so well supplied the loss of his heroic master Gustavus: Grotius was soon invited to Franckfort by that penetrating genius, who introduced him into the council of the young Christina, and appointed him her Ambassador to the court of France; — it is said, however, that Grotius owed his connection with Sweden to the high sentiments, which Gustavus himself had entertained of his merit, and to orders given by that Monarch for the employment of the celebrated exile, whose *Treatise de Jure Belli* was found in his tent after the fatal victory of Lutzen, which he purchased with his life — however this may be, Grotius appeared at Paris in the character of Ambassador from Sweden 1635, and continued no less than ten years in a situation equally splendid and vexatious — engaged in the delicate business of negotiating subsidies, which were paid with reluctance; harrassed by the hostile intrigues of his ungrateful country, and alternately insulted and flattered by the ministers of France, he maintained himself with integrity and honour in a difficult and important station, from which his various and powerful enemies were perpetually endeavouring to effect his removal — After a series of public mortifications, he at length solicited his own recall — he obtained a passport through Holland, was treated with great honour

honour at Amsterdam, and arriving at Stockholm was flattered with great promises by the Queen Christina, who pressed him to settle with his family in Sweden. From this however he excused himself, and pleaded the tender health of his wife as unequal to so cold a climate — Having obtained, after some delays, the Queen's permission to retire, and a vessel to carry him to Lubeck, he was unfortunately shipwrecked on the coast of Pomerania, from whence he travelled sixty miles in an open waggon, to the town of Rostock, where, after languishing a few days, he expired on the 19th of August 1645. — For my very imperfect account of this great and amiable man, I am chiefly indebted to Mr. Burigny, whose life of Grotius deserves a distinguished rank among biographical writings, as it contains a very luminous display of much intricate matter, and a just delineation of a character which deserves to be minutely studied; for what nation can produce a more singular and excelling compound of science and virtue, of genius and piety? — As an Historian, he shares with Thucydides the uncommon merit of celebrating the splendid actions of his personal enemies, and of a country which treated him with the most ungenerous ingratitude. It appears from one of his letters to De Thou, that he had made some advances in the plan at least of his History, at so early a period as 1614; for, after complimenting the great Historian of France on his immortal work, he adds: *Ego quoque impar-sane oneri, sed magno patriae amore accensus, simile opus molior, tanto autem minus tuo, quanto minor est Batavia, non dicam Gallia vestra, sed toto orbe.* Sed nec

adhuc Varo videor neque dicere Cinna digna; prematur itaque immaturus labor donec aetas cum judicio tempus quoque emendandi dederit, aut potius exsurgat alius, qui res scitu per se non indignas dictione commendet, ut eo libentius discant posterî, quid Batavi fecerint. — We learn also from a letter to his brother in 1637, that the work was then finished, and that he thought proper to delay its publication: though it seems to have been his favourite performance, he had never the satisfaction of seeing it in print — it did not appear till twelve years after his death, when his sons Cornelius and Peter addressed it to the States of Holland and West-Friesland, in a Dedication that does honour both to their father and themselves. — The work itself, under the double name of Annals and History, gives a complete account of the most interesting period, from the year 1566 to the truce with Spain in 1609 — The Letters of Grotius are not less valuable than his History, as they contain much miscellaneous intelligence, and abound with literary anecdotes. — His amiable wife survived him, and died at the Hague — Of their six children, Peter became the most eminent — he was sent by his country as her Embassador to France; and seems to have inherited both the talents and the virtues of his father. — It may yet be proper to add to this long Note the noble encomium of Grotius on Scaliger, to which I have alluded, and which, as Dr. Johnson observes, seems to have been imitated by Cowley, in the close of his Elegy on Sir Henry Wootton.

In Mortem Scaligeri.

Unica lux sæcli, genitoris gloria, nemo
 Quem puerum, nemo credidit effo senem;
 Tam sibi par semper, quam cunctis cellior unna,
 Et qui se totum debuit ipse sibi:
 Exsuperans fama, quos aequat sanguine, reges,
 Sceptringeris majus nomen adeptus avis:
 Hic jacet ille capax immensi Scaliger aevi,
 Nec sibi mors unquam plus licuisse putet.
 Quid querimur raptum? mens est qua vivitur: annos
 Ille tot exegit mente quot orbis habet,
 Omnia dum retro mundi vestigia quaerit,
 Quaerentem retro destituere dies.
 Emensus populos & dissona gentibus ora
 Amblerat, quantum lumine Phoebus obit.
 Testamur, Natura, tibi non defuit ille;
 Tu gentes alias, saecula plura dares.
 Ultra Scaligerum nihil est: nec Scaliger ultra.
 Ille tui finem repperit, ille sui.

GAOTII Poemata, Pag. 261.

Note XX. Verse 401.

The liberal spirit of Thuanus rose.] James Augustus De Thou was the youngest son of Christopher De Thou, First President of the Parliament of Paris, and born in that city, 1553. His own Memoirs give a pleasing account of the early activity of his mind. — As his health, during his childhood, was so tender and infirm, that his parents rather restrained him from the usual studies of his age, he devoted much of his time to drawing, and copied with a pen the engravings of Albert Durer, before he was ten years old. At that age he

was settled in the college of Burgundy; but this plan of his education was soon interrupted by a fever, in which his life was despaired of, and in which the mother of his future friend, the Duke of Montpensier, watched him with an attention singularly happy, after his physicians and his parents had considered him as dead. In a few years after his recovery, he repaired to Orleans to study the civil law; from thence he was drawn to Valence in Dauphiny, by the reputation of Cujacius, who was then reading lectures there; on his road he embraced an opportunity of hearing Hotoman, the celebrated author of *Franco-Gallia*, who was reading lectures also at Bourges. — During his residence at Valence, he contracted a friendship with Joseph Scaliger, which he cultivated through life. — In 1572, his father recalled him to Paris, just before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. — He mentions in his *Memoirs* the horrors which he felt in seeing a very small part of that bloody scene. — He resided in the house of his uncle Nicholas De Thou, promoted to the bishopric of Chartres: he was then designed himself for the church; and, beginning to collect his celebrated library, applied himself particularly to the Civil Law, and to Grecian literature.

He travelled into Italy in 1573, with Paul De Foix, going on an embassy to the Pope and the Italian Princes. Of De Foix, he gives the most engaging character, and speaks with great pleasure of the literary entertainment and advantages which he derived from this expedition. — He returned to Paris, and devoted himself again to his studies, in the following year. — On the dissentious

in the Court of France, in 1576, he was employed to negotiate with the Marechal Montmorency, and engage him to interpose his good offices to prevent the civil war; which he for some time effected. — The same year he visited the Low Countries, and on his return was appointed to a public office, on which he entered with that extreme diffidence which is so natural to a delicate mind.

In 1579 he travelled again, with his elder brother, who was sent by his physicians to the baths of Plombieres in Lorraine: from hence he made a short excursion into Germany, and was received there with the jovial hospitality of that country, which he describes in a very lively manner. — But affection soon recalled him to Plombieres, to attend his infirm brother to Paris, who died there in a few months after their return.

In 1580, on the plague's appearing in the capital, our Historian retired into Touraine, and after visiting the principal places in Normandy, returned to Paris in the winter. — In the following year, he was of the number chosen from the Parliament of Paris to administer justice in Guienne, as two ecclesiastics were included in that commission. — In this expedition he embraced every opportunity of preparing the materials of his History, seeking, as he ever did, the society of all persons eminent for their talents, or capable of giving him any useful information. He speaks with great pleasure of a visit which he paid at this time to the celebrated Montaigne, whom he calls a man of a most liberal mind, and totally uninfected with the spirit of party. —

After

After various excursions, he was now returning to Paris, when he received the unexpected news of his father's death, an event which affected him most deeply, as filial affection was one of the striking characteristics of his amiable mind. — He consoled himself under the affliction of having been unable to pay his duty to his dying parent, by erecting a magnificent monument to his memory, expressive of the high veneration in which he ever held his virtues. — He engaged again in public business, devoting his intervals of leisure to mathematical studies, and to the composition of Latin verse, which seems to have been his favourite amusement. In 1584, he published his Poem, *de re Accipitraria*, which, though much celebrated by the critics of his age, has fallen, like the subject of which it treats, into universal neglect. — In 1585, he bid adieu to the Court, on finding himself treated with such a degree of coldness, as his ingenuous nature could not submit to; and being eager to advance in his great work, which he had already brought down to the reign of Francis II. — In 1587, having been often pressed to marry by his family, and being absolved from his ecclesiastical engagements for that purpose, he made choice of Marie Barbançon, of an antient and noble family; but as her parents were suspected of a secret inclination to the reformed religion, it was thought proper that the lady should undergo a kind of expiation in a private conference with two Catholic Divines; a circumstance of which the great Historian speaks with an air of triumph in his Memoirs, as a proof of his own inviolable attachment to the faith of his fathers. In

1588, he lost his affectionate mother; who is described, by her son, as meeting death with the same gentleness and tranquillity of mind, by which her life was distinguished. When the violence of the league had reduced Henry the III^d to abandon Paris, our Historian was sent into Normandy to confirm the magistrates of that province in their adherence to the King. — He afterwards met Henry at Blois, and while he was receiving from him in private some commissions to execute at Paris, the King pressed his hand, and seemed preparing to impart to him some important secret; but after a long pause dismissed him without revealing it. — This secret was afterwards supposed to have been the projected assassination of the Duke of Guise: the supposition is probable, and it is also probable, that if Henry had then revealed his design, the manly virtue and eloquence of De Thon might have led him to relinquish that infamous and fatal measure. — He was, however, so far from suspecting the intended crime of the King, that when he first heard at Paris, that Guise was assassinated, he believed it a false rumour, only spread by that faction, to introduce, what he supposed had really happened, the murder of the King. — In the commotions which the death of Guise produced in Paris, many insults were offered to the family of De Thon: his wife was imprisoned for a day in the Bastile; but obtaining her liberty, she escaped from the city in a mean habit, attended by her husband, disguised also in the dress of a soldier. Having sent his wife in safety into Picardy, he repaired to the King, who was almost deserted, at Blois; and was greatly instrumental in persuading

Testor, pro patria nullas regnique salutē
 Vitavisse vices, vestra virtute meaque
 Indignum nil fecisse, et si fata tulissent,
 Prodessem ut patriae, patriae succurrere, livor
 Absistat, pietate mea meruisse petenti.
 Pura ad vos anima atque hodiernae nescia culpas
 Descendam, quandoque novissima venerit hora,
 Nostraque sub tacitos ibit fama integra mantes.

In 1594, he succeeded his uncle Augustin as President à Mortier. — In 1596, he lost his valuable and learned friend Pithou, who first solicited him to undertake his History, and had greatly assisted him in the prosecution of that laborious work. — How deeply the affectionate mind of De Thou was wounded by this event, appears from his long letter to Casaubon on the occasion. — In 1597, he began to be engaged in those negotiations, which happily terminated in the famous edict of Nantes. — It may be proper to observe here, that De Thou was accused of being a Calvinist, in consequence of the part he acted in this business, as well as from the immoderate tenor of his History; and it is remarkable, that Sully seems in his Memoirs to countenance the accusation.

In 1601, our Historian suffered a severe domestic affliction in the loss of his wife. — He celebrated her virtues, and his own connubial affection, in a Latin Poem: with this, and a Greek epitaph on the same lady, written by Casaubon, he terminates the Commentary of his own Life, of which the preceding account is an imperfect abridgment. — His first wife leaving him

him no children, he married, in 1603, Gasparde de la Chastre, an accomplished lady of a noble family; who, having brought him three sons and three daughters, died at the age of 99, 1616. — There is a fine letter of Daniel Heinsius, addressed to our author on this occasion, exhorting him to fortitude: but this unexpected domestic calamity, and the miseries which beset his country on the murder of Henry the Great, are said to have wounded his feeling mind so deeply, as to occasion his death, which happened in May 1617. — Under the regency of Mary of Medicis, he had been one of the Directors general of the finances, maintaining the same reputation for integrity in that department, which he had ever preserved in his judicial capacity.

The first part of his History appeared in 1604, with a Preface addressed to Henry IV, justly celebrated for its liberal and manly spirit. — But I must observe, that the following compliment to the King — *Quicquid de ea statueris jufferisve, pro divinae vocis oraculo mihi erit* — was more than even that most amiable of Monarchs deserved, as he ungratefully deserted the cause of our Historian, in suffering his Work to be proscribed by the public censure of Rome in 1609, as De Thou plainly intimates, in the following passage from one of his letters, written in 1611: — *Publicata prima parte [Historiae meae] immane quam commoti sunt plerique, sive invidi, sive factiosi, qui mox proceres quosdam, qui per se in talibus rebus nihil vident, per calumnias artificiose confictas, ut scis, in me concitaverunt, remque e vestigio Romam detulerunt, et auctore maligne exagitato, facile pervicerunt, ut morosi illi censores omnia*

mea sinistre interpretarentur, et praejudicio personae opus integrum, cujus ne tertiam quidem partem legissent, praecipitaco ordine damnarent. Rex causam meam initio quidem tuebatur, quamdiu proceres in aula infestos habui. Sed paulatim ipse eorundem astu infectus est; cognitoque Romae per emissarios labare regem, post Ossati et Serafini Cardinalium mihi amicissimorum obitum, et illustrissimi Perronii ex urbe discessum, idem postremo in me directus est, qui facile vitari potuit, si qui circa regem erant, tantae injuriae sensum ad se ac regni dignitatem pertinere vel minima significatione praese tulissent. Ita in aula omni ope destitutus, facile Romae oppressus sum. — De Thou was preparing a new edition of his History at the time of his death. — His passion for Latin verse appears never to have forsaken him, as the latest effusion of his pen was a little poem descriptive of his last illness, and an epitaph in which he draws the following just character of himself:

Mihi veritatis cura vitae commodis

Antiquiorque charitatibus fuit,

Nullique facto, voce nulli injurius,

Injurias patienter aliorum tuli.

Tu quisquis es, qualisque, quantusque, o bone,

Si cura veri est ulla, si pietas moveat,

A me meisque injuriam, quaeso, abstine.

The pious paternal prayer in the last line was very far from being crowned with success. Francis, the eldest son of De Thou, fell a victim to the resentment which Cardinal Richelieu is said to have conceived against him, from a passage in the great Historian, reflecting on the Richelieu family. — He was beheaded at

Lyon,

Lyons, 1642, for having been privy to a conspiracy against the Cardinal. — Voltaire, with his usual philanthropy and spirit, inveighs against the iniquity of this execution, in his *Mélanges*, tom. III. — The curious reader may find a particular account of this tragical event in the last volume of that noble edition of Thuanus, which was published under the auspices of Dr. Mead, and does great honour to our country. — I shall close this Note by transcribing from it the following spirited epitaph on the unfortunate victim.

Historiam quisquis vult scribere, scribere veram

Nunc vetat Exitium, magne Thuane, tuum.

Richeliee stirpis proavos laesisse, Paterni

Crimen erat calami, quo tibi vita perit.

Sanguine delentur nati monumenta parentis:

Quae nomen dederant scripta, dedere necem.

Tanti morte viri sic est sancita Tyrannis:

Vera loqui si vis, disce cruenta pati.

Note XXI. Verse 474.

Thy Wits, O France! (as ev'n thy Critics own)

Support not History's majestic tone.] To avoid every appearance of national prejudice, I shall quote on this occasion some passages from a very liberal French Critic, who has passed the same judgment on the Historians of his country. The Marquis d'Argenson, in a memoir read before the French Academy, 1755, not only confesses that the French Writers have failed in History, but even ventures to explain the cause of their ill success.

Nous avons, says he, quelques morceaux, ou l'on trouve tout à la fois la fidélité, le goût, et le vrai ton de l'Histoire; mais outre qu'ils sont en petit nombre, et très courts, les auteurs, à qui nous en sommes redevables, se sont défié de leurs forces; ils ont craint de manquer d'haleine dans des ouvrages de plus longue durée.

— Pourquoi les anciens ont-ils eu des Thucydides, des Xenophons, des Polybes, & des Tacites? pourquoi ne pouvons nous leur comparer que des St. Réals, des Vertots, des Sarrazins? nous ne devons point attribuer cette difette à la decadence de l'Esprit humain. Il faut en chercher, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi, quelque raison nationale, quelque cause, qui soit particulière aux François.

Quatre qualités principales sont nécessaires aux Historiens.

1. Une critique exacte & savante, fondée sur des recherches laborieuses, pour la collection des faits.

2. Une grande profondeur en morale & en politique.

3. Une imagination sage, & fleurie, qui peigne les actions, qui deduisse les causes, & qui présente les réflexions avec clarté & simplicité; quelquefois avec feu, mais toujours avec goût & élégance.

4. Il faut de plus la constance dans le travail, un style égal & soutenu, & une exactitude infatigable, qui ne montre jamais l'impatience d'avancer, ni de lassitude pendant le cours d'une longue carrière,

Qu'on separe ces qualités, on trouvera des chefs-d'oeuvres parmi nous, des Critiqués, des Moralistes, des

Politi-

Politiques, des Peintres, & des literateurs laborieux, dont le produit nous surprend. Mais qu'on cherche ces qualités rassemblées, on manquera d'exemples à citer entre nos Auteurs. — The Critic then takes a rapid review of the French Historians, and proceeds to make the following lively remarks on the difficulty of writing History in France, and the volatile character of his countrymen — J'ai déjà prévenu l'une des plus grandes difficultés pour les auteurs; ils devoient être en même tems hommes de cabinet & hommes du monde. Par l'étude on ne connoit que les anciens, & les moeurs bourgeoises; & dans la bonne compagnie, on perd son tems, l'on écrit peu, et l'on pense encore moins. . . .

L'haleine manque à un écrivain François faire de constance; il entreprend légèrement de grands ouvrages, il les continue avec nonchalance, il les finit avec dégoût: s'il les abandonne quelque tems, il ne les reprend plus, & nous voyons que tous nos continuateurs ont échoué. La lassitude du soir se ressent de l'ardeur du matin. C'est de là qu'il nous arrive de n'avoir de bon, que de petits morceaux, soit en poésie, soit en prose. . . . nous n'avons que . . . des morceaux Historiques, & presque pas une Histoire générale digne de louange. — Choix des Memoires de l'Academie, &c. Londres, 1777, tom. III. p. 627.

END OF THE NOTES TO THE SECOND EPISTLE.

NOTES

TO THE THIRD EPISTLE.

Note 1. Verse 30.

AND shake the affrighted world with dire portents.] There is a curious treatise of Dr. Warburton's on this subject, which is become very scarce; it is entitled, "A critical and philosophical Enquiry into the causes of prodigies and miracles, as related by Historians, with an Essay towards restoring a method and purity in History." It contains, like most of the compositions of this dogmatical Writer, a strange mixture of judicious criticism and entertaining absurdity, in a style so extraordinary, that I think the following specimens of it may amuse a reader, who has not happened to meet with this singular book. — Having celebrated Rawleigh and Hyde as writers of true historic genius, he adds: "almost all the rest of our Histories want Life, Soul, Shape, and Body; a mere hodgepodge of abortive embryos and rotten carcases, kept in an unnatural ferment (which the vulgar mistake for real life) by the rank leaven of prodigies and portents, Which can't but afford good diversion to the Critic, while he observes how naturally one of their own fables is here mythologiz'd and explain'd, of a church-yard carcase, raised and set a strutting by the inflation of some hellish succubus within."

with him. He then passes a heavy censure on the antiquarian publications of Thomas Hearne; in the close of which he exclaims:—"Wonder not, reader, at the view of these extravagancies. The Historic Muse, after much vain longing for a vigorous adorer, is now fallen under that indisposition of her sex, so well known by a depraved appetite for trash and cinders."— Having quoted two passages from this singular Critic, in which his metaphorical language is exceedingly gross, candour obliges me to transcribe another, which is no less remarkable for elegance and beauty of expression. In describing Sallust, at one time the loud advocate of public spirit, and afterwards flaring in the robberies of Caesar, he expresses this variation of character by the following imagery:—"No sooner did the warm aspect of good fortune shine out again, but all those exalted ideas of virtue and honour, raised like a beautiful kind of frost-work, in the cold season of adversity, dissolved and disappeared." *Enquiry*, &c. London, 1727, page 17. On *Francio* now the *Gallic* page is mate, *And British Story drops the name of Brute.*] The origin of the French nation was ascribed by one of the Monkish Historians to *Francio*, a son of *Briam*: Mr. Warton, who mentions this circumstance in his Dissertation on the origin of romantic fiction in Europe, supposes that the revival of Virgil's *Aeneid*, about the sixth or seventh century, inspired many nations with this chimerical idea of tracing their descent from the family of *Phan*. There is a very remarkable proof in the Historian Matthew of Westminster, how fond the English

were of considering themselves as the descendants of the Trojan Brutus. In a letter from Edward the First to Pope Boniface, concerning the affairs of Scotland, the King boasts of his Trojan predecessor in the following terms:— Sub temporibus itaque Ely & Samuelis prophetarum, vir quidam strenuus et insignis, Brutus nomine, de genere Trojanorum, post excidium urbis Trojanæ cum multis nobilibus Trojanorum applicuit in quandam Insulam tunc Albion vocatam, a gigantibus inhabitatam, quibus sua et suorum seductis potentia et occisis, eam nomine suo Britanniam sociosque suos Britannos appellavit, & ædificavit civitatem quam Trinovantum nuncupavit, quæ modo Londinum nuncupatur. **MATT. WESTMON. p. 439.**

Note III. Verse 73.

And Bacon's self, for mental glory born,
Has Moets, his her slave, our pity, or our scorn.] I wish not to dwell invidiously on the failings of this immortal Genius; but it may be useful to remark, that no Historical work, though executed by a man of the highest mental abilities, can obtain a lasting reputation, if it be planned and written with a servility of spirit. — This was evidently the case in Bacon's History of Henry the VIII: it was the first work he engaged in after his disgrace, and laid as a peace-offering at the feet of his master, the despicable James, who affected to consider his great grandfather, the abject and avaricious Henry, as the model of a King. It was therefore the aim of the unfortunate Historian to flatter this phantasy of the royal pedant, for whom he wrote, and he accordingly
formed

formed a colossal statue to represent a pigmy. — It is matter of astonishment that Lord Bolingbroke, who in his political works has written on the vices of this very King, with a force and beauty so superior to the History in question, should speak of it as a work possessing merit sufficient to bear a comparison with the ancients: on the contrary, the extreme awkwardness of the task, which the Historian imposed upon himself gave a weakness and embarrassment to his style, which in his nobler works is clear, nervous, and manly. This will particularly appear from a few lines in his character of Henry. — “This King, to speak of him in terms equal to his deserving, was one of the best sort of wonders, a wonder for wise men. He had parts, both in his virtues and his fortune, not so fit for a common-place as for observation . . . His worth may bear a tale or two, that may put upon him somewhat, that may seem divine.” — He then relates a dream of Henry’s mother, the Lady Margaret: but the quotations I have made may be sufficient to justify my remark; and, as Dr. Johnson says happily of Milton, “What Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Bacon, diminish in some degree the honour of our country?”

Note IV. Verse 92.

And of that mountain make the statue of a King.]

An allusion to the Architect Dinocrates, who offered to cut Mount Achos into a statue of Alexander the Great.

— *Note N^o Verse 97.* *As, crowned with Indian laurels, nobly won, &c.]*
 This story is told on a similar occasion by Lucian. Having asserted that historical flatterers often meet with the indignation they deserve, he proceeds to this example: *ὡςπερ Ἀριστοβελὸν μονομαχίαν γράψαντος Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Πάρου, καὶ ἀναγνοντος αὐτῷ τὸ τοιοῦτον τοῦ χωρίου τῆς γραφῆς. (ὡςτο γὰρ χαριεσθαι τα μεγαλειότη βασιλεί, ἐπιψευδομένος ἀριστείας τινὰς αὐτῷ, καὶ ἀναπλαττῶν ἔργα μείζω τῆς ἀληθείας) λαβὼν ἐκεῖνος τὸ βιβλίον (πλεοντεσὶ δ' ἐτυγχάνον ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ τῷ Ὑδάσπει) ἐρρίψεν ἐπὶ κεφαλὴν ἐς τὸ ὕδωρ, ἐπειπὼν “Καὶ σὲ δὲ οὕτως ἔχρην, ὦ Ἀριστοβέλε, τοιαῦτα ὑπὲρ ἐμῆς μονομαχίας, καὶ ἐλεφαντὰς ἐν ἀκοντίῳ φονευόντα.”* LUCIAN, Edit. Riollay, p. 28.

The Critics are much divided on this passage: I have followed an interpretation very different from that adopted by a learned and judicious author, who has lately entered into a thorough discussion of all the anecdotes relating to this celebrated Conqueror, in a very elaborate and spirited dissertation, entitled, “*Examen critique des Historiens d’Alexandre,*” Paris, 4to, 1775. But there is great probability in his conjecture, that the name of Aristobulus has slipped into the story by some mistake; and that the sycophant so justly reprimanded was Onesicritus, who attended the hero of Macedon in quality of Historiographer, and is censured by the judicious

cious Strabo as the most fabulous of all the Writers who have engaged in his History. For the reasons which support this conjecture, see the book I have mentioned, page 19.

— **Note VI. Verse 115.**

In Dedications quietly inurn'd,

They take more lying Praise than Ammon spurn'd.]

As History is the composition most frequently addressed to Princes, modern Historians have been peculiarly tempted to this kind of adulation. — Indeed Dedications in general are but too commonly a disgrace to letters. Perhaps a concise History of this species of writing, and the fate of some remarkable Dedicators, might have a good influence towards correcting that prostitution of talents, which is so often observed in productions of this nature; and such a work might be very amusing to the lovers of literary anecdote. — The two most unfortunate Dedications that occur to my remembrance, were written by Joshua Barnes, and Dr. Pearce, late Bishop of Rochester: The first dedicated his History of Edward the III^d, to James the III^d, and unluckily compared that Monarch to the most valiant of his predecessors, just before his timidity led him to abdicate the throne: the second dedicated his edition of Tully de Oratore to Lord Macclesfield, and as unluckily celebrated his patron as a model of public virtue, not many years before he was impeached in parliament, and fined £. 30,000 for the iniquity of his conduct in the office of Chancellor.

Note VII. Verse 135.

*Still can Herrera, mourning o'er his urn,
His dying pangs to blissful rapture turn.]* Antonio

de Herrera, a Spanish Historian of great reputation, describes the death of Philip II in the following terms: —
“Y fue cosa de notar, que aviendo dos, o tres horas antes que espirasse, temido un paroxismo tan violento, que le tuvieron por acabado, cubriendole el rostro con un panno, abrio los ojos con gran espiritu, y tomó el crucifixo de mano de Don Hernando de Toledo, y con gran devocion, y ternura le besò muchas vezes, y a la imagen de nuestra Sennora de Monserrate, que estava en la candelá. Pareció al Arçobispo de Toledo, a los confesores, y a quantos se hallaron presentes, que era imposible, que naturalmente huviesse podido bolver tan presto, y con tan vivo espiritu, fino que devio de tener en aquel punto alguna vision y favor del cielo, y que mas fue rapto que paroxifino: luego bolvió al agonía, y se fue acabando poco a poco, y con pequenno movimiento se le arrancò el alma, domingo atreze de Setiembre a las cinco horas de la mañana, siendo sus ultimas palabras, que moria como Catolico en la Fè y obediencia de la santa Iglesia Romana; y assi acabò este gran Monarca con la misma prudencia con que vivio: por lo qual (meritamente) se le dio el atributo de prudente. Hist. General del Mundo, por Ant. Herrera, Madrid 1612. Tom. III. f. 777.

“After speaking so freely on the vices of this Monarch, it is but just to observe, that Philip, who possessed all the sedate cruelty of the cold-blooded Octavius, resembled

bled him also in one amiable quality, and was so much a friend to letters, that his reign may be considered as the Augustan age of Spanish literature. — His most bloody minister, the merciless Alva, was the Mæcenæ of that wonderful and voluminous Poet, Lope de Vega. I cannot help regretting that the two eminent Writers, who have lately delineated the reigns of Charles the Vth, and his Son Philip, so happily in our language, have entered so little into the literary History of those times.

Note VIII. Verse 158.

Nor hope to stain, on base Detraction's scroll,

A Tully's morals, or a Sidney's soul!] Dion Cassius, the sordid advocate of despotism, endeavoured to depreciate the character of Cicero, by inserting in his History the most indecent Oration that ever disgraced the page of an Historian. — In the opening of his 46th book, he introduces Q. Fufius Calenus haranguing the Roman senate against the great ornament of that assembly, calling Cicero a magician, and accusing him of prostituting his wife, and committing incest with his daughter. Some late historical attempts to sink the reputation of the great Algernon Sidney, are so recent, that they will occur to the remembrance of almost every Reader.

Note IX. Verse 179.

Nor less the blemish, tho' of different kind,

From false Philosophy's conceits refin'd! &c.] The ideas in this passage are chiefly borrowed from the excellent observations on History in Dr. Gregory's *Comparative View*. As that engaging little volume is so generally

rally known, I shall not lengthen these Notes by transcribing any part of it; but I thought it just to acknowledge my obligations to an Author, whose sentiments I am proud to adopt, as he unites the noblest affections of the heart to great elegance of mind, and is justly ranked among the most amiable of moral writers.

Note X. Verse 218.

To speak no Falsehood; and no Truth suppress.] Quis nescit, primam esse Historiae legem ne quid falsi dicere audeat? deinde, ne quid veri non audeat? De Oratore, Lib. II.

Voltaire has made a few just remarks on the second part of this famous Historical maxim; and it certainly is to be understood with some degree of limitation. The sentence of the amiable Pliny, so often quoted — *Historia quoque modo scripta delectat* — is liable, I apprehend, to still more objections.

Note XI. Verse 266.

A waste of Genius in the toil of Knolles.] Richard Knolles, a native of Northamptonshire, educated at Oxford, published, in 1610, a History of the Turks. An Author of our age, to whom both criticism and morality have very high obligations, has bestowed a liberal encomium on this neglected Historian; whose character he closes with the following just observation:

“Nothing could have sunk this Author in obscurity, but the remoteness and barbarity of the people whose story he relates. It seldom happens, that all circumstances concur to happiness or fame. The nation which produced this great Historian, has the grief of seeing

his

his genius employed upon a foreign and uninteresting subject; and that Writer, who might have secured perpetuity to his name, by a History of his own country, has exposed himself to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprizes and revolutions, of which none desire to be informed." RAMBLER, Vol. III. N. 122.

Note XII. Verse 330.

And read your just reward in Brady's fate!] Robert Brady, born in Norfolk, was Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge, which he represented in Parliament. — He was Master of Caius College, and Physician in ordinary to James II. He published, in 1684, a History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the death of Richard the Second, in three volumes folio: and died in 1700. — His character cannot be more forcibly expressed, than in the words of a living Author, who has lately vindicated the ancient constitution of our country with great depth of learning, and with all the energy of genius inspired by freedom.

"Of Dr. Brady it ought to be remembered, that he was the slave of a faction, and that he meanly prostituted an excellent understanding, and admirable quickness, to vindicate tyranny, and to destroy the rights of his nation." STUART'S View of Society in Europe. Notes, page 327.

Note XIII. Verse 381.

Like the dumb Son of Cræsus, in the strife.] Herodotus relates, that a Persian soldier, in the storming of Sardis, was preparing to kill Cræsus, whose person he

did not know; and who, giving up all as lost, neglected to defend his own life; a son of the unfortunate Monarch, who had been dumb from his infancy, and who never spake afterwards, found utterance in that trying moment, and preserved his father, by exclaiming "O kill not Croesus."

Note XIV. Verse 387.

Less eager to correct, than to revile.] This is perhaps a just description of *The polemical Divine*, as a general character: but there are some authors of that class, to whom it can never be applied. — Dr. Warson, in particular, will be ever mentioned with honour, as one of the happy few, who have preserved the purity of justice and good manners in a zealous defence of religion; who have given elegance and spirit to controversial writing, by that liberal elevation of mind, which is equally removed from the meanness of flattery and the insolence of detraction.

Note XV. Verse 393.

The noble instinct, Love of lasting Fame.] There is a most animated and judicious defence of this passion in Fitzosborne's Letters. — But I must content myself with barely referring my Reader to that amiable Moralist, as I fear I have already extended these Notes to such a length, as will expose me to severity of criticism. Indeed I tremble in reviewing the size of this Comment: which I cannot close without entreating my Reader to believe, that its bulk has arisen from no vain ideas of the value of my own Poem, but from a desire to throw collected light on a subject, which appeared

to me of importance, and to do all the justice in my power to many valuable writers, whom I wished to celebrate. — Those who are inclined to censure, will perhaps think this apology insufficient; and I foresee that some hasty Critics will compare the length of the Poem with that of the Annotations, and then laying down the book without perusing either, they will apply (perhaps not unhappily) to the Author the following lively couplet of Dr. Young:

Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

F I N I S.

to me of importance, and to do all the justice in my power to many valuable writers, whom I wished to commend. — Those who are inclined to censure, will perhaps think this apology insufficient; and I foresee that some busy Critics will compare the length of the Poem with that of the Annotations, and then laying down the book without perusing either, they will apply (perhaps not unaptly) to the Author the following lively couplet of Dr. Young:

It seems, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to disagree on what we say.

EPISTLE II.

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.

BY
JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

First published in the year

1744.

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
H. E. A. L. T. H.

BY
JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

First published in the year.

1744.

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*, whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature paints,
And on th' immortal effences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!!
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tract
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain
When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wretched host
Of Pain and Sickness, equalid and deform'd,

* Hygeia, the goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends 15
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air; whatever plagues
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid watry element, 20
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
 Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change 25
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure; or if aught 30
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world;
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,
 Averts the general ban; and but for thee 35
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
 Without thy cheerful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no Poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then, with me, O Goddess, heavenly gay! 40
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
 "How best the fickle fabric to support
 Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 A healthful mind the longest to maintain." 45

'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best; and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey,
 Yet with thy aid the secret Wilds I trace
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Thro' paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile!
 O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
 Thou long the favorite of the healing powers,
 Indulge, O MEND! a well-design'd essay,
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
 My little knowledge with my country share;
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sickning, and the living world
 Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
 With diabolical mortality. It is not Air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature; when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements:
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass

Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more 80
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay,
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbring Deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest; and (tho' the lungs abhor 85
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thundring chimneys, tame
 The putrid steams that overwarm the sky;
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode 90
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood; 95
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky; 100
 A kindly sky! whose soft'ning power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some Woodland scene where nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive
 To us there wants not many a happy Seat! 105
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,
 Proud of her bands, imperial Windsor sits;

There

There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
 Fast by the slowly winding Thames; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage
 O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham! — But if the busy Town
 Attract thee still so toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kemish hills in chearful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides: a meagre Fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sickning land:
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow: a short relief from former ills
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom

Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the Sorceress, in her fated wrath,
 Relinquish them to the furies of her train;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
 Thig'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of Skies, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil and watry reign
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let every mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung.
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For Air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes the attenuated lymph
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood

A mass

A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins; 179
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man 180
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers grow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185
 Of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element, 190
 Or hazy atmosphere: Tho' Custom moulds
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive 195
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
 Of watry exhalation; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog; 200
 Sollicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
 And weed the forest; and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames. 205

Mean

Mean time at home with chearful fires dispel
 The humid air: And let your table smoke
 With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase. 210
 Generous your wine, the boast of ripning years;
 But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens,
 But neither these nor all Apollo's arts, 215
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
 The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live. 220
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long flow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air; 225
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied 230
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess

Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen Sherbet the sickle taste relieve. 240
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge 245
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night, 255
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.
 Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague? 265
 Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds

That

That drown or wither: Give the genial West 270
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun 274
 Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
 And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the * Cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280

There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep,
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.

And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285
 O'erhung, defends you from the blunt ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.

O! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295

To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just

And

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the com-
 mon briar.

And natural movements of th' harmonious frame;
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' etherial deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
 Involve my hill! And wheresoe'er you build;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epfom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd;
 Dry be your house; but airy more than warm.

Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your voice,
 Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
 In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
 And still at azure noontide may your dome
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
 And theatres open to the south, commend?
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
 More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales

That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet; 335
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The soft'ning sun: whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat 340
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
 Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
 If not the soul, the regent of this world, 345
 First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

THE
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A' desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight:
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again

Refund'd; scourg'd for ever round and round;
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
 Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20
 It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
 Are open to its flight, it would destroy
 The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
 Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
 Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide 25
 That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
 Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
 Of plastic fluids hourly barters down,
 That very force, those plastic particles
 Rebuild: So mutable the state of man. 30
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expence of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art, 35
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
 The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which thro' fine arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40
 Or for the public, or some private use.
 Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
 Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,

Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste 50
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
 Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast; and let sagacious age 55
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread 60
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
 Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,
 In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke. 65
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
 Indulge the veteran Ox; but wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise 70
 Refin'd and scanty fare: For, old or young,
 The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste 75
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
 The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)

Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, 89
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes;
Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours. 91
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With chearful ease and succulent repast
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity. 95

I could relate what table this demands
Of that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange, 100
Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins, 105
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore,
Some even the generous nutriment detest 110
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts

Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign;
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with every stomach. But (except
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boild and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)
 Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
 Or heave with sev'rish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
 Or much diminish or too much increase
 Th' expence, which nature's wise oeconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.
 Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
 The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve: Of milder feeds
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish; tho' fabling Greece resound

The Thracian feeds with human carnage wild. 149
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;
 But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this power within, 150
 Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous Man
 Is by superior faculties misled;
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, 154
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
 Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
 And know that temperance is true luxury.
 Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim. 160
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen, 165
 Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
 Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
 But that which binds the mercenary vow?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade? 170
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound, 175
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,

Without

Without one fool or flatterer at your board,

Without one hour of sickness or disgust,

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,

Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 182

Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,

Each other violate; and oft we see

What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,

From combinations of innoxious things.

Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine 185

To hermit's diet needlessly severe.

But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,

Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal

Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,

Of every realm. It matters not mean while 190

How much to-morrow differ from to-day;

So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,

To change obnoxious, be to change injur'd.

But stay the curious appetite, and taste

With caution fruits you never tried before. 195

For want of use the kindest aliment

Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage

Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste

Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd 200

This bent of nature; that few simple foods,

Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,

But by excess offend. Beyond the sense

Of light refecton, at the genial board

Indulge not often; nor protract the feast 205

To dull satiety; till soft and slow

A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul

Oppress'd,

Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdueds 216
 The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd,
 The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
 Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215
 Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?
 Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows 220
 How to disburden the too ruin'd veins,
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair 225
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
 When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait 230
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb 235
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
 And

And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds, 240
 Long tols'd and famish'd on the wintry main;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire 246
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
 But prudently foment the wandering spark
 With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:
 Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give 250
 At first; that kindled, add a little more;
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
 Extremes have each their vice; it much avails 255
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that; So nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury 260
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life,
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen looms;
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 265
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed: 270

Then

Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
 The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
 A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand;
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
 The dreaded *Caufos roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
 Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter when the invigorated year
 Emerges; when Favonius flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky;
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
 The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;
 Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. — Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

* The burning fever.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole:
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave
 Potmona hates them, and the clownish God
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
 Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know
 These, and their willing slave the deer that crops
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills,
 Girt by the burnig Zone, nor thus the South
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind, maintains:
 Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Adult and dry, no sweet repast affords;
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
 Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
 Its tumid feryour and tempestuous course;
 Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these;
 But here in livid ripeness melts the Grape
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
 Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows:
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields

A gene-

A generous pulp the Coco swells on high
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail
 The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets. 335
 Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. 340
 Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.

What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste
 Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls. 346
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
 Supports in else intolerable air
 While the cool Palm, the Plaintain, and the grove
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage 350
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din 355
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs,
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song,
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves 361
 A mighty flood to water half the East;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The cheerless Tanaïs pours his hoary urn

What

What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades 365
 Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world? 370
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain, 375
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
 Command) to praise your crystal element: 380
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live. 385
 O comfortable streams! With eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins,
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the fires of human kind. 390
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails, 396

Long

Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain
 The choice of water. Thus the *Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School:
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
 The most insipid; the most void of smell.
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
 Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
 And summer's heat seethe. The crystal stream,
 Through rocks resounding, for for many a mile
 O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurld, yields wholesome, pure,
 And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
 And half the mountains melt into the tide.
 Tho' thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
 The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
 As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals;
 (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
 Squalid with generation, and the birth
 Of little monsters;) till the power of fire
 Has from prophane embraces disengag'd
 The

Hippocrates.

The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes

The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow. 430

But where the stomach indolent and cold

Toys with its duty, animate with wine

Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields

A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;

Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all 435

The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss

Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught;

And furious with intoxicating fire;

Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd

Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,

Enbalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine, 441

The puny wonders of the reptile world,

The tender rudiments of life, the slim

Unravellings of minute anatomy,

Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain. 445

We curse not wine: The vile excess we blame;

More fruitful than th' accumulated board,

Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught

Faster and surer swells the vital tide;

And with more active poison, than the floods 450

Of grosser crudity convey, pervades

The far remote meanders of our frame.

Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,

Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck

Of sober vows! — But the Parnassian Maids 455

* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,

The

* See Book IV.

The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife, 460
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expells
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power 465
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays 470
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein 476
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your banè: and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds. 480

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm, 485
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life

Gliblier

Gliblier to play: But youth has better joys :
 And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain! 490

What dextrous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
 No morning admonitions shock the head.
 But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace, 495
 And that incurable disease, old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on 500
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow. 505
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
 The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,

N 2

Condens'd

- * In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood.

Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood. 510

Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.

Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes; 515

Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.

But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.

For still the beating tide consolidates 521

The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.

This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 525

Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;

It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.

This is the period few attain; the death

Of nature; thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 530

Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd,

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;

And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crash of thunder and the warring winds, 536

Shook

blood. From this gradual condensation of the final-
ler vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger
ones, the progress of the human body from in-
fancy to old age is accounted for.

Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. 540
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rust by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night 545
Again involve the desolate abyss:
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space, 550
Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep; 555
The old descending, in their turn to rise.

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH:

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has past;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the sickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies; 20
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25
 When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life;
 Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast, 30
 And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life;
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid; if exercise were pain
 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these 35
 Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
 Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone; 40
 The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
 Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year; come, let us stray 45
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.

Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost 50
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurys' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine 55
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake 65
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er 70
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, 75
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream, 79
Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!

May

May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charin'd with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd;
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
 With the well-imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod sollicite to the shore
 The straggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains,
 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 To haunt the peopled stream; the Garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight.
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.

O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone:
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
 The vigo best, and best conducts the stream;
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of champain.
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
 Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
 With witless wantonness to hurt it down:
 Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
 Of

Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace 150
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman 155
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance. 160
 Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
 Or naked stubble; where from field to field
 The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are 165
 Whom still the * meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind 170
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:

The

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *Reward or Prize*.

The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
 Acquire a vigour and springy activity
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk
 At first but saunter, and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
 Well knows the master of the flying steed,
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play,
 On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm,
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation: Oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
 Asthma and feller * Peripneumony,
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th'

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the dusty chace,
Or the warm deeds of some important day,
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of Science; and devote seven years to toll.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds

He

He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause 235
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs,
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of Nard and Cassia freight, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.

'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;

'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft; or reach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways. 255
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce

In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

While this eternal, this most copious, waste 260
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,

Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move: But this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265

The functions labour: From this fatal source

What

What woes descend is never to be sung.

To take their numbers were to count the sands

That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;

Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils

The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 270

Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,

This grand expence, on which your fates depend,

To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart

The genius of your clime: For from the blood 275

Least fickle rise the recremental steams,

And least obnoxious to the styptic air,

Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.

The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads

His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;

And hence our painted ancestors defied 281

The East: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures

Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:

Except by habits, foreign to its turn, 285

Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.

Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less

By long acquaintance: Study then your sky,

Form to its manners your obsequious frame,

And learn to suffer what you cannot shun. 290

Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n

To fortify their bodies, some frequent

The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,

I praise their dauntless heart: A frame so steel'd

Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts 295

That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;

The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,

No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.

But

But all things have their bounds; and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen 300
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life

Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things. 305

Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar: For by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power, 310
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritanla, or the sultry West,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free

Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood,
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell, 320

With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The fluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil,
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce 325

(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue Age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms 330

Are

Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;
So doubtless do your wives : For married fires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart. 335

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340
'Tis wisely done : For while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast 345
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :
And ye whom no luxuriance of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.

But from the recent meal no labours please, 350
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :
A work of time : and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise, 355
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.

The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands : The lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard : By those you 'scape 360
The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,

To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
 Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel! 365
 But from the burning Lion when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
 Too much already maddens in the veins,
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade 370
 Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove,
 No needless flight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
 To shady walks and active rural sports 385
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
 While the soft evening saddens into night? 380
 Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil 385
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
 A pleasing lassitude: He not in vain
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose: On him the balmy dews 390
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,

And

And waken chearful as the lively morn;
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest 395
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy dæmons hurl; or in the main
 O'erwhelm; or bury struggling under ground. 405
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain, 409
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought:
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
 What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers 415
 Reveal'd of old and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give

Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
 Or whether, thro' the redious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430
 Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435
 Creep on, and thro' the sickning functions steal.
 As, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind 445
 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence with long repose 450
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense and pow'rless every limb.
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard matrafs or elastic couch 455
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down:

Nor

Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 466

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her; and all sudden change, 465
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a milder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring, a milder Summer glows; 475
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year, 480
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiser fires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, 485
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade!
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains

Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
 With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem
 With what diseases; what the humid South 495
 Prepares, and what the Demon of the East:
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500
 And taught already how to each extream
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505
 Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs;
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
 Be Celsus call'd: The Fates come rushing on;
 The rapid Fates admit of no delay. 510
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care, 515
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
 The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil,
 We die; of want, of superfluity; 520

The

The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
 Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
 Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
 Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft 525
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530
 Albion the poison of the Gods has drank,
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
 While, for which tyrant England should receive, 535
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
 Another plague of more gigantic arm
 Arose, a monster never known before, 540
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head,
 This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land. 545

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires. 550
 Thro' all the yielding pores, the melted blood

Gush'd out in ymoaky sweats; but nought assuag'd
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555
 They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
 At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, 561
 A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
 Harra'ss'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep 565
 Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
 The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide: 570
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams:
 As if the pent-up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign. 575
 Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race 580
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untaunted 'scap'd;
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
 In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates pursu'd.
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
 To seek protection in far distant skies;
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
 Was then at enmity with English blood,
 For, but the race of England, all were safe
 In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taste
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
 Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
 Involv'd them still! and every breeze was baneful.
 Where find relief? The salutary art
 Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs;
 Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
 Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.

Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then 613
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell, and oft one bed, they say,
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend
 Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires 620
 That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye powers
 That o'er th' incircling elements preside!
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven 625
 Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
 That awe proud Gail, to Thule's wintry reign;
 While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
 The death of cowards and of common men: 630
 Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
 And other themes invite my wandering song.

THE
ART
OF PRESERVING

HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,

The use of Toil and all external things,

Already sung; it now remains to trace

What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:

And how the subtle Principle within 5

Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay

The passive Body. Ye poetic Shades,

Who know the secrets of the world unseen,

Affist my song! For, in a doubtful theme

Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways. 10

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)

A spark within us of th' immortal fire,

That animates and moulds the grosser frame;

And when the body sinks escapes to heaven,

Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods. 15

Mean while this heavenly particle pervades

The mortal elements; in every nerve

It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain,
 And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
 The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20
 Wields at its will the dull material world,
 And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
 Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself,
 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25
 The solid fabric: for by subtle parts
 And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
 By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. 30
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
 These the still crumbling frame rebuild; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd)
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay. 36
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails,
 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd, 40
 Nor akes itself, nor gives the body pain.
 But anxious Study, Discontent; and Care,
 Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
 The Lover's paleness; and the fallow hue

Of

Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence 50
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd, 55
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please
Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest! 60
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, 65
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
To Fable shift; from serious Antonine 70
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength; 75
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend

What

What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns, 80
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit, 85
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the body knows embitter life.
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care, 90
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
 There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
 A mournful visionary light o'er spreads 95
 The chearful face of nature: earth becomes
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
 What'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
 Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems 100
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves;
 And all the horrors that the murderer feels
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes, 105
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
 For while yourself you anxiously explore, 110

Timorous

Timorous Self-love, with sickning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason: some for fear of want

Want all their lives; and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests: and first the Daemon Fear; 120

That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,

And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.

Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?

And what avails it, that indulgent heaven 125

From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,

If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,

Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?

Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,

Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,

Appall the surest hour that life bestows. 131

Serene, and master of yourself, prepare

For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the Body, by long ails mistun'd,

These evils sprung the most important health, 135

That of the Mind, destroy: and when the mind

They first invade, the conscious body soon

In sympathetic languishment declines.

These chronic Passions, while from real woes

They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140

Infest the soul, admit one only cure;

Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.

Vain

Vain are the consolations of the wife;
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd 145
To soft distress, or friends untimely fal'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, 150
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day. 155
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky, 160
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul:
And in the hardy camp and toillome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.
But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain, 165
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round, 170
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:

The

The happiest you of all that e'er were mad, 175
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
 But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,
 Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook; 180
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man;
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For prodigal of life in one rash night
 You lavish'd more than might support three days. 185
 A heavy morning comes; your cares return
 With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
 May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
 Involves you; such a dastardly despair 190
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
 When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
 He saw two Suns, and double Thebes ascend.
 You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch;
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first 195
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine,
 Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
 A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift, 200
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
 And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect 205
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour

Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
 Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
 Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
 They hardly know you; or if one remains
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
 Despis'd; unwept you fall; who might have left
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
 The Precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
 He still remember'd that he once was young;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied Man: and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

Our

Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours 'tis mine,
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. 240

But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of sauntering Joy
 Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings 245
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate

Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds,
 Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick, 250
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all is vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend; be busy even in vain
 Rather than teize her sated appetires. 255

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260

But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
 And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;

Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still 265
 A faithless Heart betrays the Head unsound.

Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)

Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;

'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270

Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son

Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth;

This is the solid pomp of prosperous days; 275

The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame

On this foundation, which the secret shock

Defies of Envy and all-sapping time.

The gawdy gloss of fortune only strikes 280

The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,

The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd

By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,

Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness 285

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate

Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth

That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;

Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave, 290

Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much-neglected use,

Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants

Are few; and without opulence supply'd.)

This noble end is, to produce the Soul; 295

To shew the virtues in their fairest light;

To make Humanity the Minister

Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast

That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage 300

Sometimes declain'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught

Truths

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
 And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
 Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
 He knew, as far as Reason can controul 305
 The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine;
 Form'd in the School of Pain, I relate
 What Passions hurt the body, what improve;
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and serene 310
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.
 Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
 Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
 It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
 Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths 315
 Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
 Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
 Is Hope: the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast, 320
 And yet no friends to Life: perhaps they please
 Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;
 Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,
 The ill-tam'd Russian, and pale Usurer,
 (If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould) 325
 May safely mellow into love; and grow
 Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
 Love in such bosoms never to a fault
 Or pains, or pleasures. But, ye finer Souls,
 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill 330
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
 That beauty gives; with caution and reserve

Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares,
 For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
 Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
 The wholesome appetites and powers of life
 Dissolve in languor. The rosy stomach loaths
 The genial board: Your cheerful days are gone;
 The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled,
 To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart;
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
 And that fomented into serious love;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance:
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.
 The body wastes away; th' infected mind,
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness; forgets
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
 Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms
 Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd,
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
 A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,

Too

Too serious, or too languishingly fond, 365
Unnerves the body and immans the soul.
And some have died for love; and some run mad;
And some with desperate hands themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair, 370
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.

'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls 375
The wound; to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with every sting,
And what was Love before is Madness now. 380

Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still: When Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose Imagination, spurs you on 385
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates.

Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue, 390

A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.

For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan; 395
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.

Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues 400
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part,
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
 Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
 Diseases haunt you; and untimely Age
 Creeps on; unsocial, impotent, and lewd. 405
 Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, chearfulness, and health!
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who plies with Love, or in lascivious flames 410
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad;
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast, 415
 And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
 With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
 Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength,
 How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man 420
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
 Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades, 425
 But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.

For,

For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;
 As is the Passion, such is still the Pain
 The Body feels: or chronic, or acute,
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
 The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
 And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit
 Is Health, and only fills the sails of life.
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
 A generous folly spurns th' incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
 Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
 Keep Lent for ever; and forswear the Bowl.
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may be wrong;
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight;
 'Tis not too late, to-morrow to be brave;
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.

But calm advice against a raging fit 460
 Avails too little; and it braves the power
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,
 And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well; see as you ought to see, 465
 And wonder at the madness of mankind:
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
 The speculations of your wiser hours.
 Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow: 470
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate:
 What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid: 475
 With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
 With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
 And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.
 There is a Charm, a Power, that sways the breast;
 Bids every Passion revel or be still; 480
 Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves;
 Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair,
 That power is Music: Far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods, 485
 Who move no passion justly but Contempt;
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;
 Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest peals,
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels; 491
 And,

And, with insipid shew of rapture, die
Of ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire; 495
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In Love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast; 500
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true, 505
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable powers of Hell, 510
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd 515
One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

THE END.

THE END.

[illegible]

THE
CONCUBINE;
A
POEM
IN TWO CANTOS.

In the MANNER of SPENSER.

BY
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

THE

CONCUBINE

IN TWO ACTS

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS WICKIE

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN this Poem was first offered to the Public, it was not accompanied with any prefatory Address, by which either the intention of the Writer might be explained, or the candour of the Reader solicited. The former the Author *then* thought unnecessary, and the latter he flattered himself his performance would meet with from those who are enabled to judge of the difficulty of the attempt; and from those only he could wish it. To solicit candour for the poetical execution he still declines, for Taste is not to be bribed; but perhaps justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

Had it not been objected by some of his friends (and that others perhaps may object the same) that his Poem is deficient in connection, the Author would never have attempted any defence of it on that particular. What the ingenious Hurd says of Horace's Epistles, ought also to be the character of every other poem: "The subject of each epistle," says he, "is one; that is, one single point is prosecuted through the whole piece, notwithstanding that the address of the poet, and the delicacy of the subject, may sometimes lead him through a devious track to it." In illustration of this single point a method is necessary, but it must be a *poetical* one; which, as the same Critic observes, "though uniform and consistent, is never more artificial

cial than when least apparent to a careless inattentive reader:" for, to use the words of the same author, "as there must needs be a connexion, so that connexion will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and Inconnexion."

To the truth and certainty of these remarks, the Author would willingly appeal, in vindication of his Poem from the charge of inconnexion. Pope has directed, that we should

"In every work regard the author's end."

Yet perhaps this precaution has not been sufficiently attended to by those who have pronounced, that the interest of the Poem is neglected, or that the story is not properly pursued.

Some perhaps, misled by the title, have been surprised to find so much attention bestowed on the Knight, and so little on the Concubine: but let it be observed, that the Knight is the proper subject, as the delineation of the character of a Man of Birth, who with every other advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the Public and himself, is evidently proposed. Nor could the Author suspect he had ever lost sight of his cue †, through all the excursions he

Canto I. Stanzas XI, XII.

† Cant. II. Stanza I. First Edition.

has made; excursions, into which he was led rather from a conviction that they tended to the completion of the character, than from any inattention to the unity of his story.

If therefore the delineation of the character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following Argument.

After an invocation to the Genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first amour with his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumed, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character, — in his domestic elegance of parks, gardens, and house — in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters — behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother — and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

It is an established maxim in criticism, That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world; to throw therefore a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the

Gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the writer which must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of **THE CONCUBINE**.

Some reasons perhaps may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose bringing it into general use were indeed highly absurd: yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only say, That the fullness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the manner of Spenser is so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

Oxford, April 20, 1769.

THE
CONCUBINE.

CANTO I.

*The mirthful bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleasures faerie land,
Where Vertues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.*

AWAKE, ye West Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake:
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmonds* moulderling turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grafs and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

Q 2 II. O for

* The castle of the earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was the residence of Spenser, while he was employed on the FAERIE QUEENE.

II.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
 That powre of charme thy Naiads once posselt,
 Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
 Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
 Of haples SPENSER; long with woes opprest,
 Long with the drowfie Patrons smyles decoyd,
 Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
 No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
 The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wish, while rapt in visions blest
 The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
 Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest,
 Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
 By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
 Farre from the crowd, the carelesse Bard supine:
 Oh happy man! how innocent and gay.
 How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
 Ah! could a sigh avails, such sweete calme peace were
 mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
 Unbidden transportes through my bosome swell;
 With pleasing reverence awd my eyes survey
 The hallowed shades where SPENSER strung his fliest.
 The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
 Still through the woodlands wilde and beauteous rise
 The hills greene tops; still from her moss-white cell
 Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
 And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

V. Then

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
 Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
 Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
 And round your SPENSER ever gladfom play!
 Oh come once more! and with your magick ray
 These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene:
 The lawns already own your vertual sway,
 Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
 In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the skye, with cliff on cliff ypid,
 Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose;
 From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
 And redd with blossomes hung the wildings boughs;
 On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
 On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
 Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose;
 From whence a reverend wizard through the shade
 Advaunst to meet my steps, for here me seemd I strayd.

VII.

White as the snowdrop round his temples flowd
 A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
 Meint with Heavens lightning, social mildnesse glowd;
 Yet when him list queynt was his leer and flie,
 Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
 For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
 The soul of worth and warme hart-honestie:
 Such winning grace as Age but rare bestows
 Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering
 ring rose.

VIII.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
 A purple girdle loosely tyd his waist
 Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
 And halfe conceald and halfe reveald his vest,
 His vest of silk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
 What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
 A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
 To speech, he points it to the mazy way
 That wide and farre around in wildest 'prospect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy desire
 The wildernesse of Life extensive lies;
 The path of blustering Fame and warlike Ire,
 Of scowling Powre and lean-bond Covetise,
 Of thoughtless Mirth and Follys giddy joys;
 And whither all those paths illusive end;
 All these at my command didactick rise,
 And shift obedient as mine arm I bend,
 He said, and to the fielde did strait his arm extend,

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
 But certes, lever would I see and hear,
 How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
 And fairest bloome no ripend fruit will bear;
 Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
 To see the shoots of Vertue shrink and dy,
 Untimely blasted in the soft greene ear;
 What evil blight thus works such villany,
 To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

XI.

Ah me! how little does unthinking Youth
 Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
 Full oft, quoth he, my bosom melts with ruth
 To note the follies of their early stage,
 Where Dissipations cup full deepe they pledge;
 Ne can the Wizards saws disperse to flight
 The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
 Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde Spright
 From Pleasures servile bands release the luckless Wight.

XII

This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick Eyes
Was 'vew'd from hence. Thus, though the rural
scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire becene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more,
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight —
Fleet as he spake fill rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a goodlie baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dumpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

XIV.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
 And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
 What pleasure mote a learned wight enjoy
 Among the hills and vales and shady bowres,
 To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
 The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
 The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
 So high, and with his bloome fawns the morne,
 And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorne;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
 Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
 The velvet-coated peach; the plumb so hore,
 The neetrines redd; and pippins, shene to see,
 That nod in everie gale with wanton glee,
 How happy here with Woodstocks laughing Swain
 And Avon's Bard of peerlesse memorie
 To saunter through the daffie-whitened plain,
 When Fancys sweetest Impe Dan Spenser joins the train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were these unknowne;
 Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
 And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
 And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
 Such happines bloomed faire around his hed.
 Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taste,
 From him, alas! dear homeselt Joyaunce fled,
 And sweete Content soon from his walks did haste,
 For soon his Concubine became his constant pest.

XVII. Just

XVII.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
 Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
 As careless sauntering through the elm-fenced green,
 He with his book beguiled the closing day,
 The dairy-Maid hight KATHRIN friskd that way;
 A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
 For much she wisht the lemmans part to play;
 Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past,
 Ne enterd in his hart or wish or thought unchast.

XVIII.

Right plump she was, and raddie glowd her cheek,
 Her easie waiste in milch-white boddice dight,
 Her golden locks curld downe her shoulders sleek,
 And halfe her bosome heaving mett the sight,
 Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
 Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
 With wanton merrimake she trips the Knight,
 And round the yunkling makes the clover flye:
 But soon he starten up, more gamesom by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth she; you think to win a kiss,
 But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
 Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
 Yfere they fell; but loud and angrie then
 Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
 While bashfully the weetelesse Boy did look;
 With cunning smyles she vewd his awkward pain;
 The smyte he caught, and eke new corage took,
 And Kathrin then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy Boy
 One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
 But well his Aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
 And sore she feard her auncient familie
 Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
 For, sooth to tell, her liefest harts delight
 Was still to count her princely pedigree
 Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
 Then up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
 From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
 Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
 And Kathrins bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:
 Yet could she not with cunning portauance shroud,
 So as might best succcede, her good intent,
 But clept her lemman and vild flutt aloud;
 That soon she should her graceless thewes repent,
 And stand in long white sheet before the parson thent.

XXII.

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
 And prompt the scenerie rose, where listlesse lay
 The Knight in snadie bowre by streamlet lavd,
 While Philomela soothd the parting day:
 Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
 And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
 The knight was touchd — but she with soft delay
 And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
 And of base falserie th' enamourd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,

And, faultering oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;

And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.

And need, quoth she, need I my hart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?

Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers care —

By you deserted — ah! unhappy me!

Left to your Aunts fell spight and wreakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt? quoth he, forsooth, shall she command!

No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,

He laughing said; and would have caught her hand;

Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face

With prudish modestie, and sobd, Alas!

Grant me your bond, or els on yonder tree

These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,

Ah, wellady! shall hang my babe and me,

And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,

As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree;

The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright

The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:

And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?

That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside;

What more I more? Housekeeper shalt thou be.

An awfull oathe forthwith his promise tied,

And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell sick with very dole to see
 Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine
 To think, what well she knew would shortly be,
 Cadwallins blood debas'd in Kathrins line;
 For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
 Syr Knight, for all that care which she did take!
 How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
 Has she sat up rare cordial broths to make,
 And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
 Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
 Gently as sleep the wearie lids invades,
 So soft, so gently Pleasure mines her way:
 But whither will the smyling fiend betray.
 Ah, let the Knights approaching dayes declare!
 Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
 Bestrews her path, to desarts colde and bare
 The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

XXVIII.

Ah! says the Wizard, what may now availe
 His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
 His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
 His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore?
 Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
 Th' enchanted cup of Dissipation hight
 Has shedd, with subtil stealth through everie pore,
 Its giddie poison, brewd with magicke might,
 Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, traird in dreary wastes
 To chase the foming bore and fallow deer,
 At first the traders beverage shyly tastes;
 But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whileare,
 Inflam'd, he lusts for the delirious cheer:
 So bursts the Boy disdainful of restraint
 Headlong at once into the wyld career
 Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
 And dull and yrkome hangs the day in sports unspent.

XXX.

Now fly the wassal seasons wingd with glee,
 Each day affords a floode of mering joy;
 The Springs green months ycharm'd with Cocking free,
 The jolly Horserace Summers grand employ,
 H's Harvest Sports the foxe and hare destroy;
 But the substantial Comforts of the Bowl
 Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
 With England's cause, and swell his mightie soul,
 Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynaild on cloggs of wood
 Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
 The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
 Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
 delve and dale;
 To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you pale;
 Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
 Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
 And not one circumstance will he forgett,
 So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

XXXII. Now

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with sparckling eyes
Beholds the springing Racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on the ratling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The Knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noise throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight persewd the shadow Joy
As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the careless wight
Resigns himselfe to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe such piteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, the reck, one myle bellow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so,
She conns, and freely sues her native bent;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went,
Though peevish was her spleen and rude her jolliment.

XXXV. As

XXXV.

As when the linnett hails the balmy morne,
 And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
 Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
 He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
 Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
 The more he flutters still the more foredone:
 So fares it with the Knight: each morning brings
 His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling shun,
 For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoarie western hill
 The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
 When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
 And mildlie warm the falling dew begin,
 The gamesom Trout then shews her silverie skin,
 As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
 Watching the buzzing flies that never blin,
 Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
 While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands;
 Well has the Urchin markt her mery play,
 An ashen rod obays his guilefull hands,
 And leads the mimick fly accross her way;
 Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
 The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
 Semblaunt of life with speckled wings so gay,
 Then flylie nibbling prudish from it flies,
 Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the ruthlesse twitch;
 Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypright
 Deepe in her gills, and plunging where the beech
 Shaddows the poole she runs in dred affright;
 In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
 In vain the fedy hook for help she tries;
 The laughing elfe now curbs, now ayds her flight,
 The more entangled still the more she flies,
 And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
 That wanton bounding and exulting joy,
 That lately welcomd the retourniing ray,
 When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
 APRIL walkd forth — ah! never more to toy
 In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies.
 Aie me! how like the fortune of the Boy!
 His days of revel and his nights of noise
 Have left him now involv'd, his Lemmans hapless prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her sway;
 The parke where rural Elegance had placed
 Her sweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
 Her happiest freaks, that Nature undefaced
 Received new charms; ah, see, how foul disgraced
 Now lies thiske parke so sweetlie wyde afore!
 Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
 The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
 And snowd with washing suds now yawns forby the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
 Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
 And daffodils in fayre confusion grew,
 Among the rose-bush roots and eglantine,
 These now their place to cabbages resign;
 And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
 Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
 Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
 And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
 Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
 In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
 Pomona and her buxom nymphes were seene,
 Or where the clear canal stretchd out arweene,
 Despy their locks with blossomes would they brede,
 Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
 Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
 They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread,

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
 In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain;
 The hillocks gently rising through the land
 Must now no trace of Natures steps retain;
 The clear canal, the mirrhour of the swain,
 And bluish lake no more adorne the greene,
 Two dirty watering ponds alone remain;
 And where the moss-sloord filbert bowres had beene,
 Is now a turnip fiede and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives **THRIFT**,
 All this devisd for trim Oeconomie;
 But certes, ever from her birth bereft
 Of elegance, ill fitts her title high.
 Coarse were her looks, yet smoooth her courtesie,
 Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
 And ever fixt on trifles was her eye,
 And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
 To save the smallest crumb her pleasure and desyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
 Fast at her side a bounch of keyes yhong,
 Dull Care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
 Thrift-teaching proverbs dropping from her tongue:
 Yet sparing though she beene her guesstes emong,
 Ought by herselfe that she mote gormandise,
 The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
 And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
 Albee in varied stream still was it covetise.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
 This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
 She was her genius and her counsellor:
 Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
 Bedeck each room; and much can she despise
 The Knights complaints, and thriftless judgment ill:
 Eke verid in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
 Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
 Though useles, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchasd still.

XLVII. His

XLVII.

His tenants whilom beene of thriftie kind,
 Did like to sing and worken all the day,
 At seedtime never were they left behind,
 And at the harvest feast still first did play,
 And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
 For well they knew to gaide their rural geer;
 All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
 They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
 Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
 No more with social hospitable glee
 The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
 No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
 Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie,
 When the blythe maydens foot the dewy green;
 But now, in place, hart-sinking penurie
 And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
 As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace
 And dark of look, a tawdry villain came,
 Muttring some words with serious-meaning face,
 And on the church dore he would fix their name;
 Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
 And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandfytres plowd
 Eer since black Edwards days, when, crown'd with
 fame,
 From Cressie field, the Knights old grandfytres prow'd
 Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allow'd.

LIX

But now the orphan sees his harvest felds
 Beneath the gripe of Laws stern rapine fall,
 The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
 Withdraws to some poor hutt, with earthen wall:
 And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
 For, sooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full sore
 Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
 Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
 It mote he keep, except she wuld the same before.

LII

Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
 What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
 Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
 Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee;
 Lo, manly Sense of princely dignitie,
 Witcd by thy spells, thy crouching slave is seen;
 Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
 And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
 Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

LIII

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
 Such ruthles bondage on his slave impose,
 As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can;
 Ne may the Knight escape or cure his woes;
 As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
 With painful strugling up the steep height strains,
 Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
 His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains;
 So toils the powreless Knight beneath his servile chains.

LIII. His

LIII.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
 Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing flie,
 Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
 As that grave birds which Athens rankt so high;
 Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
 The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
 And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
 Till not one pealant dares invade the game:
 But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just claim,

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
 Still yawns on everie long-depending case,
 The Knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
 Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
 While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
 And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
 See now what scenes his household hours debate,
 And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall,
 So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his call,

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien
 And discomposd yon stranger he receives;
 Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
 His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
 In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
 Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obey;
 Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
 Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
 The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
 Some generous cause did still his lips inspire,
 He begs the Knight by friendships long ago
 To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
 An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
 Sat Grief and pale Disease. The poor mans wrong
 Affects the Knight: his inmost hearts desire
 Gleams through his eyes; yet all confusd, and stung
 With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
 See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
 He steals the look to read his Lemmans will,
 Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
 Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
 His friend with scorne beholds his awkward pain;
 From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
 And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
 While manlie Honour frowns on his unmanly train.

LVIII.

Let other scenes now rise, the Wizard said:
 He waid his hand, and other scenes arose.
 See there, quoth he, the Knight supinely laid
 Invokes the household houres of learnd repose;
 And auncient Song its manly joys bestows:
 The melting passion of the Nott-brown Mayde
 Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows,
 Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
 He hears th' imagin'd faire, and woos the lovely shade.

LIX.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
 How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
 She with her banyshd love would fearlesse goe,
 And sweete would be with him the hardest cheer.
 Oh heaven! he sighs, what blessings dwell sincere
 In love like this! — But instant as he sighd,
 Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
 His Lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide
 The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride!

LX.

And must some Lemman of a whiffing song
 Delight your fancy! she disdainful cries;
 When strait her imps all bawling round her throng,
 And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
 Him chiefe in spleene the father means chastise,
 But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
 Yet for no fault, anon, in furions wise
 Yon yellow elfe she litle spares to kill;
 And then, next breath, does all to coax ins stubborn will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoſte that by the gleaming moon
 Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
 So pale and cold at hart, as halfe aswoon
 The Knight stares rount; yet good nor bad he ſed.
 Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
 His beſt reſolve ſoon as a meteor dies:
 His preſent peace and eaſe mote chance have fled,
 He deems, and yielding looks moſt wondrous wiſe,
 As from himſelf he hopd his grief and ſhame diſguiſe.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
 The hallowd temple of Content may be!
 While now his days abroad with groomes he worke,
 His mistresse with her tiefeft companie,
 A rude unletter'd herd! with dearest glee,
 Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame;
 And still anon the flask of ratiſie
 Improves their tales; till certes not a name
 Escapes their blaffing tongue, or goody, wench, or dame,

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones ſhe ſate,
 Making ſweete ſolace of ſome ſcandall new,
 A boiſtrous noiſe came thondring at the gate,
 And ſoon a ſturdie boy approchd in vew;
 With gold farre glitteraund were his veſtments blue
 And pye ſhapd hat, and of the ſilver ſheen
 An huge broad buckle glaunſt in either ſhoe;
 And round his necke an India kerchiefe cleane,
 And in his hand a ſwitch: a jollie wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he ſaild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
 Where ruddie Phoebus ſlacks his fire team;
 (With burning golde than flames th' etherial ſteepe,
 And Oceans waves like molten ſilver ſeem)
 Eke had he ſeen, with dimond glittering beam,
 The ſtarre of morne awake the roſeate day,
 While yet beneath the moone old Nilus ſtream
 Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
 As through the midnight ſkyes appears the milky way.

LXV. I

Through the Columbian world, and verdant isles
 Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped:
 Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer smiles
 At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spread,
 Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
 Where in the North the sun of noone is seene;
 Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
 Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene,
 Gama*, the deareling care of Beautys heavenly Queene.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
 Where bold Nearches young Ammons fleet did guide,
 A task so dred the world-subduing host
 Could not another for such featts provide:
 And often had he seen that ocean wide
 Which to his wearie bands, thilke youth did say
 None but th' immortal Gods had ever spoyd,
 Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
 That none more see it more als he the Gods did pray.

LXVII.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
 For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
 Through stormes, through tempests and the battels fire,
 Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope
 the while
 Of yet revisiting his natall soile:
 And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
 By Ethiopias coast or Javass ile,
 When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,
 The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie sail.

R 5

LXVIII. Hung

* Camoëns.

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds, at from his ayrie flight;
 With wide-spread wing unmov'd, the eagle bends,
 When, on old Snowdons brow prepar'd to light,
 Sailing the liquid flays he sheer descends:
 Thus oft, when roving fairs as wave extends,
 The fount of promise blis would warm the Boy,
 To meet his brother with each wish blends;
 And friendships glowing hopes each thought employ;
 And now at home arriv'd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
 To spy the streamlets of the elm-tree shade,
 Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
 He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
 But all was chang'd! — Unweetingly dismayd
 A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast;
 And who but Kathrin now is dearily frayd
 When entering in the kens the stranger guest:
 Then with sad mien the rose, and kindlie henn embrace.

LXX.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
 Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
 Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said;
 But what mishap! our infant familie,
 The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
 That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie pligh:
 What shall we do! — great were your courtesie
 To lodge in yonder tenants house to night;
 The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should
 fright.

LXXI. Blunt

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farm-house nigh
 To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
 Conducted by a gossip pert and fly:
 Kathrin the whiles her malengines prepares.
 Now gan the dusk suspend the plowman's cares,
 When from his rural sportes arrives the Knight;
 Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
 His hall resounds! — amaze the stranger wight
 Arreads it all as done to him in fell despite.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
 Of stranger guest, Go, bid him welcome here;
 What seeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
 You seek? says to the Boy the messenger.
 To see the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
 Syr Knight, he comes to come; the servant said.
 Go, bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
 But all contrarywise the faytor made,
 Till rage enflam'd the Boy, and till his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
 His fayre estate; and certes, well I read,
 He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.
 Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
 And wife he lookt, and wisely shook his hede,
 Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent,
 Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
 And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
 All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

CANTO II.

In misefull stownd Syr Martyn rews

His Youthbedes thoughtlesse stage

But Dissipation haunts him to

The blossomes of old age

LXXI

WITH gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resum'd. As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood,
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following still
our cue.

II.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;
Wyld by the banks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head;
And lowlie viletts kist the wanderers feet:

Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde so sweet.

III.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
 So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
 The pale-leaved palms and darker limes, among,
 To where a grotto lone and secret lay;
 The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
 Waves round the cave; and to the blue-breakd skyes
 A shattered rock towres up in fragments gray:
 The shee-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
 And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck reply.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had past the Summers morn,
 What time the wondering Boy to manhoode rose,
 When Fancy first her lawnskepess gan adorne,
 And Reasons folded budds their flowres disclose,
 What time young Transport through the spirits flows,
 When Nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
 When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,
 While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts
 explore
 The endlesse wyld of joys that Youth beholds in store.

V.

The Dryads of the place that nursd the flowres,
 And hung the dewdrop in the hycinth bell,
 For him employd their vertue-breathing powres,
 And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
 His Youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
 His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
 The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
 The lover and the father now combine,
 And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour join.

VI.

Of these layd reveries this the loved retreat
 Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy,
 Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
 Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
 Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy Boy!
 Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!
 Oh lost to peace, to elegance and joy!
 Th' ærial Genius of the cave returns,
 Whiles in the babbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as he spake the magicke lawnskepe rose,
 The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
 See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight bestows
 An hour to thought and Reasons whispers still;
 Whilst, as a nightly vision boding ill,
 Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
 TRUTH, gleaming through the fogs of blast will,
 Frowns on him sterne, and honest SHAME gins fayne
 In her reflective glass his lifes ignoble straine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
 How oft hast Thou, she cries, indignant vewd
 The titled Cypher and his solemn traine,
 The busie face and dull solicitude
 That, ever plodding in important mood,
 Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
 Nor soul, nor wish — whose vacant mind endewd
 With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
 For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of Fame:

IX. Who

THE CONCUBINE.

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IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire
By labouring in the British clime to rear
Those arts that quench'd proud Romes patrician life,
And bow'd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! besitting patriot peer!
Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall;
Such arts as sooth'd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall,
When Freedom bled unwept, and scor'd was Glorys call.

X.

While these thy breast with scorn indignant fire,
What other views before thee would disclose!
As Fancy painted and thy wish inspir'd,
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannias guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smiling on their learn'd repose,
Sees Manly Genius in their influence smile,
And spread the hallow'd streamer of Virtue round the isle.

XI.

How blest, ah Heaven! such selfe-approving houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Care's whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where Friendship sheds her purest fire!
And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreaht! — As loth the spendthrift stands,
Who sees the heldes bequeath'd him by his fire,
His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands,
So languid must I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII. Silence

XII.

Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclined on
 On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
 While softlie stealing on his languid mind
 The ideal scene would hold a moments sway,
 And the domesticke houre all smiles display,
 Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:
 Now through his hart would glide the sprightlie ray
 Where Married Love bids light his purest fires,
 Where Elegance presides, and wakes the Young Desires.

XIII.

Straight to his brawling Lemman turns his mind;
 Shockd he beholds the odious colours rise,
 Where selfishnesse, with pride and spleen combin'd,
 Form the companion whom he must despise,
 Incapable of sweete Affections ties:
 Grovelling, indelicate — Stung to the hart
 His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;
 But soon his passion bursts with suddein start:
 His children strike his thoughts with lively pierçant smart.

XIV.

The mothers basenesse in their deed he sees,
 And all the wounded father swells his breast:
 Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
 And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
 While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest:
 Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
 Where, crown'd with oake, with meadow flowres
 ydrest,
 His British chaplett, buxom Summer reigns,
 And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling plains.

XV. Still

XV.

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
 And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
 The fieldes still lengthening shew their crowded charms
 In fayre perspective and in richest guise:
 His sweeping scythe the white-sleeved mower plies,
 The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
 Acrosse the wheaten fiede the milkmayde hies,
 To where the kine, forby the reedy streame,
 With frequent lowe to plaine of their ful udders seeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erst an oak
 Dan Æols blustering stormes did long repell,
 Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock
 As the hore fathers of the village tell,
 With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell:
 But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
 And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
 Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
 And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains repose.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
 And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
 There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
 Farre as the sight. There, to the peacefull skyes
 The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise:
 Behind the wood a black and heathy lea,
 With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
 With here and there a lonlie blasted tree;
 And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

XVIII

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
 Shifts o'er the fields, now gilds the woody dale,
 The flocks now whiten, now the ocean bay
 Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale,
 And white from farre appears the frequent sail,
 By Traffick spread. Moord where the land divides,
 The British red-cross waving in the gale,
 Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
 And over the greene wave with lordlie port presides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
 Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air;
 Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
 Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care!
 To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
 And through the vassall seas triumphant reign,
 To either India waft victorious warre,
 To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
 And bid the British Throne the mighty whole sustain.

XX.

With what superiour lustre and command
 May stedfast Zeal in Albions Senate shine!
 What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand!
 How base the hand that can such Meed decline!
 And was, kind Fate! to snatch these honours mine?
 Yes! greene they spred and sayre they bloomed for me;
 Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine;
 Oh lost, vain Trifler, lost in each degree!
 Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI. Yet

XXI.

Yet, how the Fields of Worth luxurious smiles!
 Nor Africk yields, nor Chily's earth contains
 Such funds of wealth as crowne the Plowmans toils,
 And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
 Even on her mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
 And wildlie grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads.
 What noble Meed the honest Statesman gains,
 Who through these publique nerves new vigour feeds,
 And bids the Usefull Artes exalt their drooping heads!

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Looms
 His Countrys greatnesse, fees, on every tide,
 Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
 And spread her justice as her glories wide —
 Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
 Britannias Fleet! how long shall Pity mourn
 And stain thy honours! From his weeping Bride
 And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
 Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with hart forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with sinking hart his task he plies,
 His Brides distresse his restless Fancy sees,
 And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
 Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
 Ah! hither turn, ye Sonnes of Courtlie Ease,
 And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Intrest plead:
 Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
 Say, shall a Fathers anguish be his meed;
 His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blast each mighty deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boasts thy glorious name,
 O Thou reserv'd by Heavens benign decree
 To blast those artes that quench the British flame;
 And bid the meanest of the Land be free;
 Oh, much Humanity shall owe to Thee!
 And shall that palm unenvied still remain!
 Yet, hear, ye Lordlings, each severitie,
 And every woe the labouring fort sustain,
 Upbraids the Man of Powre, and blasts his honour vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long smother'd fires broke forth,
 The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
 Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the North
 Where bends the hill the founding chace appears;
 The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
 And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
 The Youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
 Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,
 Away! the jolly Huntsman cries; and Echoe sounds,
 Away!

XXVI.

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
 Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
 When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
 In vain their freefull haste explord the sent:
 But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent,
 The Huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd.
 Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
 How both the bancks he tratte, then backward plyd
 His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong aside.

XXVII. Eke

XXVII.

Eke had he mark where to the broome he crept;
 Where, hearkening every sound, an hare was laid;
 Then from the thickest bush he flylie lapt,
 And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
 Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
 Amid a briarie thicket: Emblem meet
 Of wylie starefinan of his foes adred;
 He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weer,
 On others, whilst himselfe winds off with slie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntsman now cheers on his pack,
 The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
 Then opening loud the beages sent the track
 Right to the hill, while thondring through the plain
 With blythe huzzas advance the jovial train:
 And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys
 Beat round and round the brake, but all in vain
 Their poles they ply, and vain their bathes and noise,
 Till plunging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
 The Villain bold, and wildly glares around.
 Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly;
 As oft recoils to guard from backward wound;
 His frothie jaws he grinds — with horrid sound
 The Pack atonce rush on him: foming ire,
 Fiers at his throate and sides hangs many a hound;
 His burning eyes flash wyld red sparckling fire,
 Whiles weltring on the swaird his breath and strength
 expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
 The Knight perceives it from his bake-crown'd hill,
 Down the steep furlie height he slow gan wend,
 With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
 While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
 And now, perch'd prowdlie on the topmost spray,
 The soorie Blackbird chaunts his vespers thrill,
 Whiles Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
 And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their
 way.

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains here
 Flames the red beam, while on the distant East
 Led by her starre, the horned Moone looks o'er
 The bending forrest, and with rays increast
 Ascends, while trembling on the dappled West
 The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
 The willows with a deeper green unprest
 Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
 Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland sway.

XXXII.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns brest;
 There, Passions-tearing gulls tempestuous rise.
 Are these, he murmurs, these my friends! the best
 That croud my hall! the Somes of Madning Noise,
 Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies;
 Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,
 Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise;
 Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
 And on my crimes even then their base-tongued witt
 employ.

XXX

XXXIII. Who-

XXXIII.

Whole converse, oft as fulsom Bawdrie fails,
 Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
 The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
 These modern ravings of Philosophy
 Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
 The witt of Ignorance and Gloss unfair,
 Which honest Dullness would with shame deny;
 The hope of Baseness vaumpt in Caudours air;
 Good Heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth
 repair.

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth shuns Thy reputelless dore,
 Even the old Peasant shakes his silverd head,
 Old saws and stories babling evermore,
 And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled!
 Here Indignation pauid, when, up the glade,
 Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends;
 Wakd at the sight, his Brothers wrongs upbraids
 His melting hart, and grieve his bosome rends:
 And now the keene Resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
 My Knight should rise the flowre of Chivalrie,
 Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
 Another Saint George England then should see,
 Britannias Genius should his Sabra bee,
 Chained to the rocke by Dragon to be slain,
 But he the Virgin Princeesse soon should free,
 And stretch the monster breathless on the plain;
 Bribery, the Dragon huge, should never rise again.

XXXVI.

Eke should he, freed from foul Enchanters spell,
 Escape his false Dneffas magick charms,
 And Folly quaid, yclepd in Hydra fell,
 Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms,
 While Bardes and Minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
 Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
 Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
 The gallant feast, servd up by Seneshall,
 To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
 And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
 Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
 Of Phantasie, that never yet befell.
 Uneath it is long habits to expell,
 Ne may the blest good hart its blifs secure,
 Ne may the livelie powre of judging well
 In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
 Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing sure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie JOVE bestowd
 On this faire Nymph: the historie thus is told,
 To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd:
 Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
 Some Peasants babe exposd to deadlie cold,
 And to a favourite Satyr gave to rear:
 Then, when the Nymph was fifteen springtimes old,
 Equipt her with the bow and Huntresse spear,
 And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome fere.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But ill her mind receiv'd fair *Phæbe* lore, nor need W
 Fain would she at the chace still lag behind:
 One sultry noone, as *Phæbe* sped afore, she went
 Beneath a leafy vine the Nymph reclind,
 And, Fan my breast, she cried, Oh Western Wind!
 Soon at the withd-for word *Favonius* came.
 From that day forth the conscious Nymph declind
 The near inspection of the Sovereign Dame;
 Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her
 shame.

XL.

Her throes with scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
 The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
 Still change thy blushing hue, the Goddes cryd:
 Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade
 Her limbs; and now, with sudden leaves arrayd,
 A *Russian Poppy* she transmewd remains;
 The various colours ever rise and fade,
 The tints still shifting mock the Painters pains;
 And still her drowsie mood the beauteous Nymph retains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
 Soft lapt, on balmy pimions farre away;
 And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry shore,
 From earliest youth the laughing Imp did play,
 For ever fluttering, debonair and gay,
 And restlesse, as the dove *Dencalton* sent
 To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
 Its branching head above the flooded bent,
 But ydlie bearing round the day in vain was spent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
 To sayre PARNASSUS groves she took her flight;
 There, culling flowrets of a thousand dyes,
 Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
 As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight:
 Ne ever did she climb the rwyforkt hill,
 Ne could her eyen explore its cloudy heighr,
 Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
 From Inspirations fount that ever doth distill.

XLIII.

Het sprightly levitie was from her Syre,
 Her drowsy dulness from her Mother sprong;
 This never would allow her mind aspyre,
 That never would allow her patience long.
 Thus as she lightly rovd the lawns among,
 High JOVE beheld her from his starry seat,
 And calld her DISSIPATION: Wilde and young
 Still shalt Thou be, he said; and this thy fate,
 On Man thy sleights employ, on Man that prowd ingrate.

XLIV.

All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
 And holds him injurd when my care denies
 The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue;
 And idle still his prayers invade my skies:
 But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
 Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
 Then be it Thine to spread before his eyes
 Thy changing colours and thy wyld-fire rays,
 And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.

XLV.

So swore the God; by gloomy Styx he swore;
 The Fates assented, and the Demon flew
 Right to the Seats of Men. The robe she wore
 Was starred with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
 Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
 As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
 The fleeting thurs the Swaynes with wonderview,
 And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
 But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor
 strays.

XLIX

but had she XLVI.

So shone the Nymph, and pranked in Pleasures guise
 With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth beset;
 Goodnesse of Hart before her yawns and dies,
 And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fit
 Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
 And still behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
 That never will their yron scourge remitt,
 Whenso the Fiend resigns her thralls to them.
 Sad case, I weet, where still Oneselfe Oneselfe must blame.

and y have draw XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres resigned;
 In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
 And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
 She sofelie stole: yet, while at times he sped
 To Contemplations bowre, his sight she fled,
 Ne on the mountaint with him durst bide,
 Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
 And in the social cup did slyly glide,
 And still his best-resolves eftscoones she scatterd wide.

XLVIII. And

XLVIII.

And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
 He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
 The smooth Deceiver gan his hart assaile;
 His hart soon felt the fascinating power;
 Old Cambria's Genius marks the fatal houre,
 And tore the girdle from her sea-green hair;
 The conscious oaks above him rustling lowre,
 And through the branches sighs the gloomy air,
 As when indignant Jove rejects the Flamens' prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove that oft had fir'd
 His opening mind with many a raptur'd dream,
 That oft his evening wanderings had inspir'd;
 All, by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
 Forsake him now; for all as lost they deem.
 So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
 His hall to keepe holiday more seem'd
 And with the Hunters soon full blythe was he;
 The blythest wight of all that blythesom companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
 Looks through the glen besprent with silver showre,
 Across the stubble, brushing off the dew;
 The youngling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
 And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
 And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
 The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
 The short resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
 But still the Youngling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor
 quail.

LI.

Yet still the quaint excuse is at command;
 The dog was rash, a swallow twitterd by,
 The gun hung fire, and keenness strook his hand,
 And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
 So can the Knight his mind still satisfye:
 A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION light,
 Still whispers some excuse, some gilden-ye,
 Himselfe did glid to cheat himselfe outright,
 God help the man bewitchd in such ingrations plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION still this Treachor waits,
 Obsequiously behind at distance due;
 And still to DISCONTENTS accursed gates,
 The House of Sorrow, these ungodlie Two
 Conduct their fainty thralls — Great things to do
 The Knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
 The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
 And now these Demons of the captive Mind
 Him to the dreary Cave of DISCONTENT resign.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
 Wide was the mouth, the rooffe all rudely rent,
 Some parts receive, and some exclude the Day,
 For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
 The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
 And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore;
 Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
 A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
 The which to vew so fayre the Captives grieved fore.

LIV. All

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
 An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spread;
 Here sat a Preeffe with eager furious stare
 Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
 Some drowfie Dronkards, looking black and red,
 Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
 A sprightlie Troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
 In chace of butterflies alert and keen;
 Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies
 I ween,

LV.

And oft, disgustfull of their variours cares,
 Into the Cave they wend with sullen pace;
 Each to his meet apartment denuy fares.
 Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
 The Dronkard sits. There, shent with foul disgrace,
 The thriftlesse Heir; and o'er his reeking blade
 Red with his Friends hart gore, in woefull cace
 The Duellist raves: and there, on vetchie bed,
 Crazd with his vaine pursuits, the Maniack bends his head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk, he scrawls
 Ships, coches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
 All that he wishd or feard his ghastlie walls
 Present him still, and mock his miserie.
 And there, self-doomd, his cursed selfe to flee,
 The Gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
 Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
 His drooping armes and white-reclining head
 Dim seen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed
 made.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
 The Keeper of the Cave all haggard satt,
 His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
 And blistering sores did all his carkas fret;
 All with himselfe he seemd in keen debate;
 For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew,
 Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
 He lookd him round, as if his hart did rew
 His former deeds, and mournd full sore his sores to view

LVIII.

Yet not Himselfe, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
 And dard his wisdom and his will arraigun;
 For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
 And of blinde governaunce did loudlie plain,
 While vild Selfe-pity would his eyes disdain;
 As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
 In dred of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
 And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound:
 Such fierce Selfe-pity still this Wights dire portauce
 crown'd.

LIX.

Near by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
 Where, in the silver age, CONTENT did wonne;
 This now was His: yet all more nought avail,
 His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
 But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
 Where every goodlie field thrice goodlie seemd.
 Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
 Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
 And suchlich was his Cave, that all with sorrowes teemd.

I.X. To

LX.

To this fell Caste gay DISSIPATION led,
 And in his purlieus left the hapless Knight.
 From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
 And fain recalld the treachrous Nymph from flight:
 But now the late Obtruder thuns his sight,
 And dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
 Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
 A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
 While Wine and merry Song beguiled his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, even as he raisd his slumbering head,
 The dreary Tyrant at his couch stood near;
 And ay with ruthlesse clamour gan upbraid,
 And wordes that would his very hartstrings tear.
 See now, he sayes, where sett's thy vain career:
 Approching eld now wings its cheerlesse way,
 Thy fruitlesse Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
 And aged Winter asks from Youth its stay;
 But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonour'd
 gray.

LXII.

Thou hast no friend: — still on the worthlesse Traine
 Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid:
 Even She on whom thy favours heapt remain,
 Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
 To kindly passion, and by motives led
 Such as the Planter of his Negroe deems;
 What profit still can of the wretch be made
 Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
 So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

LXIII. Thy

LXIII.

Thy Childrent too! Heavens! what a hopeless sight!

Ah, wretched Syre! — but ever from this scene

The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,

And in the Bowls wyld fever shuts his teene.

So pass his dayes, while What he might have beene

Its beauteous views does every morne present:

So pass his dayes, while still the raven SPLEEN

Croaks in his eares, The brightest parts mispent

Beget an hoarie age of grife and discontent.

LXIV.

But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,

Ye who can calmly spurn the spind Mayd,

Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse

That crushes to the dust the Parents head,

And rends that easie hart by You betrayd,

Boast not that Ye his numerous woes eschew;

Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,

Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;

For worthy is He still compar'd, perdie, to YOU.

G L O S S A R Y

to the foregoing Poem.

- ACCLOYD**, disgusted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, also.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.
Bale, harm, sorrow.
Beene, frequently used by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.
Beseene, becoming.
Blin, cease, blinman, Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait.
Carle, old Man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a Peasant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetise, Avarice.
Dan, a Prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Defly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dernly, sadly, secretly, eagerly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.
Estsoones, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, also.
Eld, Age.
- Else**, Young One, Child.
Erst, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.
Fay, Fairy.
Faytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fere, Companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.
Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, gan, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two Hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.
Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb *To have*.
Heure, Hair. Often used by Spenser.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, flattern, coarse.
Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.
Ken, v. to see.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree.
Leache, Physician.
Lemman, Mistress, Concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, basely, foolishly.
Liefest, dearest.

Malen-

- Malengines*, Persons villainously employed, Toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, Pastime.
Mery, pleasant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might.
Murk, dark.
Nathemore, not the more.
Nathlesse, nevertheless.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling.
Parfay, I an Asseveration.
Perdie, I quasi verily.
Piersant, piercing.
Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Preasse, n. s. a Crowd. So printed in the old Bibles, St. Mark, v. 27.
Propine, recompence.
Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, to leave.
Read, to warn, to prophesy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often used by Spenser.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, *rutblefs*, pity, pityless.
Salews, salutes.
Sell, saddle.
Semblant, appearance.
Seneshall, Master of Ceremonies, Steward.
Sheen, bright, shining, fine.
Shent, disgraced.
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, *soothly*, truth, truly.
Stownd, Emotion, Fit, Stir.
Stowre, the same as *Stownd*.
Straine, Tenor.
Suchlich, suchlike.
Sues, pursues, follows.
Teen, Grief, Sorrow.
Tbewes, Habits, Manners.
Thilk, this, that.
Traines, Devices, Traps.
Transnewd, changed, transformed.
Treachor, Traitor, Deceiver.
Troublous, troublesome.
Vild, vile.
Uneath, not easy, difficult.
Wareless, unsuspecting.
Wassal, festive.
Ween, weend or wend, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go.
Weet, much the same as ween.
Wcettefs, thoughtless.
Whilom, formerly.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, aliquid.
Whyleare, erewhile.
Wight, Person.
Wilding, the Crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreakfull, revengeful.
Yblends, mixes.
Ybleut, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthhede, quasi Youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives; but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon Formation in adding the letter *N*, as *Eyen*, *Eyes*; but this is mostly used in verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c.

THE
DESOLATION of AMERICA.

*Universa Italia arma adversus Romanos cepit. Quorum
ut fortuna atrox, ita causa fuit iustissima. Petebant
enim cani civitatem, cujus imperium armis tuebantur.*
Vell. Pat. I. 2. c. 15.

Through the dūn shades by frantic terror led,
From scenes of blood a hoary parent fled;
A tender virgin breathless with her fears,
Hung on his arm, and bath'd him with her tears:
With wearied steps, and with distracted air,
Follow'd the faithful partner of his care.
Through the lone shadows of surrounding night
Trembling they fled, for death pursued their flight.
And oft they stopp'd, and oft they turned their eyes,
Where a vast flame shot raging to the skies,
While ev'ry gale that mov'd the dusky air,
Pierc'd their sad ears with accents of despair.
Here horrid shouts of barbarous triumph flow,
Blended with groans, and mingling shrieks of woe:
There feeble wails and dying accents rise,
And rage remorseless thunders to the skies. —

Now silent had they reach'd a mountain's side,
 Whose paths unviolated forests hide:
 There paus'd awhile their steps, while each survey'd
 The distant ruin, from the friendly shade. —
 At length the wretched mother thus began,
 While down her cheeks the liquid sorrows ran.

And art thou, miserable daughter, prest
 Once more to thy afflicted parent's breast?
 And do these closing eyes thy form behold;
 These tears bedew thee, and these arms infold?
 Yet ah! what pangs, what horrors seize my mind,
 Ruin and death pursuing close behind!
 I see, I see swift bursting thro' the shade,
 The cruel soldier, and the seeking blade.
 And there the bloody cross of Britain waves,
 Pointing to deeds of death and host of slaves,
 To them unheard the wretched tell their pain,
 And ev'ry human sorrow sues in vain:
 Their harden'd bosoms never knew to melt;
 Each woe unpitied, and each pang unfelt, —
 See! where they rush, and with a savage joy,
 Unsheath the sword, impatient to destroy.
 Fierce as the tiger, bursting from the wood,
 With famish'd jaws, insatiable of blood!

Yet, yet a moment, the fell steel restrains;
 Must Nature's sacred ties all plead in vain?
 Ah! while your kindred blood remains unpilt,
 And Heaven allows an awful pause from guilt,
 Suspend the war, and recognize the bands,
 Against whose lives you arm your impious hands! —

Not

Not these the boast of Gallia's proud domains,
 Nor the scorch'd squadrons of Iberian plains;
 Unhappy men! no foreign war you wage,
 In your own blood you glut your frantic rage;
 And while you follow where Oppression leads,
 At ev'ry step a friend or brother bleeds. —

What! could the Sabine wives, with mournful
 charms,

Suspend the clamours of destructive arms? —
 With locks dishevell'd, swifter than the wind,
 They rush'd along, and left their fears behind.
 Though round their heads the winged terrors flew,
 No wounds they dreaded, and no dangers knew;
 'Till prostrate on the ground the mourners lay,
 Before their lords, and wept their rage away:
 'Till each stern cheek confess'd the silent tear,
 Down dropt the sword, and pointlefs wav'd the spear. —
 O'er haughty Rome did pity then prevail,
 And shall our tears, our mightier anguish fail?
 Ye Western maids! that pale and trembling wait
 The mournful tidings of your country's fate;
 Or led like me by desp'rate fear, explore
 The midnight forest, and the desert shore;
 O, let your bosoms catch the noble fire,
 And emulate the virtue you admire!

Haste, rush with me, to yonder fatal field,
 Where slaughter rages, and the valiant yield! —
 Be no soft wreath around your temples roll'd;
 No filken bands your tender limbs infold;
 Throw ev'ry lighter ornament aside,
 Which luxury affords to female pride,

When heighten'd beauty shoots her keenest rays,
 And lovers catch fresh transports as they gaze,
 Now torn and soild be the robes you wear,
 Such as beset the daughters of despair!
 Bid your loose tresses float disorder'd round,
 Your throbbing bosoms bare to every wound! —
 With all the eloquence of female fears,
 Persuasive accent, and resistless tears;
 The frantic gesture, and the panting breast,
 That swells with woe too great to be express'd! —
 These are the only arms which nature gave
 Your feeble sex; — yet these may win the brave.
 Go then, ye wretched mourners! — nor disdain
 To dash your tender bodies on the plain,
 Although polluted with the crimson flood
 Of thousands slain, and wet with kindred blood. —
 Meet the stern warrior in his dreadful way,
 And bid the bloody tide of conquest stay!
 And oh! tho' nature shudder at the deed,
 Embrace their knees, their cruel hands impede!
 'Till the wide west behold its hopes restor'd,
 And half mankind deliver'd from the sword. —
 Wretch that I am! with female weakness blind,
 What sudden rage, what phrenzy clouds my mind? —
 Can tears, or prayers, the dreadful debt atone? —
 Are Britain and her crimes so little known? —
 It will not be — their bosoms cannot yield,
 By guilt, revenge, and all the furies steel'd. —
 When the fell eagle, stooping from above,
 Shall spare the suppliant weakness of the dove;
 Or when the raging lion shall refrain
 From blood, tho' hunger-goaded to the plain;

Then

Then may ye strive with prayers and tears to stay
The sons of rapine, rushing on their prey.

Then hope, farewell! — e'en now the fiends prevail.
And sounds of horror sadden every gale.
Lo! where the sacrilegious flames arise,
And desolation blazes to the skies!
Farewell, lov'd seats, whose ruins strike my ear,
For ever sacred, and for ever dear!
Where'er around I turn my mournful eyes,
Sad scenes of human miseries arise.
Triumphant rage, revenge, and death are there,
And all the vanquish'd feel, and all the victors dare.

Ye faithful partners of my happier state!
And now the dear companions of my fate!
Expell'd, forlorn, beneath a wintry sky,
Whither, ye wretched mourners, will ye fly?
I saw your long and sad procession go,
Bending beneath unutterable woe.
Each virgin wept, and every mother prest
A helpless infant, trembling at her breast. —
Here wretched youth bewails, with frantic air,
It's hopes so soon extinguish'd by despair;
There, more inur'd to grief, the matron stands,
With haggard eyes, and vainly-lifted hands;
While weak and tottering age, chain'd down below,
Only to drain the bitter cup of woe,
Unapt to fly, and impotent to save,
But asks the dreary blessing of a grave.

Farewell the hearth, farewell the cheerful board!
The humble roof with every comfort stor'd!

With all that bounteous Heav'n bestow'd in vain,
 To sweeten being, and alleviate pain!
 There, the wild rage of conflagration preys,
 Wide-sweeping through the gloom it's angry rays.
 Stern as the foe of nature in his walks,
 Amid the wreck the horrid soldier stalks.
 His unrelenting hand the wound prepares
 For those, whom ev'n the fiery deluge spares:
 Inspires new fury to the smoking flames;
 Or stabs the suppliant babe, and calls it fame!

Fly rather to the wild and pathless wood,
 Than trust the mercy of yon men of blood! —
 But oh! in vain to woods and wilds ye fly,
 No friend, no refuge, no assistance nigh,
 How will your weak and tender limbs sustain
 The piercing cold, the frost, the driving rain;
 When, ev'n the famish'd savage of the wood,
 Lurks in the covert, and abstains from blood? —
 Yet such must be your doom — to these ye fly
 Beneath the fury of a wintry sky.
 While wandering through the dank, unwholesome shade,
 Chill'd by the dews, by every blast dismay'd,
 Ye seek in vain, with torn and bleeding feet,
 The friendly cottage, and the warm retreat:
 What hope shall then the sense of ill control?
 What voice speak comfort to the fainting soul?
 When not a rising star, with feeble beams,
 Through the thick veil of midnight darkness streams;
 Nor sound is heard along the gloomy shore,
 But rushing tempests and the ocean's roar;
 Or savage monsters prowling for their prey,
 Or men more cruel and more fierce than they? —

For

For here, the venom'd serpent shoots his stings;
 Howls the gaunt wolf, the lurking tyger springs;
 And the fell Indian, Britain's ready aid,
 Wields his keen ax, and murders in the shade.

In vain, for food, the dying infant cries,
 With ghastly visage, and beseeching eyes: —
 The pious mother doom'd to certain death,
 For his dear sake, retains the fleeting breath;
 But while, with fatal tenderness, she drains
 The milky treasures, and exhausts her veins;
 She sees her breast deny it's balmy flood,
 And fills his guiltless mouth with streaming blood:
 Then with a bursting heart from pain retires,
 Looks up to Heaven, and on her babe expires.

Ye death-devoted bands! for you I groan,
 And in your dreadful doom behold my own.
 No more, no more in gentle smiles array'd,
 Death drops his lance, and woos me to the shade;
 But, arm'd with terrors, rises on my soul,
 And drives me vainly ling'ring to the goal.
 For you, whom now with dying eyes I view,
 Unhappy offspring! all my griefs renew. —
 O lov'd in life, and dear beyond the tomb!
 O wretched heir of all your parent's doom!
 Wreck'd in the port, without a pilot hurl'd,
 To meet the tempests of an adverse world,
 Who now shall shield your weak defenceless age,
 From want and misery, and hostile rage?
 Unhappy girl! what now avail thy sighs?
 Why dost thou turn on me thy faded eyes?

Why

Why round thy mother twine thy clasping arms,
 With mute expressive looks, and mournful charms?
 Oh! that my blood pour'd forth, had power to save,
 How joyful would I sink into the grave!
 Exulting rush, life's darken'd scene forego,
 And bless the Hand that bade me rest from woe!

O doom'd to ruin! why did Heaven ordain
 Thy entrance on this dreary world of pain?
 And why did I, fond mother, bless the morn,
 When first a child of misery was born? —
 But I, fond mother, hail'd thee to my arms,
 Heedless of fate, and gloried in thy charms.
 Transported saw thy opening beauties rise,
 Like some fair flower beneath propitious skies:
 But little knew, that ere life's noon was past,
 It's tender leaves must wither in the blast. —
 O wretch! whom nature's choicest gifts insnare,
 With beauty curs'd, and to thy ruin fair;
 Are these the scenes to which thy youth invites,
 The sacred torch and hymeneal rites;
 The altar where the anxious lover stands,
 And raptur'd wreathes the consecrated bands? —
 And where is he, the guardian, to whose arms
 Thy parents had decreed thy willing charms?
 Perhaps in honourable battle slain,
 He lies unburied, and pollutes the plain.
 Or pale and bleeding, draws his feeble breath,
 This instant struggling with the pangs of death:
 While some stern Briton views, with scornful eyes,
 The hero's fall, and mocks his agonies. —

And

And better, nobly falling in the strife,
To sink at once from infamy and life;
Then, for a loathsome being, lost to fame,
Basely survive to misery and shame.
For shame and misery alone remain,
The victor's insult, and the captive's chain.

— Eternal God! whose piercing eye can dart
Through all concealment's mazes, to the heart;
Whose power, when happy, we no more confess,
But taught by sufferings, in thy vengeance bless;
Outcasts of nature, by the world betray'd,
To thee we bend, all helpless and dismay'd:
Victims of human rage, of lawless hate,
And trembling on the dreadful verge of fate.
'Tis thine alone these terrors to control,
And rise in comfort on the troubled soul.
Thou with one glance can'st all these storms restrain,
And men shall threat, and Demons rage in vain! —

She ceas'd, and sunk upon her daughter's breast,
For grief unutterable choak'd the rest;
When with superior dignity of woes,
And more compos'd despair, the father rose.
Thrice on the dreadful scene he turn'd his eyes,
Then thus with arms extended to the skies.
— Not that, the victim of revenge and hate,
I perish by an undistinguish'd fate,
Shall fear appal, or passion shake my mind;
For all the hopes and joys I leave behind.
Be witness, Heav'n! that my firm breast disdains
To feel a sorrow for it's private pains. —
I see the horrors which around me wait;
Nor ask nor hope to deprecate my fate. —

Caught

Caught in the sweeping toil which covers all,
 Alike unpitied, and unmark'd I fall;
 My foot already trembles on the verge —
 I hear from far the dashing of the surge,
 But strive in vain to fly — so vast, so wide,
 Destruction rolling on, impels his wasteful side. —

But oh! my country, when I turn my eyes —
 Upon thy fall, and view thy miseries:
 Thy slaughter'd warriors, and thy captive dames,
 Thy roofs polluted, and thy towers in flames;
 Thy sacred walls by impious slaughter stain'd,
 Thy rights invaded, and thy shrines profan'd;
 By tides of grief, and shame, and fury tost,
 The boasted firmness of my soul is lost:
 Unmanly sighs from my swollen bosom break,
 And tears of anguish tremble on my cheek. —
 Devoted realm! what now avails thy claim,
 To milder virtue, or sublimer flame?
 Or what avails, unhappy land! to trace
 The generous labours of thy patriot race?
 Who urg'd by fate, and fortitude their guide,
 On the wild surge their desperate fortune tried;
 Undaunted every toil and danger bore,
 And fix'd their standards on a savage shore:
 What time they fled, with an averted eye,
 The baneful influence of their native sky;
 Where, slowly rising through the dusky air,
 The Northern meteors shot their lurid glare.
 In vain their country's genius sought to move,
 With tender images of former love,
 Sad rising to their view, in all her charms,
 And weeping wooed them to her well-known arms.

The

The favour'd clime, the soft domestic air,
 And wealth and ease were all below their care;
 Since there an hated tyrant met their eyes,
 And blasted every blessing of the skies.
 For not the winding stream, or painted vale,
 The sweets of summer, or the vernal gale,
 Were form'd to fetter down the noble soul;
 Beneath the magic of their soft control.
 Wherever nature bids her treasures rise;
 Or circling planets rush along the skies;
 Or ocean rolls his ever-ebbing wave;
 Has fate ordain'd a refuge for the brave;
 Who claims from Heaven, and Heaven allows the claim,
 To live with freedom, or to die with fame;
 And finds, alike contented with his doom,
 In every clime, a country, or a tomb.

O gen'rous souls, renown'd through every age,
 Vain were your labours, vain your patriot rage;
 Vain the great deed, when prodigal of blood,
 Ye stem'd oppression, and repell'd the flood.
 — What! though eternal fame display'd her meed?
 And earth admir'd, and Heaven approv'd the deed?
 When freedom reassum'd her awful reign,
 And justice triumph'd in a STUART slain?
 Again, exulting in their country's woes,
 A long successive race of tyrants rose —
 Fall'n, but not crush'd, the monster rais'd his head,
 With renovated poisons from his bed.
 With ten-fold rage he rear'd his crest on high,
 And sable wings that darken'd all the sky;
 Bent the wide East with unresisted sway,
 And blasted every virtue in his way. —

And

And now, no more by nature's bounds confin'd,
 He spreads his dragon pinions to the wind.
 The genius of the West beholds him near,
 And freedom trembles at her last barrier.
 In vain she deem'd in this sequester'd seat
 To fix a refuge for her wand'ring feet;
 To mark one altar sacred to her fame;
 And save the ruins of the human name; —
 He comes, he comes, exulting in his force —
 He comes — and desolation marks his course:
 Gloomy as night, stern as the kindred forms
 Of hell, and fiercer than a thousand storms. —

What boots it now, unhappy land! to boast
 Thy towering cities, or thy sea-girt coast?
 Where ocean saw unnumber'd navies ride
 Proudly triumphant on his subject tide;
 And from their teeming wombs, exulting, pour
 The varied produce of each distant shore.
 Ah! what avail thy widely-stretch'd domains;
 Thy waving harvests, or thy cultur'd plains;
 Thy lawns for plenty's choicest gifts renown'd;
 Thy swelling hills with purple vintage crown'd;
 Thy fav'ring suns that shoot propitious beams;
 Thy nodding forests, and thy rushing streams?
 Where late fair peace sat brooding o'er the plain,
 And gather'd nations to her halcyon reign:
 'Till mid the bleak, inhospitable wild,
 Order uprear'd her head, and nature smil'd?

Swift as the lightning shoots its angry glance,
 Through thy fair fields I see the pest advance.

Destru-

Destruction fills his hand; and in his haste
 He withers earth, and lays creation waste. —
 No more the ripening harvest waves its pride;
 Nor yellow canes their luscious treasures hide;
 Nor lowing herd the winding valley fills;
 Nor thousand flocks sport on a thousand hills;
 No more, at early dawn, the shepherd's voice
 Salutes the morn; or bids the groves rejoice;
 Nor breath of music floats along the glade;
 Nor maiden's song soft trilling through the shade;
 — But o'er the wasted fields and dreary plains
 In silent horror desolation reigns. —
 All sad and pale the wounded peasant flies;
 Fear urges on, yet oft he turns his eyes;
 And sees behind him, as he slow retires,
 His blazing cottage, and pursuing fires. —

But oh! what melancholy sounds I hear!
 What notes of anguish vibrate on my ear!
 Sounds that to every breast might ruth impart,
 And all but mollify a British heart.
 The cries of wretched mothers, that in vain
 Lament their fate, and mourn their children slain;
 The virgin's shriek who, trembling in the dust,
 Weeps the pollution of a ruffian's lust;
 The mangled infant's wail that, as he dies,
 Looks up in vain for pity to the skies;
 The stifled groans of fortitude distressed,
 Slow bursting from the wounded warrior's breast,
 That scorns his own, but mourns his country's fates;
 And sinks indignant from a world he hates.

Howl, howl, thou genius of the western shore!
 Thy hopes extinguish'd, and thy fame no more!
 The labours of an age at once laid low,
 Beneath the vengeance of a mightier foe!
 Wide o'er the ruin'd fields which once were thine,
 See! the proud bands of adverse Europe shine!
 See! daring prows thy vanquish'd waves divide,
 Sport on thy billows, and insult thy tide! —
 All that rewarded once thy children's toil,
 Riches and arts, become the victor's spoil.
 Thy swelling columns, thy majestic spires,
 Bow to their base, and moulder in the fires.
 The impious steel thy sacred haunt invades,
 And guilt and tyranny pollute thy shades.
 O'er all the scene insatiate vengeance reigns,
 Nor Heaven itself can vindicate its fane.

But oh! what rage these guilty deeds inspires!
 Who wields the falchion, and who hurls the fires?
 No foreign hate impels this storm of death,
 That rolls impetuous down, and crushes all beneath.
 Each claim rejected now, that once was priz'd,
 All piety condemn'd, and faith despis'd,
 See! the fell parent by the fiends possess'd,
 Plants her keen dagger in the offspring's breast!
 Inexorably fierce, alike unaw'd
 By shame, by nature, or by nature's god!

Vainly our fields have all their gifts supplied,
 To sate her luxury, or sooth her pride.
 Patient of sufferings, and unbroke by toils,
 In vain our race have yielded up their spoils;

And

And seen the sons of idle pomp consume
 Their fragrant treasures, and nectareous bloom,
 While fetter'd industry stood weeping by,
 And mark'd the teeming earth, and favouring sky,
 Mark'd, but not dar'd to use — Oh! impious pride! —
 The blessings Heaven bestow'd, but man denied,
 For her alone our commerce spread the sail,
 Through all our harbours, to the western gale;
 And every wave some precious offering bore,
 To deck her cities, or increase her store —
 Too fond of fame, and prodigal of life,
 Our warriors bled, where'er she wag'd the strife:
 On every shore, in every combat tried,
 For her they conquer'd, and for her they died. —
 Our industry and valour rear'd the mound,
 Where now she sits, and darts her rays around;
 And imp'd her flight, when touch'd by glory's flame,
 She spread her eagle wings, and soar'd to fame.
 But now no thought, nor memory remains
 Of all our former merits, and our pains.
 The future, Heaven; the past, oblivion hides;
 And friendship's slighted bonds the sword divides.
 Lo! Britain bended to the servile yoke,
 Her fire extinguish'd, and her spirit broke,
 Beneath the pressure of despotic sway;
 Herself at once the spoiler and the prey;
 Detest the virtues she can boast no more,
 And envies every right to every shore!
 At once to nature and to pity blind,
 Wages abhorred war with human kind,
 And wherefo'er her ocean rolls his wave,
 Provokes an enemy, or meets a slave. —

But free-born minds, inspir'd with nobler flame,
 Attest their origin, and scorn the claim.
 Beyond the sweets of pleasure and of rest,
 The joys which captivate the vulgar breast;
 Beyond the dearer ties of kindred blood;
 Or brittle life's too transitory good;
 The sacred charge of liberty they prize,
 That last, and noblest present of the skies.

These are the crimes, for which, in ruin hurl'd,
 The wrath of Britain bursts upon the world. —
 These are the crimes, for which our race must feel
 The flames of vengeance, and the ruthless steel;
 All ills, all wrongs that e'er the vanquish'd shar'd;
 All crimes remorseless conquest ever dar'd;
 Whate'er vindictive tyrants can decree
 For souls, that train'd to honour dare be free;
 Whatever horrors stigmatize the time,
 When guilt prevails, and virtue is a crime.

For impotent in rage, oppression calls
 The banded world to our devoted walls.
 Where'er the crimes of lawless power degrade
 The harden'd breast, and blood becomes a trade;
 Thence, lur'd by British gold, the spoiler leads
 His squadrons, and the brib'd assassin bleeds.
 Here, lost to all their former virtue, shine
 The venal legions of the servile Rhine:
 Hither, as to a certain quarry, flies
 The gloomy hunter from his frozen skies:
 But far more fell, more dreadful than the ren,
 From his dark forest springs the savage pest

Untaught

Untaught in open fields the fight to dare,
Or with firm foot await the coming war;
Through woods and wastes the silent mischief glides,
As hope of spoil, or thirst of vengeance guides;
Then like a tyger crouching by the way,
Forth rushes on his unsuspecting prey;
Torture and death alone his thoughts employ;
Blood his delight, and havoc all his joy;
The minister of hell, and Britain's hate,
Nature's abhorrence, and the scourge of fate!

— Yet, gracious Heaven! tho' clouds may intervene,
And transitory horrors shade the scene;
Though for an instant virtue sink deprest,
While vice exulting rears her bloody crest;
Thy sacred truth shall still inspire my mind,
To cast the terrors of my fate behind!
Thy power which nature's utmost bound pervades,
Beams thro' the void, and cheers destruction's shades,
Can blast the laurel on the victor's head,
And smooth the good man's agonizing bed,
To songs of triumph change the captive's groans,
And hurl the powers of darkness from their thrones!

— How long, O storm-tost vessel! wilt thou ride,
The sport of winds, and victim of the tide?
While all the elements thy wreck conspire,
The seas in tempests, and the skies on fire? —

— Yet let the lightnings flash! — the billows whelm!
Be firm, great pilot, nor desert the helm!
See! where a beam of everlasting light,
The gloom dispersing, rises on thy sight!

Promise of safety, harbinger of bliss;
To guide thee wandering on the vast abyss! —

O then unmov'd the mighty danger wait!
Nor sink below the measure of thy fate! —

Though from each quarter gathering tempests rise,

Though whirlwinds rock the earth, and tear the skies;

Let neither doubt impede, nor fear transport, —

These are the gales which waft thee to the port!

THE END.

THE
PEASANT of AUBURN;
OR
THE EMIGRANT.

By T. COOMBE, D. D.

The short and simple Annals of the Poor.

DARK was the sky, and fatal was the morn,
 When first from AUBURN's vale I roam'd forlorn.
 The neighbouring swains came pensive o'er the sea,
 And parting breath'd their last kind prayers for me.
 Ah! gentle souls, your prayers for me how vain,
 The man of sorrow, penury, and pain!
 Thus EDWIN mourn'd, pale, melancholy, slow,
 Where wild OHIO's sounding waters flow.
 The sun set low'ring on the plaints he made,
 And savage howlings doubly gloom'd the shade.

O Thou, in publick toils with glory tried,
 Whose high-born honours are thy humblest pride,

U 4

Whole

* It is almost superfluous to inform the reader that the
 hint of this little poem is taken from Dr. Goldsmith's
 Deserted Village.

Whose private worth, in fame's proud fane enroll'd,
 Time shall emblaze in characters of gold;
 Illustrious HOWARD! shield th' unpolish'd lays
 Which twine this cypress wreath around thy bays.
 And whilst thy breast matures each patriot plan
 That gladdens life, and man endears to man,
 Hear what big woes the village group beset,
 By AUBURN's pensive bard forgot too well.

Night o'er the scene her dusky horrors drew,
 The stars burn'd dim, the rapid whirlwind flew;
 E'en the lone cot denied its cheering ray,
 As o'er the wild the wanderer urg'd his way.
 No more the birds prolong'd their soothing strain,
 No more the landscape stole a pang from pain;
 In every bush destruction seem'd to hide,
 And hoarse beneath him foam'd the sullen tide.
 Amidst uncoffin'd bones, as thus he pass'd,
 Where many a gallant Briton breath'd his last,
 From distant hills strange fires began to glow,
 That mark'd the ravage of the barbarous foe.
 The scene, the hour, renew'd the trickling tear,
 When thus, with mingled groans, the mournful seer,
 God of my life! protect me as I stray,
 Where human wolves in murd'rous ambush lay.

Once I was blest beyond the peasant's lot,
 In humble neatness rose my little cot,
 I saw my whitening fleece the down adorn,
 I saw my valley wave with golden corn,

I saw

* This part of America was the scene of Braddock's
 defeat.

Deserted Village

I saw my duteous children round the bloom;
 Not envied pride its palace and its plume,
 Pleas'd with what heaven had lent, and far from strife,
 Calm, unrepov'd, I walk'd the vale of life,
 But vain the humblest hope the poor can form,
 When force oppression wings th' unfeeling storm.

Nor peace, nor love, nor merit's modest scope,
 Can or avert, or mitigate the blow.
 Alas! regardless of the suppliant train,
 The tyrant lord usurps the whole domain:
 The peasant's glebe, his garden's decent bound,
 The shade he rear'd, the lane with sweet briar crown'd,
 All, all must yield, as wills imperious pride,
 And e'en the straw-thatch'd cottage is denied.
 Hence, at this hour, by desperate sorrow led,
 A banish'd man, I roam the world for bread.

Yet witness heaven, tho' such thy chang'd decrees,
 Ne'er did I waste my hours in loitering ease;
 Ne'er did thy blessings prompt a wish to stray,
 Health nerv'd my limbs, and virtue bless'd my day,
 Constant at dawn to hardy toils I rose,
 Brav'd the bleak winds, and desolating snows;
 Whilst sweet contentment lent her magic power,
 Soften'd the gale, and warm'd the frozen shower,
 Still sad remembrance fondly calls to view
 The field where, once the branching poplar grew.
 'Twas there, when spring renew'd the ploughman's toil,
 My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged soil;
 There, with my sickle, thro' long summer days,
 I work'd, regardless of the noon tide blaze;
 And there the labouring band, as leisure sway'd,
 The bough-crown'd reaper, and the village maid,

Led up their sports along the bordering green,
 Whilst age look'd on, and bless'd the harmless scene,
 Such were my toils, in days too bright to last,
 Such joys were mine; but all those joys are past!

Mean tho' I was, and circled too with care,
 Yet, blest with little, I had still to spare.
 No neighbour's sorrows but assail'd my breast,
 No poorer brother left my door unblest.
 To all my mite, to some, more singly dear,
 I gave the tender tribute of a tear.
 Oft times, returning from the task of day,
 I hail'd the weary traveller on his way,
 Remark'd the hour of rest was nearly come,
 And press'd the stranger to my social home.
 Heedless of future ills, the playful train,
 To meet their fire, came shouting o'er the plain,
 With eager joy their little news convey'd,
 Or round the green their mimic dance display'd.
 Perhaps, some neighbouring swain of genial soul
 Would lift the latch, and join our sober bowl;
 And, whilst his soothing tales engag'd the guest,
 Of slighted love, or modest worth distress,
 Where'er our dairy, or our fields afford,
 In frugal plenty smil'd upon the board.
 Blest social home! and ye dear distant bowers!
 Scenes of my youth, and all my blissful hours,
 Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,
 This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own.
 E'en now weak nature, rous'd to keener pain,
 Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in every vein.

Good heaven! what anguish wrung this boding heart,
 When the rough boatswain gave the word to part,
 Then first the tear, at nature's bidding; felt,
 As bleeding Friendship press'd its long farewell;
 Pale on mine arm Connubial Mildness hung,
 Fond Filial Duty round my bosom clung.
 Firm for their sakes, along the surf-beat strand,
 And whispering peace, I led the weeping band,
 Deceiv'd their thoughts from Auburn's much-lov'd plain,
 And talk'd of happier fears beyond the main.
 Poor aged man! since that eventful day
 Despair and terror mark'd thee for their prey,
 War, sickness, famine, bursting on thine head,
 Mock thy vain toils, and weigh thee to the dead.

Ah me! the words our pious Preacher spoke,
 When first to him my mournful mind I broke,
 "EDWIN," he said, with looks of kind dismay,
 "Earth's meteor hopes but glitter to betray.
 "Thou canst not fly from God's all-chast'ning hand,
 "Storms sweep the ocean, discord blasts the land,
 "No change of climate can reverse our doom,
 "Life's various roads all center in the tomb."
 Thus the meek sage my rash resolve repress'd,
 Whilst tears of pity bath'd his hoary breast.
 Oh! had I listen'd to his wise alarms,
 Then had I died at home in friendship's arms.

Twelve tedious weeks we plough'd the wintry main,
 And hop'd the port, but hop'd alas in vain,
 Till left of heaven, and press'd for daily bread,
 Each gaz'd at each, and hung the sickly head.

Two little sons, my hope, my humble pride;
 Too weak to combat, languish'd, wail'd, and died.
 Stretch'd on the deck the breathless cherubs lay,
 As buds put forth in April's stormy day.
 Not EMMA's self remain'd my woes to cheer,
 Borne with her babes upon a watery bier.
 Five days she struggled with the fever's fire,
 The sixth sad morn beheld my saint expire.
 These trembling lips her lips convulsive press'd,
 These trembling hands sustain'd her sinking breast;
 These trembling hands discharg'd each mournful rite,
 Sooth'd her last pang, and seal'd her dying sight.
 To the same deep their dear remains were given,
 Their mingled spirits wing'd their flight to heaven.

One only daughter, in life's vernal pride,
 Surviv'd the wreck that overwhelm'd my all beside.
 Snatch'd from the peace of death, and loathing day,
 On bleak Henlophen's coast the mourner lay.
 The aged aims her languid body bore
 Through the rude breakers to that ruder shore.
 Mercy, sweet heaven! and did the pitying storm,
 Spare but for deeper ill, that angel form!
 Blest had we sunk unheeded in the way,
 And mine and Lucy's been one common grave.
 But I am lost, a worn-out, ruin'd man,
 And fiends complete what tyranny began.

Much had I heard, from men unus'd to feign,
 Of this New World, and Freedom's gentle reign.
 'Twas said that here, by no proud master spurn'd,
 The poor man at least secure the bread he earn'd;

That

That

That verdant vales were fed by brighter streams
Than my own Medway, or the silver Thames;
Fields without bounds spontaneous fruitage bore,
And peace and virtue bless'd the favour'd shore.
Such were the hopes which once beguill'd my rate,
Hopes form'd in dreams, and baseless as the air.

Is this, O dire reverse, is this the land,
Where nature sway'd, and peaceful worthies plann'd
Where injur'd freedom, through the world impell'd,
Her hallow'd seat, her last asylum held!
Ye glittering towers that crown th' Atlantic deep,
Witness the change, and as ye witness weep.
Mourn all ye streams, and all ye fields deplore
Your slaughter'd sons, your verdure stain'd with gore.

Time was, blest time, to weeping thousands dear,
When all that poets picture flourish'd here.

Then War was not, Religion smil'd and spread,
Arts, Manners, Learning rear'd their polish'd head;
Commerce, her sails to every breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on these coasts the treasures of the world.

Past are those halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd,
Brothers 'gainst brothers rise in vengeful strife,
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life,
Sons, leagu'd with foes, unsheath their impious sword,
And gore the nurturing breast they late ador'd.

How vain my search to find some lowly bower,
Far from those scenes of death, this rage for power;
Some quiet spot, conceal'd from every eye,
In which to pause from woe, and calmly die.

No such retreat these boundless shades embrace,
 But man with beast divides the bloody chase;
 What tho' some cottage rise amid the gloomy
 In vain its pastures spring, its orchards bloom;
 Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
 Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here, as I trace my melancholy way,
 The prowling INDIAN snuffs his wonted prey.
 He — should I meet him in his dusky round —
 Late in these woods I heard his murderous sound —
 Still the deep war-whoop vibrates on mine ear,
 And still I hear his tread, or seem to hear.
 Hark, the leaves rustle! what a shriek was there?
 'Tis he! 'tis he! his triumphs rend the air,
 Hold, coward heart, I'll answer to the yell,
 And chase the murderer to his gory cell.
 Savage! — but oh! I rave — o'er yonder wild,
 E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
 She, the dear source and soother of my pain,
 My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah my poor LUCY! in whose face, whose breast,
 My long-lost EMMA liv'd again confest,
 Thus robb'd of thee, and every comfort fled,
 Soon shall the turf infold this wearied head;
 Soon shall my spirit reach that peaceful shore,
 Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
 Then shall I cease to rue the fatal morn
 When first from AUBURN's vale I roam'd forlorn.

He spoke — and frantic with the sad review,
 Prone on the shore his tottering limbs he threw.

Life's

Life's crimson strings were bursting round his heart,
 And his torn soul was throbbing to depart;
 No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd stranger near,
 To tend his throes, or calm them with a tear.
 Angels of grace, your golden pinions spread,
 Temper the winds, and shield his houseless head.
 Let no rude sounds disturb life's awful close,
 And guard his relics from inhuman foes.
 O haste, and waft him to those radiant plains,
 Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal reigns.

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PRINCE of PEACE.

AN ODE.

Written in the year 1779.

O THOU! that on the sapphire throne
 Of glory seated, look'st on human race
 With eyes of tenderest love! still deign to own,
 Tho' much their madness slight thy proffer'd grace,
 The sons of thoughtless ALBION! Write thy law
 Fresh in their Hearts! that now, on blood intent,
 With complicated vengeance, strive to draw
 The thunders down of Heaven's keen punishment!
 Plac'd at the dread right-hand of POWER SUPREME,
 Extend thy mercy still! still mighty to redeem!
 Black with no crimes of common dye,
 No common woes involve a guilty land:
 Revengeful War's loud clangours rend the sky,
 Terror and frantic Rage around her stand;
 Afflicted Commerce flies to happier shores,
 With Peace retiring, courts the prosperous gale;
 The sad secession Industry deplores,
 And mutual confidence and plenty fail.
 Pale Want and dark Distrust and deadly Fear
 A gloomier hour portend and evils more severe!

See War stalk forth with giant stride!
 Far o'er the western wave she bends her course;
 In brother's blood her gory garments dy'd;
 While Britons Britons meet with hostile force,
 Ah what avail, to stem the rising flame
 That civil Discord's baleful torch supplies,
 Or Reason's voice, or Nature's feeble claim,
 Or ancient amity, or kindred ties!
 Vain, useless all! the raging demon reigns
 From cold Canada's hills to Georgia's distant plains.

Ah! better far, in ocean's breast
 If undiscover'd still those regions lay!
 If still no pilot, turning to the west,
 Pursued the star of eve's retiring ray!
 In evil hour, alas, ill-fated land!
 The bold Ligurian first thy coast explor'd,
 With prow adventurous sought thy unknown strand,
 And midst thy wondering sons his wary moor'd.
 Soon as the prosperous bark in triumph rode,
 With more than mortal hopes his bosom glow'd.

What varied wonder fill'd his mind,
 All EDEN rising to his raptur'd view!
 Here dwelt, he deems, the first of human kind,
 And here the trees of life and knowledge grew.
 THE ISLES OF BLISS now bloom to Fancy's eye;
 But that no dragon guards their fruits of gold;
 'Tis here, he thinks, those blissful islands lie,
 Nor doubts the dream that fabling bards have told.
 The bright illusion on his Mind impress'd,
 Hesperian Groves he sees, the Mansions of the blest!

A splendid vision, soon to fade!

Ah! might he now the sad reverse behold!

In vain th'besides groves extend their blissful shades

In vain they glow with vegetable gold!

In vain hath Industry, with noble strife,

O'er sleeping Nature wav'd his potent wand;

And, as her features softened into life,

Smiled o'er the works of his creative hand

In vain the rising Arts unfold their plan,

Whate'er of life adorns, or dignifies the man.

What, tho' Religion's morning-ray

Chase from the western world the shades of night?

In vain, from darkness bursting into day,

Astonish'd tribes adore the wondrous light;

Must then no more that morning-ray, so pure,

To blinded ignorance its light supply?

Alas! that Britons should that light obscure!

And quench in blood the Day-spring from on high!

From Nature's simple path mislead the blind,

And prompt to deeds of Hell the unenlighten'd mind!

Lo! now, arous'd to savage war,

Their horrid rites begin; the chiefs advance!

Hark! their wild orgies echo from afar!

Their songs of death, that time the warrior-dance!

Their orgies ended, forth with silent tread

They steal along beneath the veil of night:

In coward murder bent, alike they dread

The glare of day or foe prepar'd to fight

Now with light leaves they strew the trackless way;

Now crouching creep along to spring upon their prey.

.Perchance

Perchance, in that unguarded hour

When wearied Nature sinks in sweet repose,

Some parent, bound by sleep's subduing power,

Awhile forgets his own and country's woes;

Kind Fancy paints to his deluded sight

His infants sporting where no foes molest;

Their looks contemplating with fond delight,

He clasps the smiling mother to his breast.

His lighten'd heart the flattering dream beguiles,

And golden harvests wave, and Peace returning smiles.

Ah dream delusive! soon to end!

The human fiends now spread destruction wide:

Hither their desolating course they bend,

With Death that walks in darkness at their side!

The yell, that rends th' affrighted air,

Proclaims with savage sound their purpose done.

With rage of hell the mangled limbs they tear!

With rage of hell, from blood to blood they run!

Carnage and conflagration mark their way;

Youth, age, and beauty fall, an unresisting prey.

Yet infants hold no forfeit life —

They, sinless Beings! surely 'scape the foe!

Their little hands provoke no hostile strife;

Save smiling innocence, no arms they know!

With tears, that more than speak, they surely move

The murderer's breast, recalling nature's law;

Or melt to mercy with their looks of love,

The heart, now milder than the milk they draw!

In vain — their little tears shall not avail!

Nor Innocence — their coat of mail!

And see, where feeble age extends
 His nerveless arm! to ward th' impending blow;
 He vainly tries! th' impending blow descends!
 Subdu'd he falls beneath th' insulting foe!
 Alas! life's evening hop'd a brighter close!
 Not these the promises that nature gave!
 He fondly thought, with glory to repose
 Belov'd and honour'd in the peaceful grave.
 His grave, alas, the vulture shall supply!
 Bleach'd by the parching winds his bones unbury'd lie!

Yet Beauty meets a milder doom —
 Yet female weakness bends the stubborn soul —
 In vain or sex shall plead, or beauty bloom:
 Their furious passions feel no soft controul.
 Perchance e'en now, in yon sequester'd bower
 Some maid shall listen to her lover's voice,
 In thought anticipate the golden hour,
 When holy rites shall sanctify her choice.
 Vows of long love she breathes, with fondest breath!
 Ah! soon to cancel all those vows in death!

E'en now she hears the ambush'd foe:
 What sound, she starting cries, pervades my ear?
 In yonder moonlight glade it lingers slow —
 No foe insidious surely lurking near!
 Suspect, the youth replies, no base design;
 Our safe retreat what prying foe shall find:
 'Twas but the whisper of the murmuring pine,
 Or distant waters sounding in the wind.
 Her fears remov'd, he thinks no danger nigh,
 And reads fresh transports in her smiling eye.

Alas!

Alas! that eye shall smile no more!

No more that lovely cheek with beauty glow!

In graceful negligence no more shall flow

Those waving ringlets stiff with clotted gore!

The wolves of war now rend that flowing hair!

Impending o'er their agonizing prize,

With gasping unrelenting fangs they tear

The horrid trophy of their victories!

This sees the youth, expiring as he lies,

With aggravated horror sees and dies!

O BRITONS, fam'd for gentle Hearts!

On guilty cheeks let conscious blushes rise!

At deeds like these revolting nature starts,

And mild Humanity recoils and dies.

In crimes of deepest dye no longer share:

Ungenerous BRITONS, spare your country's shame!

Your injur'd country's faded glory spare,

Nor thus to infamy consign her name!

Be her's the praise, than Valour's greater far,

With Clemency's kind hand to sooth the woes of war

Vain hope! e'en now new horrors rise!

New modes of brutal warfare unexplor'd!

In English hands the scourge of fury flies,

And flames devour the remnant of the sword.

In English hearts disgraceful triumph reigns,

As wide the streams of desolation spread.

Not such the chief, that on Germania's plains

His country's valiant sons to victory led!

To conquer less ambitious than to save,

He wash'd with pitying tears th' unwilling wounds he
gave.

Ah! surely dead to human woe
 Their iron hearts, that deeds like these approve!
 All future Hope they surely must forego,
 Nor fear a vindicating Power above!
 And yet — to Heaven they bow the suppliant knee,
 And breathe the formal prayer with lips defiled;
 And yet — they lift their blood-stain'd hands to Thee;
 To Thee, meek Saviour, merciful and mild!
 And yet — to Thee those hands they DARE to shew!
 To Thee, who did'st COMMAND affection to the foe!

Man's guardian friend! at Pity's call
 Once more thy spirit in their hearts renew!
 And, O may Heaven, whose mercy stoops to all,
 Their crimes forgive! — they know not what they do!
 In rival breasts awake thy law of Love!
 From Thee all human hope, all comfort springs!
 The mutual wound's keen anguish to remove,
 Arise once more with healing on thy wings!
 So may each doubt dissolve, all Discord cease,
 And kindred nations bow before THE PRINCE OF PEACE!

MORNING, or the COMPLAINT.

An American Eclogue.

By the Rev. Mr. GREGORY.

FAR from the savage bandit's fierce alarms,
Or distant din of horrid despot's arms,
Tho' Pennsylvania boasts her peaceful plain,
Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd,
And stream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
To golden fields tho' rip'ning rays descend,
With blushing fruit tho' loaded branches bend;
To those who ne'er must freedom's blessings taste,
'Tis barren all, 'tis all a worthless waste.

While hoarse the cataract murmur'd on the gale,
And chilling dews swept through the murky dale;
Along the hills the dismal tempest howl'd,
And lightnings flash'd, and deep the thunder roll'd;
Beneath a leafless tree, ere morn arose,
The slave Adala thus laments his woes:
Ye grisly spectres, gather round my seat,
From caves unblest, that wretches groans repeat!
Terrific forms, from misty lakes arise!
And bloody meteors threaten thro' the skies!
Oh curs'd destroyers of our hapless race,
Of human kind the terror and disgrace!

Lo! hosts of dusky captives, to my view,
Demand a deep revenge! demand their due!
And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom,
And o'er the salt sea wave pronounce your doom; —
But Gods are just, and oft the stroke forbear,
To plunge the guilty in tenfold despair.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie;
Oppress'd by pain and want the aged sigh;
Thro' reedy huts the driving tempest pours,
Their festering wounds receive the sickly shower's;
In mad'ning draughts our lords their senses steep,
And doom their slaves to stripes and death in sleep:
Now, while the bitter blast surrounds my head,
To times long past my restless soul is led,
Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearless roves —
O blissful seats! O self-approving joys!
Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
O guiltless hours! Our cares and wants were few,
No arts of luxury, or deceit we knew.
Our labour, sport — to tend, our cottage care,
Or from the palm the luscious juice prepare;
To sit, indulging love's delusive dream,
And snare the silver tenants of the stream;
Or (nobler toil!) to aim the deadly blow
With dextrous art against the spotted foe;
O days with youthful daring mark'd! — 'twas then
I dragg'd the shaggy monster from his den,
And boldly down the rocky mountain's side,
Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.

Our

Our healthful sports a daily feast afford,
And ev'n still found us at the social board,

Can I forget? Ah me! the fatal day,
When half the vale of peace was swept away!
Th' affrighted maids in vain the Gods implore,
And weeping view from far the happy shore;
The frantic dames impatient russians seize,
And infants shriek, and clasp their mothers' knees;
With galling fetters soon their limbs are bound,
And groans throughout the noisome bark resound.
Why was I bound! Why did not Whydah see
Adala gain or death or victory!
No storms arise, no waves revengeful roar,
To dash the monsters on our injur'd shore,
Long o'er the flaming deep to worlds unknown,
By envious winds the bulky vessel's blown,
While by disease and chains the weak expire,
Or parch'd endure the slow consuming fire,
Who'd in this land of many sorrows live,
Where death's the only comfort tyrants give?
Tyrants unblest! Each proud of strict command,
Nor age nor sickness holds the iron hand;
Whose hearts, in adamant involv'd, despise
The drooping females tears, the infants cries,
From whose stern brows no grateful look o'erbeams,
Whose blushless front nor rape nor murder shames,
— Nor all I blame, for Nasta, friend to peace,
Thro' his wide pastures bids oppression cease; *

X 5

No

* The Quakers in America have set free all their Negroes, and allow them wages as other servants.

No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,
 Nor stern compulsion damps th' exalted mind.
 There strong Arcona's fated to enjoy
 Domestic sweets, and rear his progeny;
 To till his glebe employs Arcona's care;
 To Naah's God he nightly makes his pray'r;
 His mind at ease, of Christian truths he'll boast —
 He has no wife, no lovely offspring lost.
 Gay his savannah blooms, while mine appears
 Scorch'd up with heat, or moist with blood and tears.
 Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
 While to the storm the sad Adala mourns.
 Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
 I pant for freedom and my native plains!
 Shall I his holy prophet's aid implore,
 And wait for justice on another shore?
 Or rushing down yon mountain's craggy steep,
 End all my sorrows in the fullen deep?
 A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
 The dashing wave beneath roars harsh and loud —
 But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
 The gulf of death once pass'd what shore we find?
 Dubious, if sent beyond th' expanded main,
 This soul shall seek its native realms again;
 Or if in gloomy mills condemn'd to lie,
 Beyond the limits of yon arching sky.
 A better prospect oft my spirit cheers,
 And in my dreams the vale of peace appears,
 And fleeting visions of my former life,
 My hoary sire I clasp, my long-lost wife,
 And oft I kiss my gentle babes in sleep,
 Till with the sounding whip I'm wak'd to weep,

Life

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.

Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the sea,
Who vaunt your hardy ancestors were free;
Whose teachers plead th' oppress'd and injur'd's cause,
And prove the wisdom of your prophet's laws;
To force and fraud if justice must give place,
You're dragg'd to slavery by some rougher race,
Some rougher race your flocks shall force away,
Like Afric's sons your children must obey;
The very Gods, that view our constant toil,
Shall see your offspring till a ruder soil,
The pain of thirst and pinching hunger know,
And all the torments that from bondage flow,
When, far remov'd from Christian worlds we prove,
The sweets of peace, the lasting joys of love.

But hark! the whip's harsh echo thro' the trees!
On every trembling limb fresh horrors seize —
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone —
Be strong, my soul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians proceed! Adala ne'er shall swerve,
Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve!

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.

Thou God, who gild'st with light the rising day!
Who life dispens'st by thy genial ray!
Will thy slow vengeance never, never fall,
But undistinguish'd favour shine on all?
O hear a suppliant wretch's last, sad pray'r!
Dart fiercest rage! infect the ambient air;
This pallid race, whose hearts are bound in steel,
By dint of suffering teach them how to feel.

Or

Or to some despot's lawless will betray'd,
 Give them to know what wretches they have made!
 Beneath the lash let them resign their breath,
 Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death.
 Or, worst of ills! within each callous breast,
 Cherish uncurb'd the dark internal pest,
 Bid AV'RICE swell with undiminish'd rage,
 While no new worlds th' accursed thirst assuage;
 Then bid the monsters on each other turn,
 The fury passions in disorder burn:
 Bid DISCORD flourish, civil crimes increase,
 Nor one fond wish arise that pleads for peace—
 Till with their crimes in wild confusion hurl'd,
 They wake t' eternal anguish in a future world.*

EVENING, or the FUGITIVE.

An American Eclogue.

By the same.

MOMBAZE, ZAMBOIA with a Child.

MOMBAZE.

SAY whither, wand'rer, points thy cheerless way,
 When length'ning shades announce the close of day?
 In you wild waste no friendly roof thou'lt find,
 The haunt of serpents, and the savage kind. —

And

* This Eclogue was written during the American war.

And sure remembrance mocks me, or I trace
 In thine the semblance of Zamboia's face?
 Yet scarce thyself! for in thy alter'd eye
 I read the records of hard destiny. —
 From thy rack'd bosom sighs that ceaseless flow,
 A man bespeak thee, exercis'd in woe.
 Say, then, what chance has burst thy rigid chains,
 Has led thee frantic o'er these distant plains?
 What potent sorrows can thy peace infest?
 What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breast?

ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infest, this hand defile,
 Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign soil.
 A murder'd wife, and wrongs unmatched I mourn,
 And buried joys, that never shall return!
 If, then, thou'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,
 Take this poor life, and prosper by the deed!

MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's shore,
 Not all the miser's heap'd and glittering store,
 Not all that pride would grasp, or pomp display,
 Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.
 No traitors dwell within this blest domain,
 The friends of peace we live, a guileless train.
 Grief dims thy eye, or gladly would'st thou see
 Thy lov'd Mombaze yet survives in me.
 Can'st thou forget? I taught thy youth to dare
 The sylvan herd, and wage the desp'rate war;
 Can'st thou forget? One common lot we drew,
 With thee inchain'd, a captive's fate I knew:

Distrust

Distrust me not, but unreserv'd disclose
 The anxious tale that in thy bosom glows;
 To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,
 And social sorrows blunt the darts of fate.

ZAMBOIA.

Dear to my sight that form, and doubly dear
 Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.
 Oh! had I died, and left the name of slave
 Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave!
 Oh! had I died, ere ruthless fates constrain,
 With thee enthrall'd, to cross the western main!
 Oh! to have met a glorious death in arms,
 And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms!
 Time would be short, and memory would fail,
 To dwell distinctly on the various tale. —
 Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were try'd,
 To sooth the smart of still revolting pride. —
 I liv'd, and lov'd — Then kiss'd the fatal chain;
 No joy but one to cheer a life of pain. —
 Yet witness bear, thou dear departed ghost,
 That lonely ro'ft thy Gambia's sacred coast!
 How sweet the toil that met the morning's ray,
 How light the labour that o'er-lasted day!
 The reed-built hovel, and the scanty fare,
 Imperial bliss could give, Melinda there!
 Soft was my pillow, on thy gentle breast,
 When o'er-press'd Nature droop'd in want of rest!
 And if a rebel tear disgrac'd my eye,
 Thine was the tear, and thine the bursting sigh.
 Bliss I could boast, unenvied had it pass'd,
 But bliss too great for hapless slaves to last.

A wretch

A wretch, who banish'd from his native clime,
 Defil'd with many a black and monstrous crime,
 Presided o'er us, and with iron hand
 Held savage sway o'er all the servile band,
 In him each hellish passion rudely glow'd,
 And cruelty in him most cruel shew'd.
 Him lust infernal, one sad evening, led
 To invade the chasteness of my marriage bed;
 I chanc'd to approach — the castiff I surpriz'd —
 My wife preserv'd, and had his guilt chastis'd,
 While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded heart —
 But chance reserv'd him for a baser part.
 Meanwhile o'erjoy'd that vice e'en once had fail'd,
 I bless'd the gods that innocence prevail'd.

The basest villain, now a foe profess'd,
 Rolls scenes of blood within his rankling breast;
 With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale;
 And hands unrighteous poize the partial scale.

Imputed crimes to crush the weak suffice;
 Hearsay is guilt, and damning fact surmise;
 Where uncurb'd will usurps the place of laws,
 No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cause;
 Our tyrant's fears each want of proof supply'd;
 We stand condemn'd, unquestion'd, and untry'd.

Oh! had the grief and shame been all my own,
 And the black vengeance lid on me alone!
 But harsher fates a harder curse decreed;
 These eyes were doom'd to see Melinda bleed.
 I saw her by relentless ruffians bound,
 The brandish'd scourge inflict the mortal wound,
 Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,
 I saw her weltring in a flood of gore.

The

The murr'd'rous scene had soon a dreadful close —
 And do I live! and can I speak my woe!
 Her pregnant womb no longer could sustain
 The public shame, and agony of pain!
 A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,
 And pangs convulsive seal'd her eyes in death.
 One only pledge my weary soul detains;
 This hapless infant, all that now remains:
 The mournful image of my once lov'd wife,
 And ties me down awhile to hated life.
 Else this bold hand should liberty restore,
 And my rapt spirit seek a happier shore.
 Thro' dubious paths with timid haste we fly,
 Where yon blue mountains meet the bending sky, —
 Nor serpents haunts I dread, nor deserts drear,
 The master-savage, Man, alone I fear.

MONHAZE.

Since from our native realms compell'd to part,
 Such pointed sorrows have not touch'd my heart!
 Infatiate plunderers! could it not suffice
 To rend, inhuman, all the social ties!
 From guiltless joys, that bless'd our native soil,
 Dragg'd to a life of misery and toil;
 Would you yet take the little God has giv'n,
 And intercept the gracious dews of Heav'n!
 Your rage for blood, wild as your thirst of gain,
 Shall no respects, no truths divine, restrain:
 The eternal fabric can a name undo?
 Is rape and murder sanctified in you?
 And us, what laws, as impious as severe,
 Forbid the common rights of man to share?

Didst

Didst thou, creative Power! thy views confine?
 For one proud race the spacious earth design?
 For them alone does plenty deck the vale,
 Blush in the fruit, and tinge the scented gale?
 For them the seasons all their sweets unfold?
 Blooms the fresh rose, and shines the waving gold?
 O no, all-bounteous is thy equal hand,
 And thy fix'd laws irrevocable stand!
 Hapless Zamboia! had it been thy fate
 With me to share my more propitious state;
 Thy soul had breath'd no impious wish to die,
 Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.
 Disjoin'd from thee, I too to slavery went;
 But Heaven a father, not a master, lent. —
 He seems, as Virtue's self in mortal guise,
 Tho' wealthy, simple, and tho' modest, wise.
 Blest be the hand that life and freedom gave!
 That pow'r can boast, exerted but to save!
 Blest the sage tongue, that stor'd the vacant mind!
 The manners soften'd, and the heart refin'd!
 That still to Heaven's unerring dictates true,
 Eternal truth unfolded to our view!
 But come! thy faint and weary limbs repose,
 Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compose;
 By morning's dawn with earnest foot I speed,
 Nor sleep these eyes till I behold thee freed.
 Some wealth I have, and did I prize it more,
 Well spared for this I deem the sacred store.

So talk'd these friends, and to the cottage haste;
 While sad Zamboia his pursuers trac'd;
 The ruffian band arrest the hapless swain,
 And pray'rs and tears and promises are vain;

Their vengeful fervour, no — not gifts abate;
But bound in chains, they drag him to his fate.*

THE HAUNCH of VENISON.

A Poetical Epistle to Lord CLARE.

By the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Venison, for finer
or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;
The Haunch was a picture for Painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my Chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu*;
As in some *Irish* houses, where things are so so,
One Hammon of Bacon hangs up for a show:
But for eating a Rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the Pan it is fry'd in.
But hold — let me pause — Don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the Bacon a damnable Bounce?

Well,

* A higher reward is generally offered for the *beast* of
a fugitive Negro, than for bringing him alive.

Well, suppose it a Bounce — sure a Poet may try;
By a Bounce now and then, to get Courage to fly.

But, my Lord, it's no Bounce; I protest in my Turn,
It's a Truth — and your Lordship may ask Mr. Burn.
To go on with my Tale — as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
I thought of a Friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the Neck and the Breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a Neck and a Breast that might rival *M—r—se*.
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the
when.

There's *H—d*, and *C—y*, and *H—rib*, and *H—ff*,
I think they love Venison — I know they love Beef.

There's my Countryman *H-gg—ns* — Oh! let him alone,
For making a Blunder, or picking a Bone.

But hang it — to Poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good Mutton's a very good Treat;
Such Dainties to them their Health it might hurt,
It's like sending them Ruffles, when wanting a Shirt.

While thus I debated, in Reverie center'd,
An Acquaintance, a Friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken Fellow was he,
And he smil'd, as he look'd at the Venison and me.

What have we got here? — Why this is good eating!
Your own I suppose — or it is in Waiting?

Why whose should it be? cried I, with a Flounce,

I get these Things often; — but that was a Bounce:

Some Lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

Are pleas'd to be kind — but I hate ostentation.

If that be the case then, cried he, very gay, No W
 I'm glad I have taken this House in my Way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 No Words — I insist on't — precisely at three:
 We'll have *Johnson*, and *Burke*, all the Wits will be there,
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my *Lord Clare*.
 And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
 We wanted this Venison to make out the Dinner.
 What say you — a patty — it shall, and it must,
 And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for crust.
 Here, Porter — this venison with me to *Mile-end*;
 No stirring — I beg — my dear friend — my dear friend!
 Thus snatching his hat, he brusht off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
 Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And no body with me at sea but myself;
 Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet *Johnson*, and *Burke*, and a good venison patty,
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his wife.
 So next Day in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.
 When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine:)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that *Johnson*, and *Burke* would not come.
 For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fall,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with *Thrale*;
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They both of them merry, and authors like you;

The

The one writes the *Snarler*; the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Ginnal* — he owns to *Panurge*.
While thus he describ'd them by trade, and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the Sides there was spinnage and pudding made;
In the middle a place where the patty — was not.
Now, my Lord, as for Tripe it's my utter aversion;
And your Bacon I hate like a *Turk* or a *Persian*.
So there I sat dumb, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round;
But what vex'd me most, was that d—d *Scottish* Rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue;
And Madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on.
Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst.
The Tripe, quoth the *Jew*, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week;
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.
O — Oh! quoth my Friend, he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice.
There's a Pasty — A Pasty! repeated the *Jew*,
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too.
What the De'il, Mon, a Pasty! re-echo'd the *Scott*,
Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.
We'll all keep a corner, the Lady cried out;
We'll all keep a corner was echoed about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the Pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the Maid;

A visage so Tawny and so pale with affright,
 Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night;
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
 That she came with some terrible news from the Bakers;
 And so it fell out, for that negligent Eleven;
 Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his oven.
 Saw Philomel thus — but let Similes drop! —
 And now that I think on't, the Story may stop.
 To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplac'd
 To send such good verses to one of your taste;
 You've got an odd something — a kind of discerning —
 A relish — a taste — a sicken'd overly-learning —
 At least; it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own;
 So, perhaps in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE from a Clergyman to a young gentleman of the Law.

IN great Augustus' golden days,
 When Horace held the seal of bays,
 And sagely made reports of cases,
 To serve all future times and places;
 'Twas found that not a human wight,
 (If I conceive his meaning right) I
 Liv'd easy in his own estate,
 But always prais'd his neighbour's fate.

Succeeding

* Vide Sat. 1. Lib. 1.
 A village

Succeeding times with sacred awe
Have the prescription held as law;
And to this day you cannot find
One creature that, with patient mind,
Endures for better and for worse
His proper life's determin'd course.

Thus the fond country damsel prays
For balls, and masquerades, and plays;
Whilst your town ladies wish to rove
Thro' the green glade and shady grove:
Thus damns the Captain, blood and fire,
And longs to rest an easy 'Squire;
Whilst the fierce 'Squir impatient glows
To meet in arms his country's foes:
And thus to cut the matter short,
(For why in long exampling sport
When one home case the truth will shew?)
You like the church, and I the law.

But since no pow'r propitious hears
The peevish tenor of our pray'rs,
And, spite of all our noise and din,
You must read briefs, I rail at sin;
Let us, my friend, with nicer eye,
The nature of our stations try;
See if the mass we so deplore
Contain not some intrinsic ore;
Some latent principle of good,
Sure to be priz'd when understood.

And first, to observe an order due,
'Tis proper my own case to view;

As children of distinguish'd taste,
Still eat the daintiest bits the last.
'Tis true, from crape some torment springs;
Lean curacies are hateful things;
Distressing cramps to gen'rous spirit,
You scarce can treat a friend of merit:
And then your rusty wig and gown
Excite the laugh of ev'ry clown.
But when some years have roll'd away,
Some patron of benignant clay
(Time move thy lazy pinions quicker;)
May set me down a thankful vicar.
Now see the prospect brighten round;
Unnumber'd comforts strait abound;
A fair three hundred pounds a year,
Good books, neat house, and dainty cheer,
A mettled nag, perhaps a chair,
To ride abroad and take the air;
"In summer, shade; in winter, fire,"
And Sunday, dinners with the 'Squire.
Mean while, my ev'ry bliss t'improve,
With life's best cordial, gen'rous love,
Some fair Selinda, lovely name,
May gradual catch the tender flame,
And yield the treasure of her charms
With sweet reluctance to my arms.
If then my friend should steal from town,
With all the anger of the gown,
And see his parson in good case,
Blest with th' esteem of all the place;
See the dear partner of my heart,
All softness act the kindest part;

See

See young Selindas, good and fair,
Climb up my knees the kifs to share:
Pray how could Fortune more present?
What room for pining discontent?

Proceed we now to place the next
(Like good dividers of a text)
In which the Muse shall make appear
You've much to hope, and nought to fear.
Where Garrick holds his mimic reign
(Mere mortals call it *Drury-lane*)
You've seen, the first or second night,
A new-born piece produc'd to light.
Scene first, a friend o' th' hero says
Something that puts you in amaze,
Of great events impending near,
And dangers threaten'd to his dear;
But for your life you can't divine,
Where tends this strange involv'd design!
The plot proceeds; you've got a clue
That guides the whole performance thro';
And plain as nose upon your face
You ev'ry turn and winding trace.
Hear, gentle friend, th' instructive lay,
Your law resembles just the play.
At writ, ejectment, certiorari,
Trover, and scirefacias stare ye?
Have patience; mark with eye profound,
And soon you'll tread on clearer ground.
What vision's that? In court you stand,
With nervous tongue and waving hand,
Pleading the injur'd orphan's cause,
Whilst still Attention speaks applause.

And now Britannia's patriots join
 To bid you in the senate shine:
 With all a Pitt's undaunted force,
 You stem Corruption's head-long course;
 Break the vile chain by Slav'ry worn,
 And bless the ages yet unborn.
 O may I live to see the day,
 When crowds shall hail you on your way,
 For selfish schemes of feigning good,
 Or frontless Rapine just subdu'd;
 The Muse shall pour her strongest lays,
 And grow immortal by your praise.
 Thus ev'ry state, at distance due,
 If we the piece attentive view,
 Shews tints in sweet assemblage laid,
 Nor all is light, nor all is shade.
 Then let us, to our lot resign'd,
 All-patient ply with steady mind
 The present oar, howe'er it teize us; —
 The rest when heav'n-born Fortune pleases.

TO a KINSMAN,

on his intended marriage.

SEE! the wild herds of nymphs and swains!

A despicable throng;

See! how they strive in Hymen's chains,

And drag their plagues along.

3.

Keen Anguish, Hate, or wasting Care
On every footstep treads,
While pining Want, and black Despair,
Hang hovering o'er their heads.

3.

Yet fools in crowds are following still
Through the same thoughtless road,
Which leads far wide from Wisdom's hill,
To Sorrow's dark abode.

4.

See! how they rush before the priest,
And bid his altars smoke;
He deems them just above the beast,
The fitter for the yoke.

5.

Fondly they vie for the golden gate,
And haste to enter in,
Where Mirth displays its guileful bait,
And veils the snare within.

6.

Blind Cupid helps the hire deceiver,
As folly guides his hand,
And laughing Momus hides the cheat,
Till Fancy ties the band.

7.

Then for a while in giddy merriment
The revels shake the plain;
One hour is spent in empty joys,
And All beyond is pain.

8. The

8.

The dawn appears! the shades retire,
 And the gay vision flies:
 Lost are the dreams of fond desire,
 But solid woes arise.

9.

In strong tumultuous passions roste,
 Their comforts soon are dead:
 Fair Peace and Happiness are lost,
 And Hope for ever fled.

10.

Just is their doom: 'Tis lost; 'tis sold;
 'Tis Sex alone can please;
 While mercenary Love is sold,
 And pairs such minds as these.

11.

The village swain thus views his flock,
 And governs absolute:
 Whilst he attentive rears his flock,
 And couples every brute.

12.

Such common things may well be found
 With any of their kind:
 But who, young kinsman, shall be found
 To match thy nobler mind?

13.

The brightest nymphs who crowd our scenes,
 And bid the world admire,
 Are but some finer clay machines,
 Void of celestial fire.

14. Thus

14.

Thus China's vases give delight;
Trim, gaudy, smooth, and gay;
Whilst gazing females bless the sight,
And wish their hearts away.

15.

So shine themselves in Beauty's dress;
As clear their polish'd skin;
But else 'tis all vast emptiness,
Or dust and filth within.

16.

Useless alike the painted jar,
And showy tinsel maid:
Both charm the senses, view'd afar,
And pall when near display'd.

17.

Blushes and Virtue hence are fled,
In these degenerate days:
This huge rotundity we tread,
And lost mankind decays.

18.

Few heavenly forms adorn the stage,
Since Nature waxes old:
One is the labour of an age
Wrought in a perfect mould.

19.

Could I but find that single She,
Incomparable Boy!
Stamp'd with the hand which fashion'd Thee,
And pure without alloy.

20. Then

OT

20.

Then should my Muse to Hymen bend,
 And shout his wheels along,
 With eager joy his steps attend,
 And tune the grateful song.

21.

And lo! propitious to my vows,
 Behold! the God appears,
 Smiling he leads thy destined spouse,
 And chafes all my fears.

22.

Fair Virgin, hail! hail, blooming Fair!
 Thrice hail! exalted Maiden Maid!
 High as my warmest wishes were,
 They nobly here are paid.

23.

Blest are mine eyes, which view the sight,
 But doubly blest is He
 Who gives thy gentle thoughts delight,
 And rests his soul on Thee.

24.

With conscious Innocence she moves
 Where Honour points the way;
 Sage Pallas all her steps approves,
 And glads the nuptial day.

25.

Here praise is weak; here words are vain;
 Let Fancy reign supreme:
 Since Pope in his sublimest strain,
 Must sink beneath the theme.

TO the NYMPH of P * * * WATERS.

— καλίσον ὕδωρ ἐπὶ γαίαν ἰγσιν Hom.

I.

O Green-stol'd Nymph, whose fount restor'd my fair,
When sickness crop'd the beauties of her face;
Ne'er may the rainy South thy pow'rs impair,
Nay never reptile foul thy stream disgrace.

II.

While on the T — deep-harrowing Winter reigns,
Not the least wrinkle may thy surface know;
And while the north binds E — in icy chains,
In lapse unfetter'd may thy waters flow.

III.

May Spring's first cowslips on thy borders bloom;
Thy banks first echo to the cuckoo's lay;
First round thee fragrance fling each rich perfume;
Thy thickets first exclude the noon-tide ray.

IV.

What time blythe August on thy margin plays,
To thee, sweet-featur'd Nymph (so Jove ordains)
Each year bland Health a solemn visit pays,
And, while thy groves are green, with thee remains.

V.

O may no wayward hags, of aspect foul,
Brew their dire potions near thy willowed spring;
Nor melt the waxen semblance, as they howl
Dread orgies to their grimly-smiling king.

VI. But

VI.

But oft when Night has hung with black the sky,
 And only Hesper sheds his silent ray,
 May dapper Fays around their revels ply,
 Till Chanticleer awake the dawn of day,

VII.

Oft may their music lonely trav'lers cheer,
 And swains belated oft their lights perceive;
 Thy rills shall stop their dimply course to hear,
 And love-lorn Philomel forget to grieve.

VIII.

May gay-drest Pleasure wanton on thy plains,
 May vast increase thy ploughman's toil repay;
 May never clarion fright thy peaceful swains,
 Nor battle tear them from their wives away.

IX.

Thy healing powers the Youth shall yearly sing,
 And Age, recruited, wreaths on thee bestow;
 For, trust the prescient Muse, O virtuous Spring!
 While murmurs Helicon, thy fount shall flow.

X.

Not mine, be told the truth, not mine the lays,
 Unheard, the favours of the Nine I sue;
 Love cull'd this chaplet of immortal praise,
 And grateful sprinkled with Castalian dew.

ANACREON'S DOVE.

By the late Dr. JOHNSON.

Lovely Courier of the sky,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly?
 Scattering, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way:
 Is it business? — Is it Love?
 Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove!

"Soft *Anacreon's* vows I bear,
 "Vows to *Myrtale* the fair,
 "Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
 "Blushing nature, smiling art;
 "Venus, courted by an Ode,
 "On the Bard her Dove bestow'd;
 "Vest'd with a master's right,
 "Now *Anacreon* rules my flight;
 "His the letters that you see,
 "Weighty charge consign'd to me,
 "Think not yet my service hard,
 "Joyless task without reward;
 "Smiling at my master's gates,
 "Freedom my return awaits,
 "But the liberal grant in vain
 "Tempt's me to be wild again;
 "Can a prudent Dove decline
 "Blissful bondage such as mine?
 "Over hills and fields to roam,
 "Fortune's guest without a home;
 "Under leaves to hide one's head,
 "Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed!

"Now my better lot bestows
 "Sweet repast and soft repose:
 "Now the generous bowl I sip,
 "As it leaves *Anacreon's* lip;
 "Void of care and free from dread,
 "From his fingers snatch his bread;
 "Then with luscious plenty gay,
 "Round his chamber dance and play;
 "Or, from wine as courage springs,
 "O'er his face extend my wings;
 "And, when feast and frolic tire,
 "Drop asleep upon his lyre:
 "This is all, — be quick and go,
 "More than all thou canst not know;
 "Let me now my pinions ply,
 "I have chatter'd like a pye."

ADDRESS to FRIENDSHIP.

By ANN YEARSLEY,

a Milkwoman of Bristol.

FRRIENDSHIP! thou noblest ardor of the soul!

Immortal essence! languor's best support!

Chief dignifying proof of glorious man!

Firm cement of the world! endearing tie,

Which binds the willing soul, and brings along

Her chafteft, strongest, and sublimest powers!

All, else the dregs of spirit. Love's soft flame,
 Bewildering, leads th' infatuated soul
 Levels, depresses, wraps in endless mists,
 Contracts, dissolves, enervates, and enslaves,
 Relaxes, sinks, distracts, while Fancy fills
 Th' inflaming draught, and aids the calenture.
 Intoxicating charm! yet well refin'd
 By Virtue's brightening flame, pure it ascends,
 As incense in its grateful circles mounts,
 Till, mixt and lost with thee, it boast thy name.

Thou unfound blessing! wou'd with eager hope;
 As clowns the nightly vapour swift pursue,
 And fain wou'd grasp to cheer their lonely ways;
 Vain the wide stretch, and vain the shorten'd breath;
 For, ah! the bright delusion onward flies,
 While the sad swain deceiv'd, now cautious treads
 The common beaten track, nor quits it more.

Not unexisting art thou, but so rare,
 That delving souls ne'er find thee; 'tis to thee,
 When found, if ever found, sweet fugitive,
 The noble mind opes all her richest stores;
 Thy firm, strong hold suits the courageous breast,
 Where stubborn virtues dwell in secret league,
 And each conspires to fortify the rest.

Ethereal spirits alone may hope to prove
 Thy strong, yet soften'd rapture; soften'd more
 When penitence succeeds to injury;
 When, doubting pardon, the meek, pleading eye
 On which the soul had once with pleasure dwelt,
 Swims in the tear of sorrow and repentance.

The faultless mind with treble pity views;
 The tarnish'd friend, who feels the sting of shame;
 'Tis then too little barely to forgive;
 Nor can the soul rest on that frigid thought,
 But rushing swiftly from her Stoic heights,
 With all her frozen feelings melted down
 By Pity's genial beams, she sinks, distressed,
 Shares the contagion, and with lenient hand
 Lifts the warm chalice fill'd with consolation.

Yet Friendship's name oft decks the crafty lip,
 With seeming virtue clothes the ruthless soul:
 Grief-soothing notes, well feign'd to look like Truth,
 Like an insidious serpent softly creep
 To the poor, guileless, unsuspecting heart,
 Wind round in wily folds, and sinking deep
 Explore her sacred treasure, basely heave
 Her hoard of woes to an un pitying world;
 First soothes, ensnares, exposes and betrays.
 What art thou, fiend, who thus usurp'st the form
 Of the soft cherub? Tell me, by what name
 The ostentatious call thee, thou who wreck'st
 The gloomy peace of sorrow-loving souls?
 Why thou art Vanity, ungenerous sprite,
 Who tarnishest the action deem'd so great;
 And of soul-saving essence. But for thee,
 How pure, how bright wou'd Theron's virtues shine;
 And, but that thou art incorp'rate with the flame,
 Which else wou'd bless where'er its beams illumine,
 My grateful spirit had recorded here
 Thy splendid seemings. Long I've known their worth.
 O, 'tis the deepest error man can prove,
 To fancy joys disinterested can live,

Indif-

Indissolable, pure, unmix'd with self;
 Why, 'twere to be immortal, 'twere to own
 No part but spirit in this chillig gloom.

My soul's ambitious, and its utmost stretch
 Wou'd be, to own a friend — but that's deny'd,
 Now, at this bold avowal, gaze, ye eyes,
 Which kindly melted at my woe-frught tale;
 Start back, Benevolence, and shun the charge;
 Soft bending Pity, fly the sullen phrase,
 Ungrateful as it seems. My abject fate
 Excites the willing hand of Charity,
 The momentary sigh, the pitying tear,
 And instantaneous act of bounty bland,
 To misery so kind; yet not to you,
 Bounty, or charity, or mercy mild,
 The penfive thought applies fair Friendship's name;
 That name which never yet could dare exist
 But in equality.

* * * * *

On Mrs. MONTAGUE.

By the same.

WHY boast, O arrogant, imperious man,

Perfections so exclusive? are thy powers
 Nearer approaching Deity? can it thou solve
 Questions which high Infinity propounds,
 Soar nobler flights, or dare immortal deeds,
 Unknown to woman, if she greatly dares

To use the powers assign'd her? Active strength,
 The boast of animals, is clearly thine;
 By this upheld, thou think'st the lesson rare
 That female virtues teach; and poor the height
 Which female wit obtains. The theme unfolds
 Its ample maze, for Montagu befriends
 The puzzled thought, and, blazing in the eye
 Of boldest opposition, frait presents
 The soul's best energies, her keenest powers,
 Clear, vigorous, enlighten'd; with firm wing
 Swift she o'ertakes his Muse, which spread afar
 Its brightest glories in the days of yore;
 Lo! where she, mounting, spurns the steadfast earth,
 And, sailing on the cloud of science, bears
 The banner of Perfection. —
 Ask Gallia's mimic sons how strong her powers,
 Whom, flust' d with plunder from her Shakspeare's page,
 She swift detects amid their dark retreats
 (Horrid as Cacus in their thievish dens);
 Regains the trophies, bears in triumph back
 The pilfer'd glories to a wond'ring world.
 So Stella boasts, from her the tale I learn'd;
 With pride she told it, I with rapture heard.

O, Montagu! forgive me, if I sing
 Thy wisdom temper'd with the milder ray
 Of soft humanity, and kindness bland:
 So wide its influence, that the bright beams
 Reach the low vale where mists of ignorance lodge,
 Strike on the innate spark which lay immers'd,
 Thick clogg'd, and almost quench'd in total night —
 On me it fell, and cheer'd my joyless heart.

Unwelcome is the first bright dawn of light
To the dark soul; impatient, she rejects;
And fain wou'd push the heavenly stranger back;
She loaths the cranny which admits the day;
Confus'd, afraid of the intruding guest;
Disturb'd, unwilling to receive the beam,
Which to herself her native darkness shews.

The effort rude to quench the cheering flame
Was mine, and even on Stella cou'd I gaze
With tullen envy, and admiring pride,
Till, doubly rous'd by Montagu, the pair
Conspire to clear my dull, imprison'd sense,
And chase the mists which dimm'd my visual beam.

Oft as I trod my native wilds alone,
Strong gusts of thought wou'd rise, but rise to die;
The portals of the swelling soul ne'er op'd
By liberal converse, rude ideas gave
Awhile for vent, but found it not, and died.
Thus rust the mind's best powers. Yon starry orbs,
Majestic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,
Eye-waiting lawns, and heaven-attempting hills,
Which bound th' horizon, and which curb the view;
All those, with beauteous imagery, awak'd
My ravish'd soul to extacy untaught,
To all the transport the rapt sense can bear;
But all expir'd, for want of powers to speak;
All perish'd in the mind as soon as born,
Eras'd more quick than cyphers on the shore,
O'er which the cruel waves, unheedful, roll.

Such timid rapture as young Edwin seiz'd,
When his lone footsteps on the sage obtrude,

Whose noble precept charm'd his wond'ring ear,
 Such rapture fill'd Laetilla's vacant soul,
 When the bright moralist, in softness dress'd,
 Opes all the glories of the mental world,
 Deigns to direct the infant thought, to prune
 The budding sentiment, uprear the stalk
 Of feeble fancy, bid ideas live,
 Woo the abstracted spirit from its cares,
 And gently guide her to the scenes of peace.
 Mine was that balm, and mine the grateful heart,
 Which breathes its thanks in rough, but timid strains.

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

By Mr. CUMBERLAND.

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
 As modern men and women are,
 In matrimony not in mind,
 A fashionable pair.
 Fine clothes, fine diamonds and fine lace,
 The smartest vis-a-vis in town,
 With title, pin-money, and place,
 Made wedlock's pill go down.
 In decent time by Hunter's art
 The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
 A girl came next; she'd done her part,
 Dorinda bred no more.

Now

Now education's care employs
 Dorinda's brain — but, ah! the curse,

Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise —
 "Go, take 'em to the nurse! —"

The lovely babes improve space
 By dear Ma'amfelle's prodigious care;

Miss gabbles French with pert grimace,
 And Master learns to sweat

"Sweet innocents!" the servants cry,
 "So natural he, and she so wild!"

"Laud, Nurse, do humour 'em — for why?
 "'Twere sin to snub a child."

Time runs — "My God!" — Dorinda cries;
 "How monstrously the girl is grown!"

"She has more meaning in her eyes
 Than half the girls in town."

Now teachers throng; Miss dances, sings,
 Learns every art beneath the sun;

Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things
 Without a taste for one;

Lap-dogs and parrots paint, good lack!
 Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous;

Writes rebuffes, and has her clack
 Of small-talk for the fellows;

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
 Reads every tawdry tale that's new;

Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
 And dictates in virtue.

Ma'amfelle to Miss's hand conveys
 A billet-doux; she's très commode.

The Dancing master's in the chaise
 They scower the northern road,

They scower the northern road,
 Away

Away to Scottish land they post;
 Miss there becomes a lawful wife;
 Her frolic over, to her cost
 Miss is a wretch for life.
 Master mean-while advances fast
 In modern manners and in vice,
 And with a school-boy's heedless haste
 Rattles the desperate dicey
 Travels no doubt by modern rules
 To France, to Italy, and there
 Commences adept in the schools
 Of Rousseau and Voltaire;
 Returns in all the dernier goût
 Of Brussels' point and Paris' clothes,
 Buys antique statues vaint new,
 And busts without a nose.
 Then hey! at dissipation's call
 To every club that leads the ton,
 Hazard's the word, he flies at all,
 He's pigeon'd and undone.
 Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,
 The old receipt to pay new debts;
 He pocket's City-Madam's pence,
 And doubles all his bets.
 He drains his stewards, racks his farms,
 Annuitizes, fines, renews,
 And every morn his levée swarms
 With swindlers and with Jews.
 The guinea lost that was his last,
 Desperate at length the maniac cries —
 "This thro' my brain!" — 'tis done; 'tis past;
 He fires — he falls — he dies!

ADVICE

ADVICE to LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By PETER PINDAR.

WHATE'ER your wish, in landscape to excel,
 London's the very place to mar it;
 Believe the oracles I tell;

There's very little landscape in a garret.
 Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
 'Tis badly copying them for goats and sheep;
 And, if you'll take the poet's honest word,
 A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rush-light winking in a bottle's neck,
 Ill represents the glorious orb of morn;
 Nay, tho' it were a candle with a wick,
 'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think too, that a man would be a fool,
 For trees, to copy legs of a joint-stool;

Or ev'n by them to represent a stump:
 As also broom-sticks, — which tho' well he rig
 Each with an old fox-colour'd wig,

Must make a very poor autumnal clump.
 You'll say — "Yet such ones oft a person sees
 In many an artist's trees;

And in some paintings, we have all beheld;
 Green bays hath surely sat for a green field;
 Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
 Cats for ram-goats; — and curs, for bulls and cows.

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
 But better things from you I want.
 As Shakspeare says, (a bard I much approve)
 'Lift, lift, Oh, lift,' — if thou dost Painting love.

Claude

Claude painted in the open air! —
 Therefore to Wales at once repair;
 Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find:
 Besides this great advantage — if in debt,
 You'll have with creditors no tête-à-tête:
 So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
 Who hunt you, with what nose they may,
 Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

TO CYNTHIA.

By the same.

O Thon! whose love-inspiring air
 Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
 My day declines in dark despair,
 And night hath lost her sweet repose.
 Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
 To others ere thy charms were known;
 When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
 That Cynthia smil'd on me alone.
 Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs,
 Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
 Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
 When others to thy beauties kneel.
 Lo! theirs is ev'ry winning art,
 With Fortune's gifts — unknown to me!
 I only boast a simple heart,
 In love with Innocence and Thee.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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